

Wintry Passion

by aturia

Snape and someone special have a winter's night rendezvous with passion... a little poetic story.

Poetry

Chapter 1 of 1

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Wintry Passion

Underneath the castle's bounds,
Built into subterranean grounds,
Bitter freezing cold,
Corridors, icy and old;
Murky place where dark surrounds.
Dungeons are usually gloomy and dim,
Shadowy, eerie, and somewhat grim;
Damp, cool walls,
Cavernous halls;
They stretch down past the foundation's rim.
The home of Slytherin's heart,
One school house set apart;
Clever and wily,
Scheming slyly;
Where devising plots is a sneaky art.

The Potion Master's the head of this devious group,
Overt favoritism for his little troop;
Most loathe him and his teaching style,
When he stalks down each classroom aisle,
Diving on mistakes like a bat in full swoop.
A classroom of dunderheads in fear,
He's strict, cool and severe;
Insults and sarcasm are his attack,
When castigating a potion hack;
Unapproachable and austere.
Most hate his professorial role,
For he's a man who likes control;
A menacing greasy git,
With sharp, biting wit;
Like a cold-blooded reptile deep in its hole.
But on this snowy winter night,
When the timing was just right;
With student serpents coiled asleep,
Snug in their own cozy keep;
The Head Snake had a fire to ignite.
Slinking back to his teacher's abode,
He stopped by a portrait and said a code;
His patrols were finished,
His duties diminished;
Time to slip into relax mode.
Even serpentine men need time to unwind,
Though Severus Snape doesn't seem the kind;
To need another human being,
Isn't he a loner and a solitary king?
How then does he de-stress from the daily grind?
Most know he's reclusive and scary,
That he never smiles or is merry;
But when the day's done,
His thoughts immediately run;
To who's in his private sanctuary.
For even Snape has a right to be happy,
Though he is not cute or sappy;
Who would want this unsightly person?
(Who's a handful when his moods worsen)
What female would make him a contented chappie?

~~~~\*~\*~\*~

What type of girl would take on Hogwarts' resident bat?  
She must be brave and ready to combat,  
His reputation when he's maliciously maligned,  
Overcoming gossip and people who are blind;  
For though he has limits and faults,  
And delivers stinging verbal assaults,

He is still someone with emotions buried deep,  
Even if many see him as a disgusting creep,  
Who then, would choose him?

*Deep into this wintry night...*

Logs popping behind the hearth's grille,  
Dark green curtains pulled tight against the chill;  
An entire world in a warm bed,  
Where inhibitions have fled;  
A man and a woman have love to fulfill.  
Two natural bared figures intertwined,  
Lazily caressing as they reclined;  
Slowly heating each other up,  
Sipping gently from pleasure's cup;  
He coaxed her arms into a tender bind.

*Sometime later...*

Unruly russet curls framed her lively face,  
A countenance captured in passion's embrace;  
Tempestuous teasing,  
Turbulent and pleasing;  
Blooming under desire's pace.  
Cheeks slightly flushed from sweet ardent pain,  
Eyes slitting from the sensual strain;  
Burning, flaming feeling,  
Blazing fervent, reeling;  
Enthralled state where only urges remain.  
Swollen lips parted from a gasping moan,  
Head tossed back after an impatient groan;  
Stormily intense,  
Swirling suspense;  
Crying out in a luscious tone.  
Her hands grasped on the curved wooden rung,  
Her sweaty fingers, gripping as they clung;  
Strokes molten hot,  
That red lava spot;  
Upon the timbered piece her tied wrists hung.  
Exquisite creamy globes with rosy tips,  
Silky smooth skin over velvety hips;  
Wild surges on an undulating ocean,  
A rising, heaving motion;  
Thighs quivering wide from nibbles and nips.  
Bottom squirming from the lapping onslaught,  
Slithery-tongued devil her womanly place caught;  
Sizzling showers from raging fire,  
Torrential downpour of desire;  
Finally surrendering after a battle well fought.  
"Oh... Severus... please!" she whimpered in a pant.  
His name became an incoherent chant.

An explosion at his final touch,  
Bursting, erupting, it became too much,  
“No more... I, I can’t...”  
“Yes, Hermione... come again for me!”  
She came undone from his excited plea.  
Falling over ecstasy’s peak,  
She gave a loud, mewling shriek,  
The dam of arousal had broken free.  
Back arching like a taut bow,  
Body trembling from the amorous flow;  
A perfect moment of pure bliss,  
Floating where nothing exists;  
Then a descent to a wonderful glow.  
Her shining brown orbs stared into his eyes of black,  
Communicating her wonder as she went slack;  
He smirked slightly at her expression,  
Obviously he had made quite an impression;  
She was delighted with his oral act.

*A short time later...*

They drifted back together to continue their evening play,  
What a perfect solution for keeping winter at bay!

**A/N** This poem was written while it was still winter, I thought Snape and Hermione deserved to spend some quality time together... Hey, if they're going to be alone in the dungeons on a cold, wintry night they might as well have some fun! Right? :o)

**Poetry mechanics:**

Free style limerick-inspired poetry that follows the end rhymes of aabba...though does not adhere to the usual internal rhythms. Internal rhythms usually correspond to three-beats for the aaa lines and two-beats for the bb alternating lines. For the purposes of this story I chose story plot development over strict adherence to original limerick rules. For more information about free-style limerick poetry, check out [www.poeticlimericks.com](http://www.poeticlimericks.com)