

The Sex Ban...

by Corazon

There is a Sex Ban at Hogwarts and the seventh years don't like it. What are they going to do about it? And who is capable of bringing it down?

The Sex Ban

Chapter 1 of 2

There is a Sex Ban at Hogwarts and the seventh years don't like it. What are they going to do about it? And who is capable of bringing it down?

AN: I don't own them and I am not making any money on this.

This is a crazy, humorous story that is both AU and OC. Take it tongue in cheek and I hope you enjoy it!

A big thank you to the Potions Mistress for beta reading!!!!

Hugs,

Corazon

It was a little known fact that, amongst the students, sex was prohibited at Hogwarts and banned in the wizarding world if under the age of seventeen. Now that the war was over and Dumbledore was not dead and Severus Snape was back to teaching potions, the seventh-years decided to challenge the Sex Ban.

"Are you crazy?" snapped Hermione. "We are here for an education! Not to see who can shag whom first and for how long!" She slapped her stray locks of bushy hair from her face as she cringed at Ron and Harry before returning to her homework. The three had been in a heated discussion about the unknown Sex Ban. Well, actually, she did know about it since she had managed to read *Hogwarts: A History* several times during her career as a student, but felt the ban was irrelevant to what Harry and Ron needed to know.

"Get a grip, Hermione," snapped Ron, but then quickly calmed down if his plan was going to work. Leaning in a bit closer, he whispered, "If you were to let me and Harry take you at the same time, then the three of us would win the title." Hermione's head snapped in his direction with her mouth gaping wide open. Harry immediately moved out of arms reach as to avoid any repercussions from her temper and opened a book so as to make it clear it was not his idea.

"Ronald Weasley!" she snapped as she got to her feet. She grabbed her books, turned back to him and hissed, "If you think I am going to take you and Harry and fuck you both so that you can win some idiotic title, then you really have gone mental!" Turning on heel, she stomped from the Great Hall.

"Nice one, Weasley," said a familiar, sneering voice.

"Sod off, Malfoy," said Ron, but Draco ignored him and sat down along with his two cronies, Crabbe and Goyle. In a roundabout turn of events, Slytherins and Gryffindors were now on speaking terms.

"You sod off," snapped Draco. "If it weren't for your added criteria to the bet, then I could have won this title inside the first minute."

"Oh, is that how long it takes just one minute?" asked a confused Crabbe. Draco threw him a dirty look as Harry and Ron snickered.

"If Weasel here hadn't added *It must take place at Hogwarts*, I would hold the title right now. You should have left it alone," snapped Draco.

"According to Hermione, you can't have sex while you are a student at Hogwarts," said Ron defensively. "But you can always quit school," he sneered.

"It's true," said Harry. "So there will be no conjugal visits to Hogsmeade for any of us." Harry decided to get the attention off Ron. "Do you have it in writing?" he asked Draco.

Draco nodded at Goyle, who pulled the scroll out from his robes and unrolled. "Just as we agreed on," he said, handing it to Harry.

The first person to successfully fuck while in Hogwarts wins the title.

"Subtle," said Harry, rolling his eyes. "But let's add a few things. First, you can't fuck without a partner; otherwise the title would have been won years ago." They all were silent and nobody commented.

"Good point," said Draco and he made the correction on the parchment. "We just state that it must take place with another student."

"It wouldn't have to be another student, would it?" asked Ron.

"Don't tell me you have a thing for the squid," spat Draco. Crabbe and Goyle busted up laughing.

"Fuck you!" hissed Ron.

Harry quickly intervened, "It has to be with another person, but it does not necessarily have to be a student. There are several students who are dating others outside of Hogwarts." They agreed.

The couple who successfully fucks while in Hogwarts wins the title

"And you must fuck while you are a student to win the title, otherwise we could all win it the day after our seventh year is over and then what is the point in that."

"Agreed."

The student who successfully fucks with another human being.. Draco smirked at Ron... while in Hogwarts wins the title.

"Okay, but who is eligible?" asked Ron.

