

Miss Granger ... up against the wall ... with Professor Snape

by laurielove

A deserted corridor. Two people. The title says the rest.

Miss Granger ... up against the wall ... with Professor Snape

Chapter 1 of 1

A deserted corridor. Two people. The title says the rest.

Hermione knew the deserted short cut to the Transfiguration classroom well. She hurried down the dingy abandoned corridor; cobwebs fluttered over her head, the rough stone walls seemed almost to close in on her, not that she minded. Seclusion always suited her; she knew no-one would be around. It was a long-forgotten and rather forbidding part of the castle, avoided by nearly everyone.

Everyone apart from Severus Snape, apparently.

Turning a dim corner, Hermione bumped with a surprised gasp into the tall dark form of the Potions Master coming the other way.

"Sorry, sir."

"Miss Granger, where do you think you are going in such an ungodly hurry?"

"I need to get to Transfiguration."

"Late?"

"Not quite."

He stood in her path, preventing her from going further. Hermione cleared her throat. In the still, age-old air of the corridor the tension between her and Snape grew quickly. Her belly coiled as her eyes met the deep black of her professor's. For a time neither spoke, simply stared at each other, not with animosity but curiosity, appraisal even. She did not shy away from it and knew instead that she was rather enjoying it.

His eyes flicked to the gap at the meeting of her collar bones.

"Your top button is undone."

"Sorry, sir." She started to do it up, taking a step backwards and coming against the cold stone of the wall.

"I didn't tell you to touch it."

Snape stepped into her. Her breath quickened but she did not move away from him. Hermione watched mesmerised as her professor raised his hand slowly and brought two fingers to rest on the flesh exposed by the undone button. The tips of his fingers were warm and confident. She urged them to seek out more of her.

He did.

The hand at her neck now curled around the back of it, while his thumb stroked languorously up and down from the dip he had enticed along the length of her throat. She bared it for him, her eyes glazing with immediate desire. His other hand was down, lifting her skirt and seeking up her inner thighs. Her legs fell apart instinctively.

"Professor ..." She moaned, half in query, half in invitation as he searched up to the dampening heat still concealed from him by her tights. He was rubbing against her now, finding her hot and needy despite the layers of clothing between them.

"Just as I expected," he declared.

"Don't stop."

His fingers had quickly reached up to the waist band of her tights and were pushing down into her knickers, the long digits searching through her trimmed hairs.

She bit her lip, catching her breath, unable to look anywhere but into his eyes.

His middle finger, strong and assured, found a certain path down and stroked over her clit as it travelled. She gasped in and her eyes fluttered shut. But his finger continued its progress, sliding and slipping through the pooling wetness of her desire until it found its opening and curled up into her. Snape allowed his own slight breath to escape.

"Tight. Wet. Hot. What a ready cunt you have."

She nodded, unable to form words.

Now he had added his forefinger to his exploration of her intimacy. He pushed both fingers into her right up to the third knuckle, circling them as if trying to ingrain her onto him then pulling out a little to allow the underside to graze her clit again. Her face creased in pleasure.

"I could stay here and finger you forever, girl. The feel of that sweet hot wetness ... you're going to come rather stupidly quickly, aren't you?"

She moaned in affirmation.

The tips of his fingers were working her clit now, rubbing it in ever increasing strokes of intensity, dipping away from it to plunder her juices again, making it cry and swell for more before returning to it, newly desperate for his touch.

"Did you ever think your loathed and reviled professor could make you come so quickly? Did you?"

Hermione shook her head rapidly.

"But you did wonder, didn't you? Sitting in lessons seeking my attention - you thought of this, didn't you?"

She nodded, biting her lip as the grip of pleasure tightened its prickling heated hold on her body.

"No more wondering, Miss Granger." His fingers swept over her clit hard and fast now, almost slipping on the ever-dripping juices leaking from her hungry pussy. "Feel."

Snape suddenly grabbed her chin in his other hand and forced her eyes into his. Hermione came so hard her mouth opened and she released a cry which sounded like despair. Pleasure ripped through her and she ground onto his fingers which were now embedding themselves into her again as her body shook uncontrollably.

She grabbed onto his shoulder to prevent herself collapsing but almost immediately he was tearing her tights and knickers down, pulling off her shoes and dragging the garments off her legs. She kicked pathetically in a useless attempt to aid him. Her legs were naked to the cool corridor air, the wet heat from her sex evaporating with delicious contrast to the cold now finding it. His fingers were at his trousers now and she glanced down to see him burst out, so large and long and ready she opened for him immediately. Her pussy was still crying out for him despite her orgasm; she had never wanted to be filled so much.

