

Daydreams of Desire

by ShilohDarke


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Chapter 1 of 3

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Daydreams of Desire

The classroom was dark as she made her way to his desk. Her pulse raced as she drew closer. Just a few more steps and she'd be there. Never before had she dared to venture so close to his sacred space when he wasn't there.

Reaching out her hand slowly, she tentatively ran her finger across the edge of the wood. Closing her eyes, she inhaled deeply; taking in the scent of him that lingered in the air. The fragrance made her tremble with desire. She felt incredibly naughty to be so close to his desk and thinking about him in such a way.

What would he think if he knew? She wondered to herself. She smiled at the thought. He would be shocked and appalled. To find that the know-it-all bookworm harbored a secret desire to touch, taste and fondle her Potions professor. She couldn't help that laugh that bubbled up from inside her.

Standing behind his chair, she pressed her breasts against the back and imagined it was his chest she was touching. A small moan escaped her as she closed her eyes, running her hands down the sides of the leather. Perhaps he would be flattered.

Sighing, she opened her eyes and stared out into the classroom that was lit only by the glow of the moon. Sadness filled her. Here, she was an adult for all intents and purposes, but unable to catch the eye of the only man she really wanted.

The war was over. They had won. Severus Snape, the man she had had watched die after being bitten by Nagini, had been saved in a mysterious way that none of them truly understood. When he had turned up alive, she had been so relieved she'd very nearly thrown herself in his arms despite others being present to see.

She chuckled at the thought. What would they have thought? What would they have said? She answered herself easily. You know what they would have said. The same thing they had said when she announced she was going to go back to school for her final year instead of testing out as Harry and Ron had chosen to do. "Ewwwe, 'Mione? Have you gone nutters?" She rolled her eyes at the memory.

Not only that, but Snape would have cast her aside in disgust. She knew it was the truth. He had no desire for her. She was fooling herself to imagine that he might.

As she made to pull away from the chair, her back made contact with a wall. Or it felt like a wall. Inhaling deeply, her senses were overwhelmed by the scent of myrrh. Her pulse sped up again. He was here. When? How? She had been so quiet? He had snuck in on her without as much as a sound?

"Miss Granger, I do assume there is a reason for you to be here at this hour?" The silkiness of his voice made chills run down her spine.

"Uhhh, sir, I forgot something earlier. I--I was just checking to see if it was still here?" Her voice gave away her nervousness. She felt disgusted at how easily her nervousness gave her away when she was in his presence.

When she made to pull away from him, his hands closed around her shoulders, holding her in place. "Really?" his soft voice asked in her ear. "I was under the impression that what you were looking for here had nothing to do with something forgotten, but instead, perhaps it is something you have yet to attain?"

A look of confusion crossed her features, and she opened her mouth to ask what he meant only to release her pent-up breath when his arms slid around her waist, pulling her back tighter against him. While one arm held her to him, the other moved up and a hand caressed her breast, almost so lightly she wondered if she had imagined it.

The next words he spoke made her aware that she hadn't imagined his touch. "My dear, you've grown into quite a beautiful young woman. Surely you would rather spend your time with a younger man who could fulfill your fantasies much better than I can.

Even as he spoke the words, his fingers at her breast, plucked at her nipple through the fabric of her jumper, making a husky moan escape her before she could quell it.

"Pr-Professor, I...I don't want anyone but you." She confessed in a whisper. "All I've ever wanted is you."

He chuckled in her ear, even as his hand began working the buttons open to allow him access to her soft skin. "You may regret offering yourself to me in such a way, my dear." He answered. "I rarely give things back once they've been freely offered."

This was a dream! It had to be. A wonderful, beautiful, wild dream, and she was hopelessly lost in it. Reaching back between their bodies, she forgot her inhibitions as she let herself touch him, rubbing the clothes over his hardened shaft gently with her open palm.

"I don't want it back. I don't want anything but what you alone can give." She nearly winced at her words, but stopped herself, thinking, this is my dream. I can say anything I want in it.