"Since the ban only applies to students who are seventeen and older, only they should be eligible. Anyone younger is under the protection of the elder's magical law prohibiting sexual relations between or with minors. The Ministry states that if an adult finds away around this law and has sex with a minor, the penalty is a lifetime in Azkaban," said Hermione. They all looked up at her, surprised she had returned. "What?" she snapped, reaching for her quill on the table. "I left my favorite quill." She looked at the parchment and shook her head.

"What? You want to be a part of it too?" smirked Draco.

Ignoring him she said, "You might want to add something about consensus. The person or persons involved need to consent to having sex, otherwise..."

"Okay, okay," waved Ron, and then mumbled, "Who wouldn't consent to having sex?"

The student who successfully fucks another human being while in Hogwarts and has no objection and they are a student of seventeen years or older wins the title.

"Agreed?" asked Draco as he dotted the final i.

"Agreed," they chimed and then all eyes fell on Hermione.

"I don't consent to the idea of this whole thing, but..." she sighed, knowing it wasn't worth the argument. "I suppose as long as the couple is in agreement, it couldn't hurt anything. Besides, you will never find a way around the wards that prevent sex from occurring." She turned and left.

"Ten galleons Granger takes the title," smirked Draco.

"I heard that!" she called over her shoulder and the boys laughed it up. She headed back toward the Gryffindor common room, still not believing she just assisted them in that stupid agreement.

~*~

A month had passed and not to Hermione's surprise, the boys were no closer to being "deflowered" than she was. But her status was due to a lack of effort. To her shock, the entire seventh-years, or those who were seventeen, were taking their stab at the title. It made her Head Girl patrols much more difficult since there were couples in empty classrooms and vacant corridors at all hours of the day, groping and snogging, but never actually getting to the shagging part. She even saw a few couples being tossed out of the Forbidden Forest by the Centaurs.

Hermione liked a challenge, but this was one title she did not want to hold. So instead she kept up with her Head Girl duties and her studies, along with taking points away from those out past curfew. The amount of points she was taking away was extensive, but surprisingly she had the support of the staff.

After two months, there was still no success to defeating the Sex Ban, but the newest course of action was potions lust potions, love potions, emphasizing particular body parts potions...

She walked into Great Hall only to hear a roar of laughter from the student body. As she made her way through the crowd, she found the target of the laughter Neville Longbottom, but why?

"Get back to your seats!" she yelled, giving the Prefects dirty looks for contributing to the chaos. She glanced at the head of the Great Hall to see which staff was in charge Filch and Trelawney, who were...

Ewww, she cringed at the sight of the two groping each other. Obviously they had been the victims of a love potion. This was not the first time, but it was the worse couple to witness. The most humorous was Trelawney and Snape. Snape was literally dragging Trelawney around Hogwarts as she clung to his robes, professing her undying love for him. He finally realized all he had to do was unclasp his robes to escape. Leaving Trelawney with his billowing black robes in the middle of the courtyard, she rolled and squeeeeed for hours until a cure was found.

Now the students giggled while making their way back to their tables, but poor Neville just sat down on the bench, curled up tight with his head hidden.

"Neville?" whispered Hermione, who sat down next to him.

"Get away from me," he hissed.

"What's wrong?" she asked gently, but he shook his head no. "Just tell me," she pleaded. And again he shook his head no. "Come on, Neville, you can tell me. It can't be that hard." The students sitting within earshot began to laugh hysterically.

"It is that *hard*," one of them cried out.

Harry whispered in Hermione's ear what was wrong with Neville. "Draco doused Neville with a potion that causes a hard-on."

"Oh dear..." she said, blushing. "Um... let's try to sneak you out of here... surely your robes are roomy enough in the front."

Harry again whispered, "The potion also enlarged it."

"Oh dear..." she said, blushing even more.

~*~

A month later Hermione still had not forgotten that incident. She was beside herself at how embarrassed Neville had been. She was now making her rounds before retiring for the night. It was several hours past curfew, but due to the newest course of action, the students were now illegally brewing lust potions, causing an unrealistic amount of sexual tension in the castle, so her rounds took longer and longer. She was walking past the Room of Requirement when...

WHAM! She found herself flat on her back.

"Oh gods, sorry, Hermione," said Neville, who had just exited the room. "I didn't see you there. I lost track of time and was trying to hurry back to the dorms and..." He reached down and helped her to her feet.

