

# Holding a Candle in Comparison

by DawnEB

In this I make no attempt to resolve the events of HBP whatsoever. I simply offer you this failed attempt to write a little smut.

## Holding a Candle in Comparison

Chapter 1 of 1

In this I make no attempt to resolve the events of HBP whatsoever. I simply offer you this failed attempt to write a little smut.

Severus Snape tried not to fall over as he hopped about on one foot whilst dragging his underpants off of the raised one. As he threw them onto the floor to join the rest of his clothes, he took a deep breath to expand his slim chest before turning to the young witch who lounged across his bed.

He'd been preparing for this moment for over a month, ever since he'd realised that Hermione Granger, Charms Apprentice, wasn't laughing at him when she smiled his way but was in fact flirting. *Flirting*. With *him*. He hadn't believed it at first. That being said, he had started paying slightly more attention to his daily hygiene regime. He'd even gone so far as buying some new underpants, just in case he got knocked down by the Knight Bus or something he'd told himself as he tried to rationalise his purchase.

By the time Severus was convinced of the sincerity of Hermione's attentions, he had started to make a few tentative gestures of his own. He was a private man, so tried to keep this show of affection to a minimum in public, especially after Madam Pomfrey had suggested he take a stomach powder for 'that bad case of indigestion you're obviously suffering from' when he started smiling back across High Table. Even so, Hermione took notice, and being a strong-minded Muggleborn witch, found every opportunity to be found in quiet corners and corridors whenever Severus was patrolling.

It was inevitable they would end up here in his bed. At least, Severus had always suspected it would be after Hermione had come to his office one evening last week with a list of questions regarding his sexual preferences, his health (with emphasis on anything 'communicable') and his current relationship status, to which he provided her with his candid answers. She asked about the size of his bed, as apparently hers was a cramped single with no room to expand it more than a span. He was informed that, whilst not a virgin, she had only participated in a handful of unsatisfactory fumbblings in darkened rooms and closets. Ascertaining that he was willing to leave the candles burning throughout, she left him with the comment that she had high hopes for his performance.

Which is why, when Hermione turned up at his door with a bottle of wine and some scented candles, Severus had been sure his luck was in. Although a little nervous, he comforted himself that he'd had no complaints about his prowess in the past. However uncertain she might be at first, once he'd gotten her alone with a couple of drinks in her, any witch Severus Snape had bedded was always well satisfied. Generally, so was he, except for one thing. He would have hated to admit it but for some reason, like Hermione, most of his own encounters had been in the dark; the idea of sex with the lights on was a terrific turn on for him. It certainly looked as if Hermione was of a like mind he thought, failing to suppress a feral grin.

Therefore, it was a proudly tumescent Snape that displayed himself to the naked, flushed and nicely proportioned woman on his bed. His hauteur diminished slightly as he noticed her contemplative gaze didn't hold the amount of admiration for his *manliness* as he would expect. In fact, she looked more quizzical than impressed.

"Is that it?" she finally enquired.

Severus dropped his eyes to where she was scrutinising him. His eyes weren't the only things to drop he noted with dismay. This wasn't going the way he had expected it to go at all.

"I had presumed, Hermione, that even with your bemoaned lack of experience you would be aware that, yes *that is it*." he sniped caustically

His ego deflating further, Severus dropped onto the bed next to Hermione and stretched out, trying to recapture the mood. As he reached out a hand to caress her naked back, she half turned and resumed talking.

"I'm sorry, Severus; it's just that I'd been expecting something... more, I suppose. Never mind, I'm sure it will be... adequate."

Reaching out for his languishing manhood with a determined gesture he'd seen her use when setting out to scrub a cauldron by hand, Hermione was shocked when Severus batted her hands away. Swinging his legs over the far side of the bed, he sat with his back to her when he spoke.

"**Adequate?** Just what in Hades is that supposed to mean?" Severus looked back over his shoulder at the witch who was sat up on her knees behind him. "I'm a good 7 inches with a 6 and three quarter inch girth depending on--" he caught the look in her eye before muttering "--*not that I spend time measuring it or anything, just an estimate by eye...*"

"Of course not, Severus. I didn't mean to imply you were somehow deficient. It was just that I... That is, I've heard said..." Hermione stuttered, the blush of embarrassment replacing that of arousal. "I was told that ... *Old Wives... nose... fingers...*" she trailed off into a mutter.

Hermione looked up startled as her would-be lover flopped back onto the bed, his body convulsing and obviously having trouble breathing between spasms. She panicked for a moment, thinking about his age and wondering if he was having a heart attack, until he started to emit a strange braying sound, and she realised he was *laughing*. She sat there gobsmacked, waiting for him to calm down.