He groaned, pulling her jumper from her body, leaving her exposed to the drafty air of the room. "Then you shall have it. I shall give you all of it."

Turning, she looked up into his dark, fathomless eyes and gasped when he leant quickly down and captured her lips with his own. A kiss, like none she had ever known before, shook her to the core. His lips were soft and when her mouth opened under his, their tongues met in a merging that seared her soul.

Reaching behind her, he pushed the chair out of the way before backing her up to the desk and lifting her up to sit on the edge of it. She had no knickers on beneath her skirt, so when he pushed the material up, he found nothing but her moist eager flesh awaiting him.

Pulling back to look down at her, he smiled and shook his head. "You naughty little vixen, you knew what you wanted when you came here, didn't you?" He bowed his head, placing a tender kiss against the bare skin of her throat.

She moaned at his touch before whispering. "I knew what I wanted, but I didn't dare dream of actually receiving it."

He grasped her closer as he continued with his tongue, licking and tasting her skin as he went. "You taste delectable." He whispered against her flesh.

Her breathing sped up when his hand filled with her breast, and his lips moved to taste her. Crying out, she arched into his touch as his tongue laved her nipple. When he sucked the puckered flesh into his mouth, she wrapped her hands around his head, cradling him to her.

This was more than she had dared to hope for. She lost herself in his touch, and it was nearly too much. She moaned and closed her eyes, relishing the moment.

She heard his voice calling her name. "Miss Granger," Softly, then, "Miss Granger?" in a more insistent voice with did not sound nearly as affectionate as the first one had.

Then, suddenly, there was a hand on her shoulder, shaking her out of her reverie.

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Suddenly, there was a hand on her shoulder, shaking her none too gently. "Miss Granger! If you are quite finished with your daydreaming about the latest Quidditch hero, would you so kindly please return your attention to the lesson at hand?"

Hermione's eyes flew open, and she looked up to see the entire class staring at her in mild amusement. Instinctively, she nodded, "Forgive me, sir. I'm so sorry." Grabbing her quill and parchment, she turned her attention to the notes on the board.

Embarrassment filled her, and she fought back the tears that were stinging her eyes. She tried her hardest to block everything and everyone else out as she worked to catch up to where the lesson was now. Silently, she berated herself. What the hell is wrong with you? Why would you let yourself do something so stupid in the middle of class?

For the remainder of the class time, she focused on the lesson, never letting her attention stray away from what was being taught. She just hoped that Snape would let the entire matter slide. It was humiliating enough that she had probably moaned out in class!

She felt her cheeks redden at the thought. Oh beloved Merlin, just let the earth open up right now and swallow her into its bowels!"

As soon as the class was dismissed, she stood to gather her things, but was stopped by a soft, silky voice. "A word please, Miss Granger?"

She stood there, with her feet planted on the floor below her and took several deep breaths as she struggled to not become weak in the knees. She was terrified at what he might have to say.

Biting her bottom lip, she turned ever so slowly to face the man of her dreams. Seeing him seated at his desk, busily marking papers with his quill gave her a small reprieve.

"Come sit here, beside me, Miss Granger, if you please." He didn't even look up at her. He simply continued to grade the parchment as he spoke.

For some reason, that made her calmer. If he was so nonchalant about having her approach his desk, then perhaps he had no inkling of what she had envisioned in her daydream.

Moving to the seat beside his desk that he had gestured to, she placed her bags on the floor and sank into it hesitantly. "Sir, I need to..."

"Do not insult my intelligence, Miss Granger." He cut in sharply, still not looking at her. "As you are one of my pupils, I have a copy of your agenda. I happen to know for a fact that Potions was your last class for the day."

He looked up at her then, his eyes shining. "You have nowhere else to be at the moment." He whispered in a sultry voice that made her toes curl.

It was then she felt a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. He knew, she marveled as her breathing came faster. He knew everything. Her head bowed, and she stared nervously at her feet.

