

If Tomorrow Never Comes

by ShilohDarke

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A Virgin's Request

Chapter 1 of 1

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If Tomorrow Never Comes

This was it. Everything that had transpired during the last seventeen years had led to this moment. There had been fatalities on both sides of the war in the years that had passed. Harry's parents, Sirius, Cedric, Dumbledore and even Lupin had lost their lives.

The only thing that had been proven was that Professor Snape had only followed Albus Dumbledore's orders when he killed the elderly headmaster. The younger wizard had been quite miserable when he was finally found innocent of any wrong doing and pardoned.

Hermione sat by the fire at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. She had not been able to sleep. Harry and Ron had both decided to spend the night before the battle with their girlfriends. Harry and Ginny had been together for two years now.

Ron had been dating Lavender ever since he and Hermione had given up on trying to date. They had agreed that they were just too much like siblings to be able to see each other as anything more than brother and sister.

So now, Hermione sat by herself, curled up by the fire with a book that lay forgotten in her lap. She felt suddenly alone and bereft of companionship. It had never bothered her before, but with everything that could happen come morning, she found herself wanting to spend time with a certain someone. Someone who never knew how special he was to her.

Strangely, as if on cue, that other person moved into the library and came to sit across from her. Looking from the fire to the man who she was now sharing the room with.

"Hello, Professor Snape. Could you not sleep either?"

Dark eyes met and held hers. "No, Miss Granger. I could not." He looked strangely lonely himself. "You?" he asked softly.

Shaking her head, Hermione answered, "I tried. But all I could see when I closed my eyes were different possibilities for tomorrow."

Severus nodded in understanding. He knew very well what that was like. There wasn't a single night that went by that he wasn't haunted by the eyes of his friend and mentor, Albus. Lately the level of solitude he felt was beginning to take its toll.

Hermione watched him for several minutes without saying anything. Finally he looked up at her and said softly, "So, must I practice Legilimency to find out what is going on in that amazingly active mind of yours, or will you simply tell me?"

Looking away from him, she blushed, biting her lip before saying softly, "I was just thinking."

Severus smirked in spite of himself. "Obviously," he droned in a bored voice.

"Professor Snape," she started nervously. "I, uhm... well, I may die in this battle."

"So might I," he cut in, bemused at her unseemly behavior. She actually seemed nervous.

"Uhm. Well, Professor. I, uh... Well, that is to say..."

He crossed his arms before him in a show of agitation. "Miss Granger, I am waiting for you to get to a point." He raised his eyebrow in mock severity. "That is, if you indeed have one."

Hermione nodded as if she was trying to explain something important. "Yes, well, sir, this is important to me, even if it isn't to you. I just... I'm not sure how to approach you with it."

Severus was quiet for a moment before rising and moving to stand at the fire. He was very silent for what seemed an eternity to her before saying, "Probably the best way to approach me would be to simply come out and say exactly what it is on your mind."

Sighing, she stood and moved to stand beside him. "Professor, tonight, Harry is with Ginny. Ron is with Lavender. I would be fooling myself if I were to think that they were simply sleeping right now." She smiled before finishing what she was finding so hard to say. "I am not a conventional girl. I don't have silly crushes. Or at least besides that time with Victor Krum." She shivered at the memory of once believing he had been anything besides a Quidditch junky.

Severus rolled his eyes. He had no desire to hear about Hermione Granger's love life. "Really, Miss Granger, I hardly see this as anything that concerns me." He began to turn away from her, but she grabbed either side of his face, dragging him down to touch her lips to his.

Shocked, Snape's eyes went wide. What in heaven's name was she doing? That thought was quickly followed by an intense amazement at how soft her lips really were. For a moment. He let himself feel the urgent passion of her kiss before coming to his senses and gently, but determinedly pushing her away. "Miss Granger! What is the meaning of this?"

Desperate to feel his arms around her, Hermione explained in an almost panicked voice. "I may very well die tomorrow, but I don't want to leave this earth without ever knowing what it's like to be in a man's arms."

Severus shook his head. "But surely there is someone else you would rather be with than I?" He backed away from her. His voice strangely higher than normal as she pursued him. "This... This is highly irregular! You should go find one of the other students. Draco, N-Neveille!"

Hermione looked as if he'd slapped her for a moment. "I'd never be able to stomach Draco's holier than thou attitude!" She shook her head. "And Neville isn't my type either."

Severus stopped moving away from her at that moment and stared into her eyes. "I am not a type. I'm your professor ..." he said softly.

His breath caught in his throat as Hermione's full lips spread into a smile. "Actually, Severus, I've been attracted to you for a very long time." She shook her head. "I'm not looking for a commitment. I only want to know for once in my life, what it feels like to really belong to you. Even if it is only for tonight. I want to be yours." She closed the distance between them pressing her breasts against him as she whispered, "And I want to know that even for just tonight, you will be mine."

Severus felt his heart racing at the feel of her young, firm body pressed up against him. He had noticed in the last year or so that she had grown from a young girl, to a beautiful young woman. He had scolded himself more times than he could count for the impure thoughts he had found himself having in her Seventh year.

A voice in the back of his mind told him to take what she offered. He had wanted her, but had not been able to admit it to himself. It was immoral for a teacher to lust after his student. Even if she was over the age of consent.