Dusting off the back of her robes, she asked, "Neville, what are you doing?" She was more curious than angry since she had never caught Neville out after curfew.

"It's better that you didn't know," he said with a note of finality in his voice. She looked at him for a moment and then decided not to pursue it. After all, what could Neville really be doing that was against the rules?

"Perhaps, but you need to get back to the dorms. I am on my way there," she said with a smile. He breathed a sigh of relief and then suddenly panicked.

"Okay, I'll tell you, but promise not to tell anyone and if you don't mind, I could really use your help. I must be a fool for taking on something like this, but I just couldn't help it. Me, of all people and with my skill in potions..." Before she could react, he grabbed her hand and led her back into the room while mumbling the whole way. The room opened to a lab where a cauldron had recently been melted and several potion bottles were emptied.

"I am trying to brew AFVII," he stated.

"What? AFVII! You mean the Aphrodite, Freya, Venus, Isis, and Ishtar elixir?"

she asked in shock. "Are you crazy? Neville Longbottom, you..."

"Please don't, Hermione. You sound just like my grandmother." This quickly shut her up.

Taking a deep breath, she looked around. AFVII was one of the most potent lust potions known in the wizarding world and to have it in one's possession must be...illegal? Hermione was not even sure about it, but she knew it was a serious potion. She looked and realized that if it were illegal, then he technically had not done anything wrong, but this was due to the cauldron melting and destroying all of the ingredients.

"Why?" she whispered, while inspecting what was left of the work table.

His head dropped and he looked at the floor. "I want to get Draco back for what he did to me," he said quietly. "I missed a week of classes, not to mention the sexual tension I endured. Do you know how often I had to..." She quickly held up her hand to stop him.

"Promise you will never finish that question and perhaps I can give you a few pointers."

"You would do that?" he asked as a huge smile came over his face.

"Well... yes," she said, somewhat hesitant. "After all, Draco has been causing a lot of mayhem around the castle with his lust potions. Perhaps if we just give him a taste of his own medicine..." Neville grabbed her and gave her a big hug. "...but we are not brewing AFVII. That is too dangerous."

This crushed Neville, but then again, he had been friends with Harry and Ron long enough to know just what to say. "Just as well," he sighed. "You wouldn't be able to brew it anyway. Only a Potions master is capable of that. Then again, you are a girl and how often do you hear of a Potions mistress..."

Between the insult of being a girl and the challenge of brewing such a difficult potion, she whipped out her wand and got to work.

For the first time in her short lived career as a student at Hogwarts, she not only ignored her Head Girl duties, but ignored her homework. She became obsessed with brewing AFVII. It was all she could think about. The idea of brewing at a Potions masters mistress level was enticing. The Room of Requirement gave her every ingredient she needed, including the illegal ones, but at this point she did not care. Three weeks later, it was finished.

Hermione bottled the potion and then stepped back to admire the beautiful, shimmering blue liquid that swirled in the bottle. She had taken every precaution possible by wearing dragon hide gloves and special robes while brewing. Being exposed to the potion, whether direct contact or absorbed through clothing, would give the same effects the most powerful desire for lust ever experienced.

Removing her gloves and robes, she destroyed them as a precaution and then proudly left the room. Making her way into the Great Hall for lunch, she saw Neville and gave him a glorious smile, indicating her success. He nodded in return.

Suddenly there was an ear piercing shriek and everyone turned to the side doors. It was Trelawney and she was quite intoxicated with a love potion. "Severus! Severus Snape! Please, take me to your rooms and make love to me!" The entire student body and the staff turned to the Head Table and looked at Snape, waiting for his response. He glared at Draco, dropped his fork and sighed with a look equivalent to, "Here we go again." He stood and quickly left the hall with Trelawney on his heels. Half the student body followed.

Hermione was too tired to care. She sat down at a nearly empty table and served herself some food. It was Saturday. She had plans to take a nap and then tackle her homework.