What was going to happen now? Was he going to take great pleasure in chastising her for her attraction? Would he belittle and humiliate her?

She continued to stare at the floor, too embarrassed to look up and see his expression. She couldn't bear to look. When his feet came into her view, she knew he stood over her, watching her intently, but she still couldn't bring herself to look up into his eyes. She was too afraid of what she would find there.

His voice, when he spoke, was soft and gentle. "I do believe you have paid me one of the highest compliments I have ever had the pleasure of receiving today." He chuckled. "The last thing I expected to find when I slipped into your daydream was a vision of you with none other than myself." His hand touched her shoulder, and it was then that she looked up into his eyes.

"I cannot, in good conscience, take you as my lover while you are also still my pupil. It would not be ethical" He gifted her then with a rare smile, and it took her breath away. "Some might think you were bribing me in order to receive good grades."

She blinked, taking in his meaning. She tilted her head. "I understand, sir." She said in a soft voice.

"Do you? Do you also understand that at such time that you are no longer my student, such rules would no longer apply?" he questioned. When he saw her nod, he took stock of her incredibly large eyes. Yes, she definitely understood what he was telling her. "Good. Now, I bid you good day, Miss Granger, and I fully expect your parchment to be turned in on time."

She rose hastily to her feet, grabbing her bags as she went. "Yes, sir." She turned and had almost made it to the door when his voice stopped her.

"Oh, and Miss Granger?"

Turning, she looked back to see him watching her intently. "Y-yes, sir?"

He smiled again, and her breath stuck in her throat. "Next time I find you having such daydreams, I shall not simply watch. I will actively participate. And rest assured, I shall be paying close attention to your fantasies from now on." He paused and his brow rose expectantly. "I am sure we understand each other. Correct?"

Hermione dropped her jaw as she searched his face for some sign that he was joking. His expression was dead serious and she found herself excited at the prospect of a shared fantasy between them. Her voice was husky when she answered with a smile of her own. "Yes, sir."

He nodded, "Then I suggest you be prepared, for I need not be in the same room with you to check on your inner musings." He waved his hand dismissively and watched as she turned to go.

It was only after she had quit the room that he leaned back against the desk and rubbed his aching erection with a sigh. Looking back up toward the door, he smiled and purred. "Pleasant dreams."

## Ch 2 -- Daydreams of Desire

### *Chapter 2 of 3*

Hermione has snuck into the Potions class late in the night, to fantasize about her Professor. The last thing she considered was that he would catch her. But beware. . . Nothing is as it seems. Story is AU from the ending of DH. I just can't kill Severus. Sorry!

### Nocturnal Delights

Later that night, when Hermione entered her private quarters, she leant against the door and took a steadying breath. "What the bloody hell happened today?" she whispered to herself.

As she stepped away from the door, she glanced toward her bed. It beckoned to her, urging her to slide between the soft sheets and lay her head on the soft down pillow, but she resisted.

Instead, she moved into the bathroom and turned on the hot spray of the shower before slipping free of her clothes. Grabbing her terrycloth robe, she hung it on the hook beside the shower so it would be there when she finished.

She stepped into the spray and sighed, closing her eyes. The water felt wonderful, hot and therapeutic. Leaning in, she let the water wet her hair.

Taking hold of the soap, she dropped a bit onto her cleansing cloth and started to scrub her body, over her shoulders, down her arms, and across her belly.

When she moved to run the cloth over her breasts, a tremor ran through her. Her mind immediately turned to Severus and the promise he had made, telling her she would find him a participant in her fantasies if she continued to entertain them.

A naughty smile graced her lips at the thought. She wondered how much of that he had actually meant.

If so, how would he be able to go about it? She continued to run the cloth gently over one sensitive nipple, watching as it puckered tightly. She imagined Severus's hand there instead, pinching and tugging gently while his other hand stroked the hidden treasure between her legs.

