

# Impromptu Seduction

*by notsosaintly*

Avoiding Mrs. Norris can be quite stimulating... a series of 100-word drabbles in nine parts.

## Part One

*Chapter 1 of 9*

Avoiding Mrs. Norris can be quite stimulating... a series of 100-word drabbles in nine parts.

Disclaimer: The characters are JK Rowling's. I am merely borrowing them to play out my fantasies.

*A/N: Closetravenclaw turned me onto drabble series, so I'm attempting my first here. This short 100-word drabble series was inspired by a smut challenge on the LJ group grangersnape100, where a couple parts are also posted.*

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~ part one ~

She ducked into a closet somewhere on the fourth floor, hoping that Mrs. Norris hadn't discovered her presence. A firm grip on her waist let her know that she wasn't alone, and a firm hand muffled her scream.

"Silence, Miss Granger," a familiar voice spoke through the darkness.

Thus, she found herself tight up against the dungeon-dwelling professor in a very intimate stance.

"What are *you* doing here, professor?" she dared to ask.

"Hiding from that damned cat," came the reply, a whispered breath within her ear.

His slight shift made her quite aware of the position they were in.

## Part Two

*Chapter 2 of 9*

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~ part two ~

The silence was as deafening as the darkness. She couldn't see him, but his presence weighed upon her, making each forced breath a staccato counterpoint against his easy rhythm.

He still held her still, her back against his front; a position that would look compromising if anyone found them. They could both hear Mrs. Norris outside, sniffing around the hallway suspiciously, and all they could do was wait.

And feel.

Feel the hardness of his strong arm wrapped around her stomach. Feel the strength of the chest she was held against. Feel her heart skip and jump inside her ribcage.

## Part Three

*Chapter 3 of 9*

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~ part three ~

She almost didn't notice the subtle path his thumb traveled across her stomach. Her breath quickened, and suddenly, the closed quarters felt very warm.

How many times had she fantasized about finding herself hidden away, trapped, alone with this man? How many times had she felt the thrill of danger, which he exuded by simply being in a room? How many times had she wanted to welcome the danger, to taste it?

She shifted slightly against him, pressing back simultaneously ... hoping he would sense her desire ... scared that he would reject her ... frightened that he would not.

## Part Four

*Chapter 4 of 9*

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~ part four ~

His hiss was felt more than it was heard. Both of his hands descended to her hips to stop her from moving against him. He didn't move, nor did he speak, but his breathing spoke volumes.

When she realized that she was having an affect upon him, her legs weakened, and she allowed him to support her weight in his grasp.

"What do you think you're doing, Miss Granger?" His voice, barely a whisper, held no remonstrance, for which she was grateful.

"I'm seducing you, Professor Snape," she replied as she leaned back to rest her head upon his shoulder.

## Part Five

*Chapter 5 of 9*

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~ part five ~

"*You are seducing me?*"

The words lingered in the air between them, and accentuated the added pressure of his hips against her backside. She inhaled shakily as she felt the proof of his arousal and realized her desire was returned.

"I think it is / who is doing the seducing here, Miss Granger."

His lips met her earlobe and his tongue chased his voice, sending thrills of pleasure down her spine. His hands played over her body, tightly coiling the desire that both felt at that moment.

"If that is true, Professor," she teased, "then what are you waiting for?"

## Part Six

*Chapter 6 of 9*

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~ part six ~

From behind, he unfastened her robes and unbuttoned her shirt, leaving her concealed only in darkness. As quickly as their confinement would allow, he spun her to face him, though she could not see to discern his emotions, and couldn't tell what he planned to do next.

Suddenly, she felt the sweet suction of lips upon her breast, pulling through the material of her underclothing with the urgency of one being forbidden something for too long.

She forgot her silence when he pushed her against the wall and punctuated the suckling of his mouth with the thrust of his hips.

## Part Seven

*Chapter 7 of 9*

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~ part seven ~

A cry escaped her lips as pelvis met pelvis, and he ground against her. She would have swooned had he not had her pinned against the wall.

"Shhhhh...", he warned, though his mouth continued to numb her mind with its ardent attentions.

Hands were everywhere, hers and his. Frock coat buttons were undone with one skittering noisily across the floor. Knickers were pushed away impatiently. Mrs. Norris was forgotten.

When enough clothes had been dispensed of, and skin had found skin, he took her mouth with his own and let his body discover the warmth of darkness within the darkness.

## Part Eight

*Chapter 8 of 9*

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~ part eight ~

Frantic breaths, wandering hands, devouring lips: all focused their want, their need, as he pressed into her warmth repeatedly. She pulled him into her deep, and he retreated only so she would do so again.

Their voices mingled in the heat of the small room, whispers meant only for the other, nonsensical words of encouragement. She begged him not to stop. He warned her that he was close.

Their climaxes would have blinded them if they hadn't already been blind. Stars filled the room, and their pace slowed as they relaxed against each other, chests heaving, flesh diminishing, brows damp.

## Part Nine

*Chapter 9 of 9*

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~ part nine ~

Feeling his heart beat against hers, she took a deep breath and let go. Together, they fastened buttons, straightened her skirts, and tried to look presentable enough to open the closet door.

Squinting against the dim torchlight, she leaned against the doorframe and looked up into his eyes, not wanting to leave.

"Would you like to find someplace more private?" he asked, tracing her jaw with his finger.

Tilting her face up to his in invitation, she whispered, "If you lead, I will follow."

They turned the corner as Filch approached, scolding Mrs. Norris for scaring away the truant students....

~fin