"Neville," she said, looking up, expecting to see him there, but was not there. In fact he was nowhere in the Great Hall. She knew he would not be chasing after Snape because the man terrified him, so he must be... "Oh, gods!" she cried, realizing he went to get the potion to put on Draco. Neville had no idea just how powerful the potion was, so she quickly left to find him.

Neville went to the Room of Requirement and prepared the potion to be delivered to Draco by pouring it into a balloon and in the process, managed not to spill a single drop on him. As he walked out of the room holding the large potion balloon, Peeves came floating out of a hidden classroom and stole the balloon from Neville.

Peeves took off with the balloon with Neville chasing him.

"That's for Draco!" he yelled at Peeves. Peeves blew him a wet raspberry and disappeared into a locked classroom.

Hermione went to the Room of Requirement and found the empty vial. Panicking, she immediately left to find Neville.

Draco was leading the student body in chasing Trelawney who was chasing Snape, who was running up the stairs to the third floor corridor. Snape got just enough of a lead that he managed to slip into doorway unnoticed. He watched Trelawney and the students run by him and down the hall. Just as Snape stepped out, he heard foot steps coming his way and hid again.

Hermione was flying around the corner when WHAM! She ran smack into the statue of the Humpback Witch and knocked herself out cold. Snape winced at her initial impact, but then a smile appeared on his face. This is when Peeves came around the corner and saw her sprawled on her back. Taking the potion filled balloon, he threw it at her, dousing her with the contents. Peeves floated off with satisfaction.

"Gods, if it isn't one thing, it's another," he mumbled as he walked over to Hermione. She was covered in blue, shimmering liquid and he shook his head. He assumed Peeves was filling up balloons with shampoo again. "Miss Granger, get off the floor this instant!" he snapped. Nothing, but just to make sure she was truly unconscious, he tapped her with his boot. Still nothing. Sighing, he bent down and pick up her. Thankful the hospital wing was on the same floor, he carried her there before Trelawney came back.

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Harry, Ron, Neville, Hermione, Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle were now sitting in the Headmaster's office getting a lecture. Hermione had spent just enough time in the hospital wing to regain consciousness. Not even Madam Pomfrey had time to examine her because when Hermione came to, she saw the blue, shimmering liquid all over her clothes and blurted out, "I brewed AFVII and it is all over me right now!"

This is why Albus assembled the seven students together. He went into one of his lectures. "I don't think any of you understand the seriousness of this situation," said Dumbledore. "It is an unknown fact, but each year the seventh-years challenge the sex ban. Why? I am not sure." Hermione was having a difficult time concentrating. Lewd thoughts began to cloud her mind along with erotic desires and she was picturing herself in lewd positions with all of the people present, even Professor McGonagall.

"Perhaps it is because those who are seventeen and older feel as though they are ready to... fornicate... so they think they should be allowed to do it at school and... Miss Granger, would you please stop groping Mr. Weasley!" Hermione had her hands on Ron's pants, trying to gain access, but she couldn't locate his zipper. She quickly recoiled, trying to look innocent while Ron had a sheepish look on his face. Albus was well aware what she was going through, so he was trying to be understanding along with Minerva, who was fidgeting at every move her Head Girl made.

"Where was I?" he continued, "Oh yes, school is a place for your education not for...Miss Granger, would you please get off your knees and remove your mouth from Mr. Malfoy's groin!" Draco had his arms wrapped around her head, encouraging her.

"It's okay, sir. I don't mind," said Draco.

"Would you stop encouraging her!" snapped Harry, who grabbed Hermione by the arm and pulled her out of Draco's grasp. She immediately spun around and claimed Harry's mouth. He pursed his lips together, refusing to accept her tongue. Gently pushing her away, she didn't budge, so he shoved her hard so she fell on her arse.

"Thank you, Mr. Potter. As I was saying, you are here for an education, so the quicker we get our Head Girl back to normal then the sooner... Miss Granger!"

"Hermione!" snapped Harry and Ron. Hermione had quietly walked behind McGonagall and grabbed her breasts. Minerva let out a scream.

Suddenly the door to the office burst open and in walked Snape. Hermione let go of her Professor's breasts and began sniffing the air.

"There you are, Severus. Where have you been? I summoned you almost an hour ago," asked Albus.