Moaning, she turned her attention to that exact spot, using the rough cloth to stimulate her clit. Her free hand rested on the wall to support her.

Leaning against the shower wall, she continued to rub her finger over the nub, still imagining that Severus was there with her. This was a safe place, she told herself. He wouldn't be able to invade her fantasies in the privacy of her own rooms. She actually believed she could hide this moment from him...until she inhaled his scent.

As if he had been called by the mere thought, she felt arms wrap around her from behind. "I warned you, didn't I?" His voice was husky and deep. "You are a naughty girl, Miss Granger...masturbating in the shower while thinking of me? Whatever will I do with you?"

Gasping, she started to open her eyes but heard him whisper in her ear. "NO! You must keep your eyes closed, my dear. That is the only way I can intrude on your fantasies here. You must envision me."

Thoughts of how bad she was being filled her head. But the desire to feel his touch was more important. She had ached for him for so long and now, even if it wasn't real, he was an active participant.

She felt him lean into her back, and she gloried in the feel of his bare chest pressed against her back. "Spread your legs, my pet," he whispered.

Not needing to be asked twice, Hermione did as he asked, leaning her head against the cool tile of the shower. Almost immediately, she felt his hand move down between her legs, and her breath caught.

His forefinger circled her clit slowly, tracing its contours. His other arm held her around the waist so she was immobile against him. He touched her gently, placing a kiss on her shoulder. "You feel like silk." His thumb continued touching her as his first two fingers moved to press into her.

She keened as her knees went weak, and she started to slip down the wall. He continued stimulating her, even as his arm tightened around her, keeping her standing.

"Oh no, you don't. You called me into this fantasy, my dear. I will not leave it until I am satisfied."

She gasped as the sensation threatened to take over. "I...you...I wasn't thinking that you..."

"That I could what?" he asked softly. "Join you in the shower?" he chuckled. "I promised you I would be an active participant each and every time you entertained fantasies of me. I meant it."

Suddenly his fingers stopped and he stepped back from her. Hermione's eyes flew wide open, and she turned to find herself alone in the shower. It was almost scary how she had felt him mere moments before. She could swear he had been there.

Then, in a voice so silky it seemed to wrap around her like a silken sheet, "If you truly desire this, go get in your bed. Think of me when you get there." His voice surrounded her and she trembled at the implication.

Then he was gone. She knew he was no longer a part of her consciousness because she no longer smelled the fragrance of myrrh that always clung to him.

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Severus stood in the shower, grasping the base of his erection tightly in his hand. He was shaken by the depth of the girl's libido. She had thought of him as he had been preparing to bathe, and he hadn't been able to resist. He had known she wouldn't be able to keep from testing his promise, but he had thought she might wait for a few days.

To have her already pleasuring herself and thinking of him yet again had been almost more than he could bear. He had considered letting her complete that fantasy alone, but the temptation had been too great.

As he had stepped into his own shower, he'd opened his mind and slipped unfelt into hers. To feel her skin, to touch her in the most intimate of ways had brought him to a point of such desire that he was very nearly ready to break his code of honor.

She wanted him. He knew that with a certainty now. He wasn't that surprised. In all his years of teaching, there had been many a student who had harbored girlish crushes on him, usually from a mixture of curiosity and fear. He had never taken advantage. He had never had a desire to.

But with Hermione it was different. He felt her desire like a summer storm blowing hot and wet. It soaked him with desire and burned him with its heat. He could almost taste it. It had the consistency of a sinful dark chocolate treat, and he desperately wanted a bite.

Closing his eyes, he stroked himself slowly while leaning against the wall for support. Fighting to calm his breathing, he let the hot water beat down on him as he considered his actions.

Even though she was still his student, she was a woman grown. But as long as she was his student, he could not take this to the next level. Not in reality. He paused, considering what he was contemplating.

Did he want to show her what the powers of the mind could really do? It would mean teaching her a few things that most witches and wizards knew nothing about. But it would be necessary in order to bring them together in her fantasies.

