

Release

by laurielove

A moment arises between Hermione and Professor Snape.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is simply a little fantasy which popped into my head which I thought I'd share with you. It is Porn Without Plot, pure and simple; just a short little one-shot which does what it says on the tin. It starts in my usual SS/HG way - Hermione in her eighth year, aged nearly twenty but still a student for that illicit tension. Snape has, conveniently, survived.

Thank you for the amazing response to 'Size Matters'. This one is very different, but you may find it ... diverting. ;-)

Enjoy. LL x

Hermione was to leave Hogwarts in a week's time. She had returned after the war to take her exams and now, after eight years, her journey through the school was coming to an end.

She sat in one of her last Potions lessons, staring at the teacher who had enthralled, appalled, berated, inspired and infuriated her. It was only now, after all they had both been through, that she could admit it: no matter what else, he was magnificent.

And no matter what else, war and the struggle for survival had taught Hermione not to squander life. Professor Snape knew that too, she was sure of it.

And yet he had taught every lesson this year as if nothing had happened. Despite his miraculous survival, he had barely skipped a beat in returning to the impenetrable persona he presented so assiduously at Hogwarts.

But looking at him now, clothed in the rich black she associated unceasingly with him, Hermione knew exactly what she desperately wanted.

As the lesson finished and the students left, she lingered behind. Snape sat at his desk, writing on a parchment, and did not even look up as she approached. She expected no more. She simply waited. At length he spoke, as rich and low as ever.

"What is it, Miss Granger?"

"As you know, I'm about to leave the school next week."

"Hmm." Still his head was down.

"I've been here a long time. Eight years."

"Yes." He did not sound impressed.

"Eight memorable years."

"Memorable for you, I suppose."

"I hope that over that time, and certainly in the last year, you and I have come to more of an understanding than in the past."

At last he stopped writing, put down his quill, and looked up, his inky black eyes locking at last into hers. "And what sort of understanding would that be?"

"I'm no longer a child, Professor."

"I can see that." For the briefest moment his eyes left her face and swept down over her body.

"I will be twenty the month after next. I now know what I want in life."

There was silence for a time. He simply looked at her, his face unreadable. She waited. At length he spoke, slow and controlled.

"And what do you want?"

For a while she didn't answer, the corners of her mouth flickering into the faintest enigmatic smile. "I think you want it too. I have been thinking of little else all year. I have been through too much not to grab hold of life and take when the moment arises."

Again there was a pause before he responded, his tones still measured. "And has the moment ... arisen?"

Her smile deepened beguilingly. "I think it's about to."

There was a tinge of pink in his cheekbones.

"I repeat my question, Miss Granger: what is it you want?"

She held her tongue for a moment more, watching his pupils widen in anticipation as she looked steadily at him.

"I want to suck your cock."

He stared at her, hardly blinking, the only sign of any acknowledgement of what she had said coming in the slight flaring of his nostrils.

For some time there was silence between them. Neither moved. And then there was a scrape as his chair was pushed out. Snape stood, averting his eyes from hers. He paced out from behind his desk and came and stood in front of it, a foot or so before her. Again his eyes rose to meet hers but he did not speak.

Hermione took a step forward, not taking her eyes from his. Her desperation to taste him was unlike any desire she had known before. She reached down and felt rather than looked, undoing the lower buttons on his frock coat and reaching into the warmth underneath. It was very clear that the moment had indeed arisen. Her fingers worked quickly to slip out the buttons on his black trousers, and reaching inside she came across the thick stiff flesh of his cock. It needed little help to be guided out as it lurched desperately for freedom. And then, her eyes still trained on his, she slid down, her hands brushing over the thick smooth wool.

Hermione knelt and was at once level with the length of his cock, which jutted out between the flaps of his coat. It was large and broad and stood before her with a dewy drop of expectation on the end. Hermione glanced up and locked eyes with her professor once again. His remained impenetrable, but there was no doubting his own need.