"I was... um... in my rooms... um... and..." he stammered, something the Potions master had never done.

"Never mind. It doesn't matter. I need you to attend to Miss Granger's situation," began the Headmaster. He then looked closer at Severus and noticed the sweat forming on his brow. "Are you okay?" he asked in a low voice.

"Fine," snapped Severus, wiping his forehead.

"Oooooooh," breathed Hermione as she made her way to Snape. "Tall, dark...mmmmmm..." she said hoarsely as she slowly circled him. Stopping by his side, she took his hand and commented on it, "Long... slender fingers... perfect for..." She looked up at him and slowly licked her top lip while moaning. Snape let out a low growl. Whether it was a warning or not, she paid no attention.

"Perfect for what?" asked Crabbe.

"What is going on, Headmaster?" snapped Snape, who just realized the rest of the students were sitting there.

"Oh yes, apparently Miss Granger has been affected by the AFVII potion."

"That's impossible!" hissed Snape. "That potion doesn't even exist."

"Big feet too.... ooooooh," said Hermione. "I wonder..."

"Apparently it does exist," Albus said.

"Who brewed it?" asked Snape.

"I bet your long nose can reach a woman's sweet spot," whispered Hermione. Draco started laughing and Harry went wide-eyed. Ron, Crabbe, and Goyle just sat with creased eyebrows, apparently confused by her comment.

Ignoring her, Albus answered, "Miss Granger brewed it."

"Impossible," he hissed. Hermione rubbed her body against the Potions master as she ran her hand along his inner thigh.

"Why is it impossible? Because I am a woman? I don't think you know just how much woman I really am..." she purred. Her hand reached its target just as...

"MISS GRANGER!" yelled Minerva, "Stop groping Snape!"

"Professor Snape," corrected Albus. "Severus, I need you to find a cure for Miss Granger before she manages to..."

"Fuc... I mean fornicate with everything on two legs?" offered Draco.

"Mmmmm... they are right... big feet means a big cock..."

"Albus! Do something this instant!" shrieked Minerva.

"Severus, do whatever you need to do to get Miss Granger back to normal. I am fully aware that any potion you might brew may require some unorthodox methods, so whatever you need to do, you have my permission. I will set the wards to your commands."

"Yes, sir," said Severus. He then grabbed Hermione by the hair and held her at arms length. "Perhaps I should bring her with me so that I can better observe her reaction to the AFVII potion."

"Good idea. Keep us posted," said Albus. Snape left the office with Hermione forcibly in front of him since he did not trust her behind him.

Once they got to his office, he shut the door and let go of her. She sniffed the air and a mischievous grin spread across her face.

"You have been a busy little boy, Professor," she purred as she slowly walked toward him. "Madam Pomfrey said you were the one who carried me to the hospital wing, and with the obvious musky essence in the air, I can only assume that the potion soaked into your robes and onto your skin. No wonder you were sweating, Professor." Standing in front of him, she placed her hand on his cock and felt it harden under her touch. "And with all that whacking off, you still have the stamina to get hard. I am impressed."

"Miss Granger," he said with a strained voice, "Until a few minutes ago, the AFVII potion did not exist, so it is safe to say there is not cure... at least not from a potion."

"What are you saying, Severus..." She began to unfasten his pants.

"You have two choices..." he began as she pulled his pants down and released his erection. "You can quit school and go fuck whoever you want until the potion wears out or... oh, gods," she dropped to her knees and began stroking his cock with her fingers. "Or you can stay here and let me fuck the potion out of you... shit..." he said in a strained voice. Her lips were now on the head of his cock, sucking and slurping while running her hand on the underside of his shaft. He closed his eyes as deep moans came from him. She cupped his balls with her hands, rolling them between her fingers. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her off of him. "And since I was infected too, you will be assisting me in being rid of the potion." She nodded and tried to continue her ministrations.

"Wait," he said hissed. He walked like a penguin with his pants around his ankles, pulling her along by her hair. Grabbing a handful of Floo powder from the mantel, he threw it into the fireplace and they disappeared only to reappear in his private rooms.

He kicked off his pants, sat on the edge of the bed and pushed her back down to her knees.