She was receptive to the powers of the mind, because the connection they had shared just a few minutes ago was almost strong enough to allow them to make the next step into a spiritual connection, one that would transcend the physical realm.

He knew before he had even debated it for very long that there was no question about it. He would teach her. She was a worthy pupil, and the mind-linking power was one that would serve her well in the future, whether she was with him or someone else.

The latter thought made him growl as he released his cock and turned off the water. Grabbing a towel, he dried off quickly and strode naked into his bedroom.

Standing at the foot of his bed, he stared at the dark green satin coverlet. In his own fantasy Hermione was naked, laying on the covers, with her legs spread before him in offering. He concentrated on the vision of her and reached his mind out to her, keeping it open so she would sense his desires.

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Hermione had dried herself and gone to her bedroom filled with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. Something had happened in the shower, something much more than just her imagination going wild.

No, Severus Snape had done something to her. Her fantasy hadn't ended, as it usually did, when she had felt herself losing control. She had physically felt him. His touch had been as real as the scent of him when it filled the room.

She stood beside her bed for several minutes, just staring at it as her mind went over the events of the day. Now as she stood there, she knew that this was a changing moment in her life.

Like when Harry and Ron had saved her from the ogre in first year. She had known then that her life would never be the same. Now she recognized this as another of those moments. If she took that final step, if she got into bed and opened up her mind, once he came in, nothing would ever be the same again. So what she had to ask herself was whether she was prepared for this.

She smiled as she made her decision. She didn't need to debate long over it. She wanted this. She would be a willing participant in all he offered.

Slipping off her robe, she let it pool at her feet. She didn't bother to pull back her covers but climbed onto the bed and reclined against her pillows to wait.

She closed her eyes and tried to envision Severus standing over her. Her heart fluttered, but other than that nothing happened. Releasing a pent-up sigh, she squirmed on the bed and rolled her eyes. "Bugger!" she groaned.

Maybe he'd changed his mind. Could he have decided that what they were doing was wrong and he wouldn't be coming back? Tears welled in her eyes at the thought.

She rested her head against the pillow and whispered. "Don't run away from this, Severus."

After a time, she dozed off. Her dreams were just starting when she heard his voice.

"Miss me?"

Rolling back, she gasped to see Severus standing at the foot of the bed. Her eyes widened as she realized she wasn't even in her own room any longer. The deep green silken coverlet beneath her felt magical against her skin. Swallowing, she turned her eyes back to him. This wasn't her fantasy, she realized. It was his.

He stood before her completely naked. His hair was loose and fell over one eye. She had never seen a sexier man. The expression on his face was filled with passion, and it made her temperature rise.

She watched as he put one knee on the end of the bed and leant forward, crawling slowly toward her.

Her breathing quickened, and she found herself bracing herself on her elbows and spreading her legs to give him room to make his way closer to the part of her that was throbbing in anticipation.

When he was even with her nether lips, he looked up at her and gave her his snarkest smirk. "I hope you have prepared yourself for what you are in for." His eyes twinkled with a naughty light. "I do hope you weren't really expecting to get any rest tonight."

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A/N: I would like to give special thanks to my Beta, Su (mamacita-san). Without her help, this story would be less than the best it can be!

Okay, that said... How are all of you enjoying it? Please leave me a review!

## Daydreams of Desire

### Chapter 3 of 3

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#### Devilish Designs

Hermione rested on her elbows as she watched her Professor reach between her legs and pet the soft skin that hid her clit from view. Her breath caught and she released it in a moan. She knew it was just a shared dream between them. But it felt so real.

She could feel the dip of the bed from his added weight. She could feel his bare hand as it slid up her thigh, the warmth of his skin touching hers. It was almost more than she could bear. When he leant down and placed a kiss on her inner thigh, she cried out in anticipation.

"Oh, Merlin!" She fell back on the pillow, breathing heavily. "What in the world are you doing to me? How can I feel this so deeply?"

