

Slipshod and Deuced

by quaffswinegaily

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Deuced

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is a sequel to *Slipshod*. Please read that first.

Disclaimer: I checked again, and they're still not mine.

Flinging back the bedcovers, Severus exposed the offensive, upstanding, vulgar item.

"A codpiece?"

Snape's heart pounded, and his stomach lurched, no longer certain what was real or a dream. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he rifled through his memories, trying to separate fantasy from reality.

First, there were the shoes, and what hideous shoes they were: serpent-embroidered, green silk with the pointiest of toes and a silvered ribbon to tie them. Then, there was Filch, tugging his forelock with excessive obsequiousness. They were followed by Dumbledore in all his twinkling, merry madness, complete with red and gold slippers, jester's robes, and jingling bells everywhere. Severus clutched his head as he remembered the bloody bells: silver bells on the buffoon's stick, tinkling bells on the trailing sleeves of Dumbledore's multicoloured robes, and little round ones on the tip of each pointed toe.

"What was in that mead last night?" he muttered, rubbing his temples to disrupt his errant thoughts.

It was all so ridiculously clichéd: jesters and servants, banqueting halls and comely wenches.

His long fingers ran through sleep-tousled hair as he tried to tease the night's dream from real life.

All that was missing was a knight in shining armour, and possibly the Leech-Meister's Assistant Maggot Wrangler, if his warped memory served him correctly.

And then there she was, his ex-student and bane of his teaching career, Miss Hermione Granger, walking towards him with her riotous mass of curls piled haphazardly atop her head and shoved under a cloth cap. Her hips swayed seductively as she approached, her bosom swelling above the tightly laced corset. The silk toes of the shoes on her neat feet, pushing forward and peeping from below her voluminous skirt with each step, were more sensual than Severus could have imagined.

The dark wizard groaned as the memory stirred an uninvited sensation in his nether regions until he felt an unusual pressure. What more could there be? Snape dropped his black-eyed gaze to his current dilemma. Of course, a huge, genitalia-enhancing but at the same time constricting, embroidered, fucking codpiece.

Flopping back onto the bed, long legs drooping over the edge and arms spread wide, Severus wondered how the men-folk in days of yore managed with a monstrosity such as the one currently protruding heavenwards from his groin. It was enormous and uncomfortable, and he had no idea how to get the bloody thing off. Perhaps, he

thought with a snort, he could ask his new assistant for some help. The idea certainly had some merit and deserved further consideration.

As he contemplated how he might possibly put his concept into practice, his hands wandered from the bed sheets at his sides, up over the lean muscles of his chest, sneaking sensuously down over the flatness of his belly until the tips of his fingers came in contact with the upper border of the protuberance. Skimming one hand over the top of the codpiece, the slightly rough velvet sent tingles through his palm as the long fingers of his other hand snuck below the material to graze the tip of his engorged member. A little pressure over the ornamental crotch cover caused a pleasant ripple of sensation in his balls.

"That's good," Severus murmured, licking his lips and sliding his fingers further down the shaft of his cock, a thumb trailing over the moistened slit.

Imagining Miss Granger's luscious breasts spilling over the top of her corset, his hand moved more vigorously, knuckles rubbing on the inside of the codpiece.

"Yes, Granger could help with this..."

His eyes closed as his head arched back, rising hips pressing his erection harder into the palm of the encircling hand as a surge of lust poured through him.

"Fuck, Hermione..."

A small noise disrupted his fantasy: a quiet cough and a throat clearing followed by, "Very impressive," muttered in a soft, feminine voice.

Snape's eyes flew open, and he sat up abruptly, one hand still tucked down the front of his apparel. It was humiliating to see the object of his daydream standing, clad only in a slip of a nightgown, just inside his bedroom doorway, watching him, her eyes fixed on his crotch.

"Fuck! Hermione!"

The witch flinched a little but did not avert her gaze.

"Is that a codpiece, or are you just pleased to see me?" she asked with a smirk.

"What the hell...?" Severus scrambled backwards up the bed, grabbing a sheet and covering his groin. "What are you doing here, wench... witch?"

"Don't you remember Albus telling you, I'm your new assistant?"

"I thought that was a dream." Severus groaned, his head dropping back against the wooden headboard with a thunk. "So, what are you doing here?"

"I've come to be of assistance."

Snape half turned to glare at her, raising an enquiring eyebrow as he did. "In my bedroom, Granger?"

"Do you need my help?"

"No, I do not."

"Funny that. I thought I heard..." Her voice trailed off, and she blushed as embarrassment overcame her.

"Thought you heard what?"

"My name."

Snape closed his eyes again, trying to obliterate the farcical scene from his consciousness, but on opening them again found nothing changed. He was still sitting in his bed clad only in a magnificent genital ornament, having been caught wanking by Hermione Granger.

"Severus?"

"Hm?"

"What can I do for you?"

"Other than bugging off and allowing me to die of mortification in peace?"

Hermione sighed and turned away, opening the door to leave.

"Miss Granger..."