Alarms went off in his head when she stepped back from him and slowly began to unbutton the buttons keeping her blouse closed. "Hermione, no! This is not something I want to do. You will regret this come tomorrow," he supplied weakly although the sight of her exposed skin made his body respond.

Hermione shook her head. "I learned a long time ago to never regret the choices I made." Dropping her blouse to the floor, her hands then moved to the clasp of her bra. Watching his face for reaction, she let it also fall to the floor. Standing before him, naked from the waist up, she prepared herself for his rejection. She had known it would more than likely come. But, at least she would die knowing she had tried.

What she did *not* expect was the fiery look that came into Severus' eyes. Unsure of what it was she was seeing, she took half a step back before he descended upon her. Hungry, furious lips claimed her own as his hands began to slide her skirt down her legs.

Gasping in surprise at the level of his passion, Hermione returned his kiss. Her fingers wound in his hair as he deepened it, using his tongue to trace the line of her mouth before sliding it to duel with hers.

Moving her hands to the stiff collar of his robes, she began to work on the rows of buttons. On its front. Impatient to feel his bare skin pressed to hers, he grabbed his wand and waved it over both of them. "**Evenesbareo!**" Immediately, the remains of their clothes dropped unhindered to the floor.

Snape's eyes never left hers as he pulled her again to him. At the feel of his bare, muscled chest pressed against hers, Hermione moaned. She had always wondered what exactly was hidden beneath his robes. Now she knew. His desire for her pulsed against her tummy.

Sliding her hands down over his chest, down his abs, she paused for a second, before gently touching his erection.

A groan escaped him when he felt her small hand close around him. He worried for a second that she would change her mind when she found her fingertips wouldn't close all the way around his shaft. Instead, she began to stroke it lightly. Moaning when the fingers of one of his hands found her taut nipple and squeezed it gently.

Gasping at the contact, Hermione arched to get closer still to him. Her eyes closed as his other hand traveled lower to the moist juncture between her legs. Gasping, she whimpered his given name when he used his fingers to tease her clit.

Needing no further encouragement, Severus laid her down on the plush carpet in front of the fire and positioned himself between her legs. Alarmed, she looked up at him, but he stayed her as his hand began to open the folds of her flesh. "You want to feel what it is like to be with a real man? So, you shall have me. Let me show you the pleasure a real man can give you, my Hermione."

The use of her first name on his lips brought a smile to her own. "I trust you, Severus," she said softly.

Leaning down, Severus used his forefinger and thumb to open her budding flower to his view. The smell of her arousal greeted him. Using the tip of his tongue, he slid it

slowly over her clit before grasping her hips to hold her close. Instinctively, her vagina tightened at the feeling when he slid a finger into her moist heat while his tongue still worked on her clit.

Smiling at her reaction, he began to move faster, driving her at a fevered pace until she was gasping and crying his name. "Severus! Please! Oh, Merlin's namesake, make love to me!"

Instead of doing as she asked yet, he was determined she would know her first orgasm from him before he ever took himself inside of her, his fingers worked faster. His tongue lapping at the juices that were now flowing freely from her womanhood. Her repeated cries of pleasure was music to his ears.

As she began to come down from the height of orgasm he had brought her to, he moved slowly up her body, settling himself between her legs. The tip of his erection slid slickly into her pulsing flesh. He entered just enough to feel her maidenhead. Pausing, his eyes found hers. "You know, this is irreversible," he whispered. "Once I rid you of your virginity, you can never get it back." His expression was one of caution. Hermione knew that if she changed her mind right now, Severus would be a wizard of honor and stop himself, no matter the point of his arousal.

Raising her hips off the floor, she watched the expression on his face go from surprise to ecstasy as she impaled herself fully on his shaft. Moaning, he thrust deeper, helping her complete their union. "YESSSS!!!" He hissed softly at the tightness of her as he moved within her. "Oh! Gods, you feel so good!" he whispered as he thrust deeper still. His hand went around her waist to hold her to him as he rolled onto his back, putting her on top of him.

Hermione never missed a move as she took over the movement. Rocking her hips, she let herself take all of him within her core. Panting as his fingers found and caressed her breast. They moved together in time. Each one crying out to the other as they began to near a state of completion with each other that neither had ever felt alone.

As they came in unison, Hermione collapsed on his chest, and his arms wrapped around her, holding her close. For several moments, neither moved. When she realized she was in danger of falling into a comfortable sleep over him, she began to pull away, only to find his arms holding her still. "What's this? Love me, then leave me?"

Pulling back to meet his eyes, Hermione shook her head. "I only thought, you would prefer if I left you now." She wanted more than anything to stay with him for the rest of the night, but she didn't want to risk the harsh words he would visit upon her if she displeased him.

Severus pulled her down to once again claim her lips with his own. When he broke the kiss, they were once again winded. His eyes held hers. "If you ever want to be rid of me, you had best hope that I die tomorrow. Because after tonight, you are mine, Hermione. I expect we will have many more nights like this.

Transforming the carpet into a furnished bed, he pulled the covers over them and wrapped his arms around her once more. She felt tears sting her eyes as the words of the man she had loved from afar for the last two years sank in. She was his. He wanted her for more than just the night.

Curling into his embrace, she felt herself drifting into a peaceful sleep. Severus watched her, knowing that he'd die to protect her now. She was his. The only way he wouldn't claim her again after the war, was if tomorrow never came...

Fin

AN: Never done a One Shot before. Please take the time to let me know what you think.