Slowly, Severus crawled over her until his face was level with hers, his eyes searching. "I am going to teach you this power. It is a step further than simple Legilimency. But it will take determination and discipline on your part."

He leant down and softly touched his lips to hers. She opened her mouth, and he used it to his advantage, snaking his tongue in to ravage hers. Her reaction was to cling to him, kissing him back with all the passion he was showing her.

She felt inexperienced and clumsy. He was a master in everything. The way he touched, the way he moved. Everything about him held her captivated. Even the way his naked, hard body brushed hers held her enthralled.

He pulled away and met her eyes again, questioning. "Are you willing to be my student in this, my beautiful know-it-all? Are you ready for me to teach you how to go beyond simply being an accomplished witch?"

At that moment she was so desperate for his continued touches, she would have promised him her firstborn child if he'd asked it of her. She reached out and hesitantly ran her fingers through his silken ebony tresses. "Teach me, Severus," she whispered softly. "Teach me everything. I promise to be your best student."

His eyes darkened, and the desire she saw in them stunned her. "My little *know-it-all* . . . in this, you will be my only student." His lips claimed hers then, and she

shuddered when his groin pressed suggestively against her moist heat.

He didn't move enough to actually enter her, but she had felt the head of his cock just there, giving her a taste of what was to come.

Gasping, she lifted her hips to graze his. He growled low in his throat and lifted his face to smile down at her. She stared at the beauty of his face, transformed by a smile she'd never seen from him before.

When he spoke again, she heard his voice in her mind but he did not move his lips. "First lesson, Miss Granger: open your mind to me."

Her expression turned to one of confusion. "But my mind is open. I don't understand."

He tilted his head, and his eyes seemed to grow even darker as his voice once again filled her head. "You are receptive." He once again spoke in her mind. "But there is still a barrier here." He pressed his forefinger to her temple.

"You let me into the edges of your mind, Hermione," he whispered, once again speaking aloud. "But if you open yourself up you will feel not just your sensations . . . but mine as well."

He leant down and touched his forehead to hers, barely brushing the tips of her breasts with his bare chest in a teasing manner. "Can you imagine? It would be an overload of sensation."

She moaned and moved to press her lips to his before asking, "Show me how?"

He captured her lips again in yet another deep, passionate kiss. Hermione opened to him eagerly and let him have full rein. She envisioned opening herself up completely to him.

Then she felt it. His consciousness flowed into her mind like a river of crystal-clear water. Suddenly she was privy to every thought, every desire; each and every sensation his mind experienced, she felt too. It was so intense it threw her into the hardest, fiercest orgasm she had ever felt.

He groaned, and she felt him shudder above her as he experienced what she was feeling. Her eyes widened, and he chuckled as he finally pushed his thickness into her moist core. "That," he half moaned, "was what I was talking about."

She couldn't respond as she felt his girth stretch her. She wrapped her legs around his hips and used her hands to pull him even closer. It was the single most explosive experience of her life. There was no describing it!

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Professor, but how? How do we? How can it be like this?"

He chuckled and continued moving within her. "If you don't mind, I would rather answer your questions some other time. Now it is simply time to lie back and enjoy."

He brushed her cheek with his lips as a hand covered her breast, pinching and tweaking. "Right now, just feel me."

As he spoke he pulsed slowly out of her, then shoved swiftly back in. She cried out and held him more tightly, lifting her hips to meet his thrusts.

With their minds joined, she was overloaded with sensation. She felt not only her own emotions at their united touch, but also his. It felt so amazing that she gave herself over to it, opening her mind so he received her feelings as well.

He closed his eyes, arching his back even as he continued to fill her imagined self with his mind's cock. "Oh, Merlin, we feel good!" he breathed. "Can you imagine how fantastic this would feel if we were actually in the same room together?"