"Continue," he commanded. She latched back onto him. Her fingers massaged his perineum while her palms kneaded his balls. "Gooooood... so damn goooood," he hissed. "You truly are such a know-it-all... do that again... yesssss..." He grabbed her head and pushed himself further into her mouth. "I never imagined you giving such good head..."

~*~

"He's fucking her," smirked Draco.

"You're mental. Dumbledore would never allow it," argued Ron.

"You're right. He's not fucking her. She's fucking him!" Draco took off with his cronies, all laughing.

"Do you think she is?" Ron asked Harry. Harry took a deep breath and was about to answer when instead he just sighed. He honestly didn't know.

~*~

"Gods..." he breathed as she took his balls into her mouth, sucking one and then the other. His hands clawed at the blankets under him and his legs stretched out with his hips jerking upward. She moved her tongue to the base of his balls, just above his anus, causing him to jerk a bit higher. Slipping one finger into his anus, she found her target and began to stimulate it.

The Potions master was withering from her ministrations. Sweat was forming on his brow. Releasing his balls from her mouth, she slipped her tongue along the underside of his shaft up to the ridge of the swollen head. His cock jerked as her tongue flicked the seam on the underside.

She drew her wand from her robes, said a silent spell and her wand began to vibrate. She placed it at the base of his penis and as her head bobbed up and down, taking in every inch of him in her mouth her finger continued stimulating his prostate.

Suddenly stiffening, he cried out, "Fuck!" Never had he felt such intense pleasure from oral sex. The fire ripped through him, down to his core as his release built. He watched himself slip in and out of her and just as his head slip past her lips, she pinched her lips together, sucking harder. Grabbing her head, his hips thrust upward, gagging her with his cock, but she continued taking all of him. A deep growl took over as he released into her mouth. His hot fluid filled her mouth, seeped out her lips, and down her chin. She licked him clean before releasing him. She stopped her wand and sat back on her knees. They both were silent as they caught their breath.

"Where the hell did you learn to do that?" he finally asked.

She smiled. "You remember that detention you gave me last month?"

"The one with Filch?" he asked. She grinned and winked. "Filch taught you? Oh gods..."

She laughed, "No... he had me rearrange the books in the Restricted Section and I came across a book on fellatio." He nodded and was relieved that Filch had nothing to do with this. She got to her feet and began stripping off her clothes. He too got to his feet and undressed himself.

~TBC

Please review please, pretty please with Severus in a 69 on the top?

Hugs,

Corazon

The Chair

There is a Sex Ban at Hogwarts and the seventh years don't like it. What are they going to do about it? And who is capable of bringing it down?

AN: Again, I don't own them and I am not making any money from this.

A huge thank you to the Potions Mistress for beta reading for me!

Hugs,

Corazon

Chapter 2

The Chair

Grabbing her hand, Severus led Hermione to a chair that was next to the fireplace. Taking a seat, he commanded, "Sit." She grinned at him, but instead of sitting on his lap, she stepped onto the chair with one foot on either side of his legs. She was standing before him with her pussy directly in front of his mouth.

"Perhaps I will sit later, but first..." she swung one leg over the back of the chair, spreading herself for his viewing pleasure. She braced against the chair with one hand while caressing the side of his face with the other. He cocked an eyebrow at the gift before him and looked up at her, amused.

"For someone who is destined to keep her virginity until no longer a student, you are quite trimmed." She blushed, not knowing how to respond. Looking back at her glistening, pink, pussy, he inhaled her scent. He felt his cock coming back to life. Opening his mouth, he leaned forward to taste her.

"Severus..." she said, pushing his head back against the chair. "Do you have any idea what a good girl I have been? I have done everything asked of me... I study... I stay out of trouble... I don't do things those nasty girls do. They do things that my grandmother says will make a person go blind..." He leaned forward again, trying to taste her, but once again, she pushed his head back.

Taking her hand off his face, she slid a finger inside of her wet pussy, spreading her wetness around. His mouth opened a bit wide as his eyes followed the direction of moving her finger. Leaning into him, she whispered, "I am tired of following the rules, Severus. I want to be one of those nasty girls..." Removing her finger, she placed it on his lips. He immediately sucked her finger clean. "Show me what those nasty girls do..." She removed her finger and began rubbing her clit.