"Fuck me. Please, please fuck me with your cock." She sobbed as her desperate need was voiced as plainly as possible.

"That is precisely what I had intended to do." His voice itself licked her flesh.

Snape grabbed her backside in large hands and picked her up, digging his fingers in brutally to spread her apart from him, bracing her against the wall, wrapping her legs around him. And then he thrust into her so hard she cried out in pain, his cock ramming her against the stone behind, its mass stretching her so much her pussy almost groaned in surprise. He had risen into her fully in one plunge and her cervix panged as the bulbous head of his cock pressed into it. Gravity forced her to settle fully onto the length of him, but after the initial pain had dulled she revelled in the extraordinary feeling of completion. His cock was so hard and so perfect inside her she could not imagine him ever coming out of her.

But he did. Slowly at first he pulled back from her, lifting her again to slip out. She groaned as she felt her walls contracting back in his absence. But not long. With a throbbing grunt he propelled himself violently again up into her, so hard she felt her shirt rip on the jagged wall behind.

"You're hurting me ..." she moaned, but her tone of voice expressed the opposite of her words.

He ignored her. Pulling out and ploughing up again brutally, his own groan of desperation forced him ever deeper.

"You like me hurting you, don't you? You like my cock filling your greedy little cunt so much your pain becomes pleasure?"

He was moving incessantly now, managing to stroke fully along her with each withdrawal and thrust in. She sank down to meet the delicious agony of fullness each time. "Yes, yes ... harder, harder, more ..."

He obliged, fucking her fast and furious, gripping her arse until she bruised, pressing her into the rough stone wall so that her back bloomed with the red stripes of their lust.

He relinquished his grip on her with one hand to bring it up to grip her chin again so that their eyes met. Hermione brought her right leg down to rest on the ground on the tips of her toes and curled her left around his thigh, digging her heel painfully into his taut hamstring. He scraped his fingers down her thigh in retaliation, his nails scratching and marking her. She merely grinned with delighted sharpness and clenched upon him, prompting him to hurl his cock deeper yet into her with a cry of pleasure.

"Fuck, you have the perfect cunt, witch. The way you hold my cock, the way that sweet wet flesh of yours fucks me. I want to fill you with me forever, do you hear? I want my cock tearing into you, spilling into you and cramming you with me." He dragged his thumb over to her mouth which had been clenched tight shut in her concentration and forced it between her lips, between her teeth, pushing it in to feel the wetness of her mouth as his cock was feeling the wetness of her sex. His fingers dug into her jaw and his thumb circled her mouth, daring her tongue to catch it. She sucked in tight, pulling and laving it as avidly as her pussy was tugging on his cock. Still he moved along her, fucking them both towards collapse.

"Bite ... bite me ..." he hissed.

Locking eyes with him, she closed her teeth sweetly at first on his thumb. He did not flinch. Then more, the sharp edges dug into him, harder, harder. His eyes flashed but he did not pull back, merely thrust faster still into her. She bit down more and tasted the copper of blood on her tongue. He released a slow breath of satisfaction as she sucked it off his thumb, delighting as more seeped into her mouth.

His pace grew ever more frantic now, the movement of his cock stretching her then vacating her before fucking back in fully, hard up to hurt and thrill equally.

He scraped his nails along her thigh again, pulling her leg up so that he could angle his violent thrusts anew. With that she came. She had to release the pull on his thumb to draw in a wondrous breath as pleasure took hold and shook her. Her orgasm raged through her, raged around his cock which was at that point embedded so deep in her she thought she may fuse to it. She pulsed on him so tight her spasming pussy fed on the flesh it gripped and her rapture surged through her again, bringing her the longest climax she could ever recall.

With that he could hold back no longer. He pushed into her, forcing the breath from her as she was squeezed between him and the wall, and his come burst from him, spilling out forcefully into her depths. He groaned in time with the spurts from his cock, filling her with so much it seeped from her around his embedded flesh.

And then it was over. When at last their breathing steadied he pulled out as abruptly as he had initially entered her and did his trousers up swiftly. Hermione slumped to the floor, her legs splayed, her thighs glistening as his come trickled from her.

"Disgraceful behaviour, Miss Granger." Snape glanced down dismissively. "You are late for class. Detention. Tonight. My rooms. Ten o'clock. Don't be late."

He turned and swept away along the corridor.

For Hermione, ten o'clock could not come soon enough.