His voice stopped her, hand resting on the doorknob, but she didn't turn around as she spoke. "It's all right, Severus, I'll leave you alone. You seemed to be managing just fine on your own."

"Hermione, don't go." Snape cleared his throat. "I... um... I need you."

"You do?" Her smile as she turned to face him again was dazzling, and Severus was a little taken aback by her enthusiasm.

"I need a hand. I don't know how to get it off."

"You don't know how to get it off? But you appeared to be making an admirable effort at getting it off all by yourself." Her grin as she closed the door behind her and sauntered across to Snape's bed was somewhere between lascivious and feral.

Severus swallowed thickly, pointing at his encumbered crotch. "The... ah... the codpiece?"

"Of course," Hermione murmured as she crawled up onto the bed beside him, eyes flicking from his face down to his groin. "The codpiece."

The way her mouth savoured the word and the low timbre of her voice sent a shiver of need through the rattled man. His gaze slid from her soft, moving lips down to her heaving bosom, and his hand reached out of its own volition for the top edge of her immodest slip.

"I can... I can see right down your cleavage, Granger." He pulled the fabric up a little to hide the distracting view and scooted further back against the headboard. After all, this was his new assistant, and one had to have some decorum, even in a sticky situation. Without warning, his one-track mind was off again, imagining getting sticky with the luscious young woman who continued her approach.

"We can't have that, can we?"

Snape inhaled sharply, as the question sounded far more suggestive than it had any right to, associated as it was with the soft touch of her fingers running down over his exposed chest.

Continuing their descent over his belly, her fingers caught on the sheet, drawing it out of his clutching hands and exposing his protuberance. A single finger ran along the top of the codpiece then outwards along the curve of his hip bone, cool against his heated flesh.

Catching her smaller hand in his, he stilled the torturous touch.

"What are you doing?" he hissed.

"I'm trying to find the fastening."

"That's no excuse for groping me."

"Do you want me to help, or not? I can always go and get Filch if you prefer. He's good in a sticky situation."

"No." Snape's reply was an agonised groan. "There," he added in a whisper, pointing to a spot close to his groin. Closing his eyes to hide his discomfiture, Severus leaned back against the headboard, tensing against the return of her physical contact.

After a long pause with neither touch nor sound, Severus cracked open an eye to see the girl kneeling beside him, arms crossed, watching him with a slight pout on her lips. She raised an eyebrow at him, obviously awaiting a response.

"Please?"

The glint in Hermione's eye before she dropped her gaze back to the problem set his nerve ends sparking. With the lightest brush of her fingers along his skin, she found the tie fastening at the side of the codpiece. Sliding a slim finger under the fabric, she bent forward to look more closely at the knot.

Severus slowed his breathing as he watched the beautiful young witch leaning in towards his groin, an unrestrained curl of hair trailing along his upper thigh.

"Hmm. I see the problem," she said, so close to his crotch her soft breath sighed across the fine hairs on his skin and his cock twitched in response.

Hermione inhaled a sharp breath.

Oh gods, she saw that. I'm screwed! Severus thought, fingers curling into the bed covers and eyes closing in an attempt to maintain some control.

The unexpected warm sensation of her mouth coming into contact with his skin made his eyes fly open and his leg muscles jump.

"Relax," she murmured, laying a soothing hand on his thigh to push his legs back down again. "I'm just going to use my teeth and try to bite the knot."

As Hermione's hot mouth and nimble fingers worked on the errant fastening, Snape's hands drifted upwards, tempted to touch those riotous curls bobbing at his groin and encourage the witch's ministrations further.

"There we are."

Cool air flowed in under the loosened codpiece, and Snape's cock sprung forth, unencumbered. His hands paused in their motion, fingers flexing with uncertainty.

Hermione inhaled again. Was she really sniffing his groin? Then suddenly, dear god, her tongue was rough on him, licking the sensitive, newly-exposed skin. The moistness of her mouth was murmuring against him, and his hands were soon tangled in her glorious hair.

"You smell so good, Severus. Let me see you." Her hands pushed the offending obstruction away, releasing him completely. "Fuck, you're gorgeous; look at you."

And he did look, but all he saw was the wonder on the woman's face as she took his engorged cock in her capable hands, stroking and licking along its length. Smoothing her tongue down over the sensitive skin of his sac, she cupped his balls, then sucked on them gently. Then back, circling the rigid flesh and up to the tip, where she dipped the tip of her tongue into the slit, drawing the seeping fluid into her mouth.

"Mmm..." She hummed her delight against him.

Severus moaned. "Sweet Merlin, what are you doing to me, woman?"

What am I doing? His question pierced her lust filled haze. *It's me, and it's Snape, and I'm... ohmygod!* Hermione's head shot up, a streak of fear sparking through her belly, fully expecting a severe reprimand from the stern man. "Sorry, shall I stop?" she squeaked.

The eyes that caught her anxious gaze were heavy-lidded and dark with passion, and as his hands drew her gently up to him, he whispered across the closing gap, "Don't stop on my account, you wanton wench."

