

# In the Summertime

*by selened*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Severus... we can't!"

"Give me one good reason why not," he persisted, pressing his body against hers. "You know you enjoy it as much as I do. Indeed I sometimes believe you enjoy it more."

"I do not!" she protested, her voice filled with laughter. "Honestly you have such a high opinion of yourself."

"It's entirely justified," he insisted, with a smirk. "Remember what I did last time?"

His smile broadened as he felt her quiver. She did indeed remember last time. He'd bet any money she was flooded with wetness at the memory of it. In just a moment or two he'd have the opportunity to verify that first hand.

"Are you going to volunteer a reason?" he whispered hotly into her ear. "Or are you going to lie down for me?"

"We don't have time," she said, her eyes glazed over with lust.

"I'll be quick," he promised. "We won't get caught."

"We might..." she faltered.

"We won't! So we're in the house together alone. So what! People would be shocked to think I'd even hold a conversation with you... let alone fuck you senseless."

"Don't use that word," she said automatically, barely even paying attention to what she was saying.

"If I don't use the word... can I fuck you now?"

"Yes," she said, not registering the inconsistency.

He chuckled lightly and steered her over to the bed he was using during his stay. It had not been made that day. Severus was used to house-elves and had no intention of acquiring a repertoire of domestic spells during this campaign. He pushed her backwards onto the untidy bedding and surveyed her as she looked up at him. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips parted. Her eyes had the familiar heavy lidded appearance, induced by her arousal. He caught her bare knees and pushed them apart. She was

supple. He leaned in over her, allowing her to support some of his weight with her pelvis. She almost purred at him.

"You came to me for this, didn't you?" he hissed.

"I only wanted..."

"You wanted this!" he insisted.

"Yes..." she admitted.

"Good," he muttered as he brought his mouth down on hers.

The kiss was demanding and passionate. She brought her hands up to his head and clutched his greasy hair between her fingers, as if to stop him pulling away again. His hands were fumbling with the fastenings of the skimpy little halter-top she wore over her braless breasts. The halter-top had started life that morning as a perfectly demure tee shirt and would become one again now it had achieved its purpose. She could never have worn that in front of any of the other occupants of the old Black house. It was worn specifically in order to inspire Severus to remove it and reacquaint himself with what was underneath.

Severus lost patience with the top very quickly and ripped off one of the ties in his haste to get her undressed. She inwardly crowed at his eagerness and relaxed her grip just enough to allow him to pull away without injury. He knelt between her legs again and eyed her hungrily as he began to undo the buttons on her too-tight cut off jeans. No magic was responsible for that item of clothing, however. They had been bought two summers ago and Hermione had grown both up and out since then. Again, she would not have worn them in front of anyone else. Within seconds he was peeling them down her legs along with the scanty excuse for underwear she had on underneath. He dropped her flip-flops on the floor and the clothes followed. He placed one cool hand on each plump thigh and inspected her exposed sex at close quarters. Pink and dripping with her sweetness. He dropped a kiss on her inner thigh and straightened up.

"Don't move an inch," he ordered, climbing off the bed and beginning to tackle his own garments.

Hermione complied. She relaxed into her position and relished the charge she got from feeling his eyes on her. She watched him as he pulled off his linen shirt, revealing his prominent ribs and pale skin scattered with dark hair. No beauty, this man, but Gods, was he a man!

Ron and even Seamus had made bashful overtures towards her in sixth year, but they had struggled to attract any notice from her at all, and then this affair, this passion had hit her so hard, she was on her back gasping for air as he pounded into her, before either of them had had a chance to see sense.

At the end of sixth year Ron and Harry had found themselves in the Infirmary after the annual end of term crisis. Hermione had merely suffered sleeplessness after her own close call. She had taken to wandering the school after curfew. One night Severus had discovered her dozing in the restricted section at 3am. He had woken her roughly and, with her nerves on edge, she had gone right back at him. He had attempted to fend her off, but his hand ended up cupping her breast and the harsh words evaporated into fervent kisses. He had taken her and she had clung to him and urged him on.

Afterwards, when they were both in their right minds, they had both been shocked at their conduct and had sworn never to repeat it. That resolve had lasted for four whole days until they found themselves sleeping, or rather not sleeping, on the same corridor at Grimmauld Place. Albus, seemingly unaware of the development, asked Severus to use her as a lab assistant. This had led to more opportunities to sate each other. Today the menfolk were out about their business and the younger members of the household had gone with Molly for a check up at St Mungo's. Severus had refused to release Hermione from her duties and she had rejoiced.

He climbed on the bed and positioned himself over her, kissing her again. His hands were cold but the rest of him was warm. The hairiness of his chest and legs rubbed delightfully against her smooth skin and she wrapped her arms and legs around him. The kissing went on and on, building in intensity. Hermione knew from experience that her lips would be swollen and sore later and she welcomed it. Any little ache or scrape that came her way from this abandon served as a delicious reminder when she resumed the role of virginal school girl around her friends. Only she and Severus knew that she was now a woman, and a passionate one at that.