With almost reverential awe, she inclined her head to the base of the shaft. She placed the flat of her tongue along the underside and drew it up, slowly, relishing the taste of man; he tasted fresh and clean. Her tongue memorised the veins and ridges as it travelled and when she came to the head, she pulled her open lips over the top and enclosed them fully about the bulbous top. It was only then that Snape made any noise at all: a long slow exhale of breath which resonated to the tip of the cock now nestled snug in her mouth.

Hermione loosened her tight pull a little and swirled her tongue leisurely over the head, the smooth, pliant flesh dancing under her, the tip leaking salty anticipation, exciting her taste buds. Overwhelming desire flooded her senses. All she wanted was to take him, to taste him and pleasure him. Her tongue worked ardently now, combined with the pulls of her tight cheeks and lips working over the top. His head fell back and another sound rose from him, louder, uncontrollably: a moan of abandon and pleasure. She gripped his lower length in her hand, spitting on it to smooth its progress over the hard flesh.

More, more. She could not get enough of the essence of this man. Here he was before her, exposed and powerless, naked in her mouth after all they had been through. She sucked harder still, relishing the constant leaking onto her tongue. She drank it down as she gasped for breath. Pulling back, she glanced up. His mouth was slack, his hair hung dishevelled around him. He was staring down at her in wonder, his brows creased.

And then his hands came to her head and, gently, he guided her back onto him. Hermione opened wide, tilting her head back. She wanted him deeper than ever and relaxed the muscles in her mouth and throat. Pushing forward, guided by his hands, she let him sink deeper into her. Snape hesitated, but on feeling no resistance, pushed forward again, letting the head of his cock sink into her throat. She had taken him all, and once his entire length was in her she paused. She could scarcely breathe, but it didn't matter; he was hers, he had given all of himself to her alone. She revelled in the sensation. Her eyes prickled as the need for oxygen pressed its urgency upon her. Pushing back at the last moment, she gasped in air with an open smile of delight, daring to glance up at him. His face reflected her own wonder, but, mutually, urgently, she plunged down again, taking him as deep as before, holding him there once more.

Snape clasped her head firmly and now started to move, pulling out almost fully, watching himself pop from her plump, wet lips, the streaks of her saliva clinging to the engorged purple tip. Then he would push back in, as deep as he could before letting her drag those lips tight back over his length, feeling her tongue swirl over the head before he sank in once again, pressing his tight abdomen against her. At times, by an instinct between them, he would pull out completely and let her draw breath, let her adjust to the sensation of taking all of him, but always she would open desperately to take him again.

And then she noticed his breathing shift, his muscles tense. She pulled off a little and held him tight in her hand again, which she stroked hard and fast over the broad length. Her mouth worked nimbly now, her tongue and lips sucking and laving and pulling his pleasure out. Snape's fingers clenched in her hair, his eyes focused on the sight of her before him and his muscles tightened, electrified tension capturing them. With a forceful grunt, louder than any sound she had heard from him before, he exploded into her mouth, thick shots of cum hitting the roof of her mouth, once, twice. She gaped wider for him and felt two more spurts falling long and hot onto her tongue, each one accompanied by that low groan of release.

After some moments where his body slackened, his hands came down to her cheeks, his thumbs pushing up to ensure her mouth was still open. Slowly, he pulled out of her. Looking up, she found him staring down into her mouth as she visibly held his seed on her tongue. She granted him the sight for as long as he wanted. When at last his fingers relaxed, still holding his gaze, she closed her mouth and swallowed. Snape's eyes fluttered shut, his head fell back, and he exhaled with unadulterated bliss.

Hermione stood, dusting off her knees and gathering her things. Her professor did not move from his position in front of his desk, but tidied himself away and did up the buttons.

Hermione glanced across and smiled warmly. "Thank you."

His eyebrows rose up slightly in surprise. "Thankyou ... for the moment."

And with a final smile, Hermione turned and left.

Reviews are always appreciated, even for a little bit of smut like this. x