His words tripped her climax, and she cried out, clinging to him as fire seemed to spread from her groin to each part of her body. Overcome by the mixture of sensations, she felt herself instinctively pulling away from his link.

Looking down at her even as he began to fade from her mind's vision, he smirked. "You need to get some sleep anyway, Miss Granger. Rest well and consider carefully when and where you have your next daydream."

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Panting, Hermione sat up in her bed and looked around. Her darkened room was lit only by an enchanted candle and the moon shining in through the window. For several moments she fought to calm her breathing. She could feel him still. He was there, within her mind.

Confused, she reached out to him. Immediately she heard his calm, silky voice. "Go to sleep, pet. There will be time for more lessons later. You did very well. If I were to grade you, you would have received higher marks than you've ever been given before."

A slow smile spread across her face as she looked down at her naked body. Severus Snape was teaching her a lesson no other student in Hogwarts would ever receive. And what a lesson it was.

Instead of bothering to climb under the covers, she simply grabbed the edge of the coverlet and turned over, wrapping herself up in it.

She thanked heaven that tomorrow was Saturday. She had no reason to hop out of bed too early. In fact, the only thing she had planned was doing some research in the library. Her last thought before sleep finally truly claimed her was what kind of fantasies she could come up with in said library.

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At that moment, on the other side of the castle, Severus Snape had worked up quite a sweat. Lying flat on his bed, he pumped his stone-hard length, panting as he neared completion.

This was new to him. He had studied mind melding for years when he had been a student. He had tried it out with an exchange student in his final year, and they had taken the experience to an almost perfect level.

But when the school year ended, she had ended their affair, telling him she had no choice but to go do as her father commanded and marry the man he had chosen for her. Severus had been surprised at himself because he had felt no regret.

He had enjoyed Delilah's company. He had enjoyed exploring both real and fantasy sex with her. But she had not become anything precious to him. He had never loved her.

The truth was he had loved no one in all this time, save Lily. His heart still stuttered when he thought of her, but now it was more from regret than love. He was satisfied to be who he was and to stay alone.

The thought made him pause. That wasn't entirely true. Hermione Granger had been slowly creeping her way under his skin since her sixth year.

He had chastised himself, demanding that he think of her in the proper way, as his student. But if he was honest with himself, he had been unable to deny the subtle change she had been making from child to woman through these last years.

He groaned as release continued to elude him. He wanted her so badly he could taste it. When he had chanced to notice her daydreaming the other day, curiosity had got the best of him, and he had easily slipped undetected into her mind to see what had brought the faint stain to her cheeks.

Finding her imaginary self on his desk with his doppelganger having his wicked way with her had made him so hard he had thought if he bumped into something the damn thing would break!

But that moment, knowing that she thought of him in such a way had been too tempting to deny. She was still too young for him. He would never pursue her once she got out of school. She had too much to look forward to without being stuck with a man almost twice her age.

With a growl he gave up and stared at his painful, miserable purple cock. The tip wept with precum that just begged to be shot across the room. But he could no more find that release than he could storm into Hermione Granger's private chambers and take her hard up against the wall. It was no use!

Moving to sit on the side of his bed, he sighed in defeat. It was going to be a long night. Sleep would not come any more than ejaculation would. Standing, he went back into his bathroom and turned the faucet full-on cold. Placing the stopper in the tub, he prepared himself to soak in the cold water.

As he waited for the tub to fill, he wondered if the cold water would be enough or if he would need to add ice. Reaching down, he gripped himself again and groaned. With a wave of his hand ice cubes were added to the bath as well.

As he sank shivering into the icy abyss, he was not happy to find his erection was still as hard as it had been from the moment he had slipped into Hermione's mind.

*"Damnation and bloody balls!"* he muttered to himself. If he was to get no relief the entire time he was teaching her the art of mind melding *how was he to survive?*

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A/N: Of course, I must give thanks and show appreciation to my WONDERFUL Beta, Su (also known as mamacita-san) She does an awesome job and I am forever in her debt!