Hermione's head leaned back as she pleased herself with her fingers. Severus let out a slight moan as he slipped his hands under her. Gripping her ass, he pulled her toward him, refusing to be denied what he craved. He dipped his tongue into her pink folds and drew it back into his mouth, savoring her. As erotic as it was watching her pleasure herself, he needed to be a part of it. Kneading her ass, he again pulled her close as he dove into her, sliding his tongue around her glisten walls, tasting her, drinking her. Her hips bucked as she let out a moan. His tongue thrust further into her while her fingers worked her clit. Her hips were rhythmically grinding toward him and her moans increasing.

She tilted her head forward and looked at him. "Do you like how I taste?" she asked in a strained voice.

He pulled back just enough and hissed, "I've always been ravenous for pussy, and I must say yours tastes like heaven." Removing one hand from her ass, he took her hand and he placed her fingers in his mouth. Licking them clean, he looked at her intently. "Allow me to show you how this is supposed to work..."

He leaned into her again and slowly flicked her clit with the tip of his tongue. She shivered and moaned as her hips bucked. "Ooooooooooh..." she whimpered. Her fingers were nothing compared to what his tongue was doing to her. "Oh gods, yes..." she moaned, grinding against him. The fire spread through her body. It was unlike anything she had every imagined. Now she understood what the "heat of the moment" was and why so many used this as an excuse for "going too far." If her mother walked into the room, Hermione would still beg for Severus to continue.

His fingers thrust into her, and he felt her hymen as an evil grin spread over his face. He knew all the magic in Hogwarts couldn't protect her cherry now, thanks to the Headmaster. It was Severus' to pop and he was going to do just that, but for now, he continued his ministrations.

Flattening his tongue against her, he licked and sucked her clit as his fingers continued thrusting in her. She ground her hips against him as her juices continued to increase. His chin and nose were covered with her nectar and he still couldn't get enough. Gods, his cock ached from the thought of her tight pussy pulsing around it. He needed to make her come so he could fuck her. Applying more pressure to her clit, he heard her moan even louder.

"There..." she hissed. "Right... there... ooooohh," her voice was strained. Her walls were pulsing a bit stronger around his fingers, indicating her release was near. Pulling her closer, he ground his nose against her clit while his tongue flicked just above her entrance. His fingers moved to a 'come hither' motion and with the way she cried out, he knew he found her G-spot.

"Oh, gods!" she cried, staring at him while pumping her pussy against his nose and tongue. "I... knew... it... your... nose..." she cried. Her release came with a string of profanities he never knew she was capable of and he didn't care. He drank every drop she had to offer. Gods, he did love pussy and, in truth, hers was heaven... perhaps because he knew he was the first to taste it or because it was forbidden fruit.

Her muscles pulsed around his fingers, clamping and squeezing. He lifted his head just a bit, bringing his tongue back to her clit. Assuming the potion had the same effect on her orgasms as it did his, he continued sucking on her clit. Within minutes she was screaming his name again and again and again. The Head Girl was his puppet and he controlled her by a single flick of his tongue.

He smirked at the reason it had taken him an hour to report to Dumbledore's office earlier. Never had he dreamed of experiencing multiple orgasms, something only women have had the privilege of, but this potion gave him experiences he only dreamed of. And if she wanted to know what the 'nasty' girls do, he would not deny her, but more selfish, he was not going to deny himself.

Eventually she brought her leg down, collapsing onto him. Slowly she slid down to her knees so that she was straddling him. Breathless and lethargic, her legs trembled as she rested her head against his chest. She closed her eyes, not believing just how incredible it was. Her mind spun and her ears rang. She was no longer aware of her surroundings or who was holding her. Ecstasy was the only word that came to mind.

It was clear she needed to rest, but he couldn't and with what he needed from her, she didn't need to participate, but he knew she would. Picking her up, he positioned her over his cock and pushed her down hard, filling her.

~*~

"Shouldn't you check on her?" asked Minerva, who was fidgeting with her wand while pacing Albus' office.