Eventually Severus stopped clutching his ribs and managed to get a few deep breaths. He turned towards the staring Hermione, wiping the tears of mirth from his eyes before he pulled the unprotesting witch down into his arms.

"Oh, Gods, Hermione. You're the last person I'd have thought to fall for that old chestnut."

Severus gazed into Hermione's contrite face before dropping an affectionate kiss on her lips, the small smile that appeared encouraging him to make another, more passionate advance. A whimper as his hand moved around to cup her breast while he nibbled on her earlobe only encouraged him to move his other hand down over the firm but feminine globe of her buttock and insinuate one of his knees between her legs.

He could feel the moist heat on his thigh as Hermione ground her pelvis against him, one hand clutching his shoulder whilst the other moved up his neck and into his hairline. They rolled to one side so that Hermione was lying on her back while Severus lay half over her, supported on his elbows at either side of her body. Her mouth moved to kiss, nip, lick and suck at the skin behind his ear and down under his jaw line, and his newly inflated erection twitched with each touch.

When this sensation became too much for him, he broke the contact by dipping his head down to her breasts. Opening his mouth he gently enfolded a nipple before pulling back, the silken skin of his thin lips ghosting over the puckered teat. Hermione would not have believed such a delicate touch could be so fiercely erotic. Severus repeated this with the other one. The slight dampness imparted left a chill on her, making her nipples ache and harden further. Severus watched, fascinated, until an impatient nudge from Hermione's hips caused him to drop his head once more to firmly suck and tongue each breast in turn.

Reaching down to stroke between her legs, Severus's long fingers slid easily into Hermione's slick and engorged crux. Rubbing back and forth between her folds as he mimicked the movement with his groin against her hip, he felt Hermione buck beneath him. Any thought of further foreplay was cut short when she growled his name long and low in her throat.

Hermione opened her eyes when she felt Severus remove from her, momentarily disappointed until he moved between her legs. He gazed along her body displayed before him, the flicker of gentle candlelight creating new highlights and shadows across her with each breath. A smirk graced his lips; he wasn't disappointed with the view of his lover, and he could only hope she felt the same.

Sitting up onto his knees and pulling Hermione's hips onto his thighs, her legs spread wide and wanton as they fell to either side of him back down to the bed. Holding her in place with one hand at her waist, he used the other to position himself, first rubbing the sensitive head across her clitoris to spread both her moistness and his own precome in preparation to his entry. Looking back up at his witch, he noticed her watching their juncture avidly. Biting back his need to thrust for a few more moments, Severus spoke.

"Here is where you learn, Hermione, that some aphorisms are more true than others, as in *It's not the length of the candle, but the strength of the flame*."

Before she could reply, Severus thrust his hips forward, pulling her up to meet him. The pleasure of the tight, wet, heat surrounding him was made more intense by the view he had of his length disappearing into Hermione's body. He withdrew slowly, then repeated the action, fascinated by how erotic it was to watch as well as feel. An inarticulate sound drew his attention back to Hermione's face, and he could see that she was as taken with the sight as he.

A few more thrusts, and they were both beyond thought, giving over to the pure sensuality of what they shared. A while later, Severus pulled Hermione's legs up around him as he dropped forward over her. The change of angle made her cry out again, and as he thrust against her clitoris, she felt the tension mounting towards her peak. Severus was close, too, and leaned forward to claim her mouth before his balls tightened, and he released hard into her, screaming as if in pain as his face contorted with the intensity of it.

The feel of him swelling just before the heat and pressure of his ejaculation flooded deep inside her was all Hermione needed to follow him over the brink, and she arched into him silently, her legs locked around his hips as she pulsed around him, her hands gripping his shoulders with whitened knuckles. Within moments, Severus collapsed to the side of her, asleep already, and she lasted long enough to pull a sheet over them before joining him in sated slumber.

Several hours later, as they lay in each other's arms and explored each other with languorous caresses, Hermione started to giggle. Severus pushed himself up on one elbow to look at her.

"Might I enquire as what you find so amusing about my attentions, Hermione?"

"*'It's not the length of the candle, but the strength of the flame'* Well, you certainly proved that right, even if the one about the *proportions* of men with big noses proved false. I've not heard that before; is it some kind of wizard saying?"

"In a way," Severus paused to admire the curve of the fine brow she arched at him before he continued, "as in, I made it up on the spur of the moment."

"You, you ... *Slytherin* you!" she exclaimed with the hint of a grin.

Severus smirked smugly until Hermione wiped it from his face with her lips.

Thanks also to everyone on Potter\_Place for your views about what makes you cringe when you read smut. It helped me a lot and made me laugh too.