

Seducing the Potions Master

by *severina*

Inspired by the conversation at Potter Place, this PWP is a spoof of lemons using all the cliches many readers detest.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This spoof contains basically everything I find irritating in lemons, and was inspired by a lengthy conversation on the Potter Place bulletin board. Characters = not mine. I'm just having a little lurid fun.

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Hermione dashed into the dungeons, breathless with anticipation. Snape, that greasy git, had given her, the notorious insufferable know-it-all, a detention for this very night. Desire had inexplicably plied at her nether regions since she had first seen him, though she had been but eleven years old and still in a period of sexual latency. No matter, for she knew that her days as the uptight, virgin Head Girl were numbered. Relying upon sheer instinct, she had found his dungeon lair and timidly entered at his command.

"Ah, Miss Granger," he said in a voice of the richest, darkest, sweetest chocolate, "you're late. Fifty points from Gryffindor."

"Oh, but, Professor Snape," she said. "According to *Hogwarts, A History* there is a magical time continuum that forces everyone to be late in the dungeons. It was discovered by Alpheus Apsinthium in 1296! Didn't you know that?"

"Silence," growled Snape, giving every sign of annoyance at the pesky girl. Suddenly, however, he turned to stare at her. Seemingly overnight, her hair had become wavy and coarse with rich curls, rather than bushy. Her body had morphed into that of an eminently desirable woman the second she had become the legal age of sexual consent. Snape felt his rigid sausage jerk upward as his dark, forbidding eyes raked over Hermione's form, so seductive in its baggy robe.

"Severus?" she said, taking the liberty of using his first name as she felt desire's fiery lash strike out at her alabaster mounds and deep within her dripping cunt. "What is it?"

"To the bedroom!" cried Snape, hoisting her over his shoulder and heading for a far section of his suite. He inhaled the sweet, strawberry scent of Hermione's secret juices as they dribbled down her shapely legs.

He threw her down on his bed, a sleek, modernistic queen-size, covered by a quilt done in earth tones. His room was quite different than Hermione had expected. She had figured on a dark, Gothic room with flickering candles, but yet, the space put her more in mind of an Ikea showroom.

"Severus, gods, gods, yes!" she cried as he tore the clothes from his surprisingly muscular body and dived onto the bed. "Fuck me! Fuck me now!" Though she was a complete innocent, nervousness did not at all come into the picture as she wrapped her hand around his throbbing manhood and commenced the best hand job that Snape had ever received.

"Oh, oh, Hermione," he moaned. "I can't believe you're a virgin!"

"How did you know?" she asked, as she teased his balls with her tongue.

"Legitimency, of course," he replied in a gasp, amazed that she could talk and suck his testicular area at the same time. He moved his hand over the dusky love-buds upon her creamy bosom, causing them to pucker instantly at the lightest whisper of a touch. "Now, Miss Granger, I shall show you all the delights of lovemaking!"

Hermione sighed in ecstasy as Snape slowly opened her perfect thighs and lowered his mouth to those petals that contained all her secrets. "Oh, yes, Severus!" she moaned, writhing beneath him as he tickled her pearl with his aquiline nose. She felt the electricity of climax burn deep within her and longed to have him buried deep within her vagina, striking her cervix with his penis, feeling it to her uterus.

When Snape had had his fill of lapping up the exquisite milk of her femininity, he slid his body along hers and kissed her rosy mouth once more. "Oh, Hermione," he whispered into her ear, "I have tried so long to disguise my feelings for you with snarkiness... It seems your beauty has forced me to fail."

Hermione gave him a slow, sensual grin as she wrapped her fingers around his engorged cock, which was already dribbling its nectar over her fingers. "Oh, Severus, I have desired you since I began my puberty!" she cried. "Enter me! Enter me now, and take my virginity! You're the only man I've ever wanted to have it!"

"Yes, beg for it," murmured Snape huskily. He gently cupped her mons, feeling her arch against his hand, and he knew she was more than ready for him. Gently, he parted her thighs, settling his wand of desire at her slick, hot entrance. Slowly, he began to enter her, pushing further, further, further, until...

"Ow!" cried Hermione as he breached the barrier of her innocence and claimed her flower for his own. "I think it's too big!" The burning sensation of being so full and stretched was such that no book could have prepared her for it. As quickly as it had come, however, the pain had passed and she felt the tingling of pre-orgasm overtake her body.

Satisfied that she was no longer in pain, Severus began to thrust within her exquisitely tight passage, so aroused that he feared he might come before he had satisfied his lover. Just in the nick of time, he heard Hermione shriek with the pleasure of orgasm and felt her pelvic floor muscles contracting around his bratwurst. He let loose a raging torrent of creamy semen and let out on unearthly groan before collapsing atop her. Taking Miss Granger's mouth in one last, searing kiss, Snape rolled off her and pulled her against him, letting the mingling sweat and love-juice from their bodies roll onto the sheets in a river of sensuality. Though neither of them knew why, it was clear that this night, this consummation of desire had been the defining moment in their lives.

"Oh, Miss Granger," said Snape before they fell asleep, "one-hundred points from Gryffindor for seducing a teacher."