"She is fine, Minerva," Albus responded as he looked over some paperwork. He felt her staring at him and sighed. Looking at her over his half-moon glasses, he said, "I trust Severus with my life."

"Please, Albus," she snapped. "I've been around long enough to know that even a man with the strongest morals can't resist a young, beautiful woman who is openly willing to give up her innocence."

"Minerva," Albus sighed, "Severus has been nothing but a perfect gentleman while being in a position of trust here at Hogwarts. Never once has he looked or acted in an

inappropriate manner toward the students here."

"Define inappropriate!" she snapped. Albus sat down in his chair behind his desk and looked sternly at her, but it didn't silence her. "Do you know how many points my House has lost because of his..."

"Severus has dedicated his life to..."

"Serving the Order. I know! I know! But that does not excuse his questionable behavior for the way he treats students!"

"Minerva, just because he is a bit tougher on Gryffindor doesn't mean..."

"A bit tougher? He is hard on them, Albus! I am afraid to see just how hard he is on Miss Granger."

"Minerva, give him at least a day before we go checking up on him. He is the best Potions master this castle has ever seen and I have nothing but faith that he will find a cure." She glared at him.

"I'll give him one day," she snapped and then mumbled, "I hope he isn't too hard with her."

~*~

"OUCH!" she cried, lifting her head up. "Damn it! That hurts, Severus!" she screamed.

He smoothly asked, "So you don't want my cock in your pussy?" She looked down to see their joining and realizing she was getting ready to fuck him, gasped, but no longer protested. The fire was building in her again, but the pain was still there. Not moving, she felt the pain fading. Her walls trembled from the intrusion and she became acutely aware at just how much he filled her.

The pressure on his cock was incredible, and Severus' hips slowly thrust upward. She winced at first, but was relieved the pain did not increase with his movement. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she felt him moving slowly in and out of her. Realizing the pain was no longer an issue, she looked at him with an all too familiar glint in her eye.

"Teach me what to do," she whispered. Keeping his hands on her hips, he said, "Ride it, Hermione. Move up..." he guided her up. "Move down... let me fill you..." he pulled her down with his hips pushing upward to meet hers. She continued watching their joining as she moved. She was so wet that he slid in and out of her so easy, yet she was so incredibly tight. Her movements were a bit awkward at first.

"Relax," he whispered, "No matter how you move, it still feels exquisite for me..." His words calmed her and she began to relax. Looking at him, she locked onto his black, intense eyes. She quivered at the way he looked at her. It was as if nothing else mattered in this world. Relaxing, she pulled all the way out of him and then back down, enjoying the feel of his cock entering her, filling her. Every time she impaled herself with him, she moaned and whimpered.

"This is what it's like?" she moaned.

"Yes, this is the beginning," he said. Once she established a rhythm, he moved one hand to her front and used his thumb to rub her clit. With every downward motion, she ground her clit against his thumb. She was a quick learner, but then again when the reward is pleasure...

"I want to come again... with you filling me..." she said, "please make it so, Severus..."

"As you wish," he said. Her arms were locked around his neck as her movements increased in speed. Her breasts bounced with each thrust and her moans and whimpers almost became squeaks.

His own release was quickly nearing and given the fact that he was capable of remaining hard, due to the potion, he let it come. The pressure in his groin built and the fire spread through him. "Faster..." he hissed and she obeyed. Gripping her hips with both hands, he slammed her down on his cock, hitting her cervix. She cried out from the pain, but did not protest. With a deep, primal growl, he came. His warm fluid spilled into her as he thrust deeply.

Breathless, he leaned his head back against the chair to rest. Hermione reciprocated for his earlier reactions and continued riding him since he was still rock hard. With one hand on his shoulder, she took her other hand and began stimulating herself. Her orgasm hit with more intensity than before as her walls gushed and pulsed around his cock. She cried out from the pleasure and silently he watched her, admired her. As her orgasm subsided, he wrapped his arms around her waist, stood up with her around him, and carried her over to his bed.

This was just the beginning...

~TBC

AN: Thank you for all of your wonderful reviews! I cannot begin to tell you just how much I appreciate them. I honestly cherish each and every one of them.

Super big Severus 69 hugs to all of you!

Corazon