Hermione needed no further encouragement, and her mouth sought his with greed. Lips, still moist with his essence, moved searchingly against his. As his mouth opened to her, her tongue plunged in, seeking his acceptance.

Strong hands swept smoothly down her back, catching the hem of her shift and slipping in underneath to her silken skin. Severus caressed in long strokes up and down her ribs, then one hand, flattened between her shoulder blades, applied gentle pressure to bring her closer, her breasts pressing through the thin fabric against his bare chest. Hermione's nipples hardened in response, and Severus ghosted his hands round her sides, running his thumbs along the soft swell of the underside of her breasts.

Pushing her away from him gently, she whimpered at the loss of contact. With a smooth movement, he eased her gown off over her head.

Severus held her by the shoulders at arms' length, his dark eyes roaming over her exposed body. Though she was tempted to cross her arms over her breasts, Hermione lifted her chin and met his look with a level gaze, smiling at the reverence reflected in his eyes. Quirking a questioning eyebrow, Snape smirked, his mouth widening into a smile as she rolled her eyes then nodded her acceptance.

His hands released their grip on her shoulders, smoothing their way down over her breasts, cupping and gently squeezing their heavy roundness. Snape's lips followed his hands, trailing kisses down over her neck and collarbone, delicate across the dip at the top of her breast-bone and turning to sucks and nips over the plumpness of her breasts. His thumbs swirled small circles around her nipples, raising them for his mouth to suckle as Hermione arched forwards into his touch with an ecstatic moan.

"Sweet and perfect," he murmured, licking his way back up to the corner of her jaw and on to the softness of her ear lobe, which he nipped teasingly between his teeth.

Severing her fingers into his sleek hair, Hermione urged him back towards her lips, whispering across his skin until she found his mouth again.

"So perfect. So fucking perfect." She spoke in a heated mumble, scarcely breaking contact from his searing kisses. "Come here, Severus, and let me show you how perfect it can be."

A groan of pleasure escaped the normally taciturn man's lips. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Please. Oh gods, Hermione, yes please." His mellifluous voice, tinged with desire, thrummed through her, and in a smooth motion she straddled his obvious need, rubbing herself gently over the tip of his cock.

"Fuck, Hermione!" Strong hands grasped her hips, fingers digging into her skin with his desperation, as his erection leaped under the moist touch of her heat.

Slowly, she lowered herself onto him, relishing the sensation of his size within. Catching her bottom lip between her teeth as a soft moan escaped, Hermione dropped her gaze to watch the man's cock disappearing up into her, filling her. Snape's head dropped back against the headboard in ecstasy, his eyes closed and his mouth slack.

"Good?" she asked, leaning forward to whisper in his ear, her nipples brushing against his broad chest.

Severus nodded without opening his eyes. "More than adequate, but you'll have to work harder on the practical if you wish to achieve an Exceeds Expectations score, Miss Granger."

The hint of a smile forming on his lips belied the professorial tone to his speech, and he cracked an eye open to assess Hermione's reaction as she slapped his arm. Grabbing her hips as she made to dismount, he thrust up into her powerfully, eliciting a swift exhalation of breath and a pleasing jiggle of her pert breasts.

Her fingers grasped his shoulders as she ground down on him in response, clenching her internal muscles around his sensitive member. Snape's eyes flew open wide, and he gasped before withdrawing then ploughing back into her with a growl.

Losing his grip on her hips a little with the sheen of sweat developing on her flushed skin, Severus shifted his hands, slipping one over the curve of her rump and the other between their slick bodies, pressing the thumb over the needy nub of her clit.

"Harder!"

Her breathing became increasingly shallow and ragged as he complied with her encouragement until, with an initial ripple of ecstasy, she came hard, shuddering around him.

As Hermione's head fell back, he pumped into her faster and more erratically, feeling the growing tightness in his balls he pushed her down onto him firmly. With another couple of thrusts, his composure shattered, and he came with explosive force, digging his nails into the soft skin over her hips.

Waiting for his breathing to slow and even out, Hermione placed gentle kisses on Snape's forehead, down his nose, and on his slightly parted lips, before slipping off him and snuggling into his side, one arm resting across his belly.

"That was certainly a very pleasant start to the morning," she said, kissing the soft skin over his ribs.

"Mmm... I'm so glad you're real." Severus hugged her to him with one arm, twirling his finger in one of her unruly curls. "This feels much better than my dream."

"Your dream?"

"I dreamt Dumbledore had hired you as my Assistant Maggot Wrangler. Can you believe it?" Severus snorted a short laugh.

Hermione smacked his belly gently, and he felt her smile against his skin as she replied, "Don't be silly. I'm your assistant, so I can't be a Maggot Wrangler."

Severus sighed and relaxed with relief.

"I'm the Leech-Meister's Leech Wrangler."

Snape's heart pounded, and he felt a wave of nausea rising in his gut, as his certainty of fantasy and reality was again rocked to the core.

A/N: HBAR, you asked for it! Is this enough wrangling for your liking?

Sunny33 waded through the morass of commas for me. Thanks, chook!

Deuced = confused.