He brought a hand to her breast and began to stroke it slowly, rhythmically. The nipple hardened even more and stood proud. He pulled his face away from hers for a moment in order to focus on her face. She knew what he wanted and opened her eyes wider to look into his. His gaze burned her. He was so intense about everything. It was difficult even to watch him cut his bacon at the breakfast table without seeing drama in the act. She hadn't yet figured out what he looked for in her face, but he seemed to find it every time. Then again, he was a man who liked to look, no matter how impatient he was to touch. He slid down her body to own her breasts.

Hermione had never really considered her breasts as a likely contributor to her sexual pleasure. It turned out she had been missing out in a big way. Of course there was always the chance that only he would be able to do this to her. So far he hadn't done anything she hadn't immediately fallen in love with and it had made her brave and inclined to experimentation. He had explored every inch of her and she had returned the favour, kissing, lapping and tasting. Oh God, speaking of lapping...!

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She was so close. Her nerves were thrumming. And then he stopped.

"Severus," she whined.

"Turn over."

"Please..."

"I am not in a democratic frame of mind, Hermione," he whispered teasingly. "Do as you are told and I will not leave you wanting."

After nine and a half weeks of this, she knew better than to argue. Groaning loudly she scrambled to obey, as he sat back and smiled at her display.

"Lie flat," he instructed, "and bring your knees up and out. Face to one side."

Oh God... she loved this... but it was slow.

He encouraged her into position. Hermione felt she must look like a frog in this pose. She still had reservations about her hips and thighs despite Severus' oft expressed admiration. When he was satisfied he moved over her again and after stroking and parting her lips with his hand penetrated her with a single thrust. They both gasped. He gathered her free mane of hair and raked it over to one side of her head. He put his forearm over the frizzy mass so she couldn't move her head. He sank down on top of her so his torso's weight was pressing her into the mattress. His legs were between hers and slowly he began to rock back and forth pressing against the front wall of her vagina. All her awareness was of him. His weight... his breathing... his shallow thrusting. He licked at her lips with his tongue and she opened her mouth to oblige him there too. Pulling back, he hissed,

"I could do this to you forever."

"Please..." she gasped, her pleasure building again.

"I shall please you, woman. Haven't I said?"

He increased the speed and force of his thrusts until the motions of the bedsprings came into play to aid them. Hermione shattered.

He continued to move inside her gently, riding her spasms. When she had recovered, he withdrew and used her knee to flip her over before driving into her hard again, this time in pursuit of his own reward. It was not long in coming.

Afterwards they lay naked on the mattress together, in an embrace. Hermione felt herself drifting towards sleep until the hall clock chimed and Severus hauled himself out of bed.

"You should go," he said; as he wiped himself clean of her on the trailing sheet.

"They'll be a while yet," she protested, continuing to lie wantonly before him.

He continued to dress and his eyes never left her as he did so. When he had finished, he sat down beside her and began to caress her again.

"It's not that I want you to go," he said, regretfully. "I just don't want us to get found out."

"Us," she said, imperiously. "Is there such a thing?"

"How would you describe this situation?" he said incredulously.

"I'll tell you at the weekend, when we're back in school."

His face clouded over.

"If this continues back at school, then I'll consider you and me to be an 'us'. If it doesn't then it's just you and me and a summer full of fucking."

"How is it that I'm not supposed to use that word, but you may?" he asked.

"If you want this just to be fucking, then this is your opportunity to say so, without fear of reprisals."

"I should spell it out to you that this cannot continue. This whole thing is madness on both our parts. However, we both know we'd be fooling ourselves to think we could follow through on it, so why bother? You do realise we won't be able to keep it from Albus for long," he said with resignation. "Not once we're at Hogwarts."

"He's hardly going to sack you Severus, or expel me. He needs us both. If I'm old enough to go to war with the Order, then I can choose whom to have sex with. Besides which, I'll be eighteen in three weeks time. I can sleep with... or even marry any man who'll have me... and I just might... if my new found needs aren't catered to, that is."

"Are you threatening me, wench?"

"Just negotiating," she said, with mock innocence. "I can't have you thinking you're indispensable, after all. Surely as a Slytherin, you would approve of my using any weapon at my disposal."

"If I wanted a Slytherin in my bed I wouldn't have turned down so many offers," he said idly, placing his hand between her legs.

She shifted under his touch.

"No more, girl," he said sharply. "You're going back to your room, naked as a newborn, so you'd better do it before anyone arrives home."

"What about my clothes?" she cried indignantly.

"These clothes are indecent. I shall keep them here so you aren't tempted to display yourself before other men."

"I would nev..." she began hotly, before realising she was caught.

He slid a finger inside her and smirked.

"Seriously," she said. "I never would. You are enough for me."

"And you for me," he replied, equally seriously.

A door banged shut downstairs and Hermione jumped a mile.

"Go!" he said, "quickly." He withdrew his hand and she made a dash for it. Severus lay on the rumpled sheets and inhaled the combined scents of their coupling. He would relish this for days.

Back in her room, Hermione leaned back on the newly warded door and her skin remembered his touch.