

Metamorphosis

by notsosaintly

Unhappy with his social life after the war, Severus decides to make a few changes.
(Post-HBP)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is my answer to the Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge, created by SouthernWitch and PlaidPooka. (Rules may be found here [Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge Rules](#).) For some reason, this challenge ensnared me from first mention, and I had to try my hand at it. This story is post-HBP, although as it is a one-shot, it does not speculate over JKR's plot points too much. The main purpose of this story is to provide stimulating entertainment. I do hope you enjoy.

I never expected the accusatory glares to stop as I walked the streets of Hogsmeade. Nor did I expect mothers to stop ushering their children across the street in Diagon Alley whenever they saw me approach. I certainly didn't expect the students to stop being afraid of me. That actually works to my advantage; a little healthy fear keeps them in order. But after receiving the Order of Merlin, First Class, for my duties as a spy during the war...duties confirmed by Headmistress McGonagall and Poppy Pomfrey...I did expect it to be easier to find companionship and actually enjoy what was left of my life.

In the years leading up to the Final Battle, I admit I did not give much attention to my appearance. There really was no reason to; I couldn't afford to be distracted by trivial things, such as wooing women and romance. Afterwards, however, having more free time on my hands, I am finding being a professor is simply ... well, mind-numbingly boring.

Minerva had reinstated me as the DADA professor, with the caveat that I sign a five-year contract. She was tired of the annual turnaround in that particular position, and she wanted to provide the students with some stability. I am more than happy to let someone else teach Potions. I never wanted to teach it in the first place. I still keep a private lab to brew potions for my personal use. I certainly have the time to pursue such endeavors, but I gave up on those weeks ago, finding that boredom was killing my desire to brew anything of worth.

The thing is, I know what I want...some excitement, something to get my blood moving, perhaps even boiling if I find the right woman. Hell, she doesn't even have to be the *right* woman. Any woman would do at this point. It has been too many years since I felt the pleasure of any hands besides my own. Simply put, I am frustrated, and I am at the point where I'd do just about anything to climb out of this personal hell.

This morning I awoke from yet another night of drowning in a bottle of Firewhiskey, only to find myself dissatisfied with the reflection that stared back at me. When did I get so ... old? My skin has sallowled. My cheeks have sunken. My hair has gotten...okay, so it has always been stringy and, frankly, a little too oily for my tastes. My nose has been broken too many damn times. I wouldn't pay any attention to me. No wonder people are still avoiding me, treating me like I harbor the plague. I have to do something ... something to make myself a little more desirable, to make people see me for who I am.

Glamours are too inefficient. I don't want to have to worry about a glamour wearing off in the middle of the day. Although, I have to chuckle at the effect it would have on a student if one happened to wear off while assigning a detention or deducting house points; imagine the nightmares that would cause. I could always remove a glamour at the proper moment, just when it would do the most damage. Now that would be entertaining. Of course, Minerva would make my life a living hell if I pulled something like

that.

I suppose the easiest thing to change would be my hair. The length is fine: long enough to tie back but short enough not to get in my way. I believe I still have an extra bottle of shampoo that Rolanda commissioned from me last spring. It is specifically made for limp, fine hair, and her hair did look softer and fuller after its use. I can always brew her more later. Yes, I believe I shall begin my transformation with my hair.

I don't have a problem using potions...especially since I brew my own. I have a potion around here somewhere that invigorates the complexion, giving the skin a healthy glow. It's a simple recipe and quite easy to brew up quickly and with little effort. No potion will take care of these sunken cheeks, though. That is simply brought on by poor eating habits. I'll have to remember to take an extra portion at meals for the next few weeks. I forgot to add "bony" to the list of things I don't like about myself. I definitely need to add on a few extra stones.

The only thing I'm not willing to fix myself is my nose. Aiming a wand at one's face is a recipe for disaster. Perhaps Poppy can help. Even if she had to break the bone again, I'd be willing to deal with significant amount of pain in order to improve my looks. Maybe I'll have her reduce the size just a touch as well. It is rather large. Before I go ask her, though, I better wash my hair and take that invigorating potion. I don't want Poppy thinking I'm anything less than serious about this. I have no one else to turn to except Minerva, and I'm not letting that woman get her wand near me; she's still a little angry about what I said in the staff meeting last week.

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"Severus, come in. I'll be with you in just a second."

Poppy turns to finish tending to the student, who looks at me oddly. I suppose I'll attract the attention of the few students who are not smart enough to avoid looking at me. I glare at him, forcing him to look away, and the boy rushes out of the infirmary as soon as Poppy releases him, not looking back a second time. I smirk. I have to make sure my reputation isn't affected too greatly, after all.

Poppy turns around finally and looks at me. "Hello, Severus. I..." I must say, I feel an immense satisfaction when she does a double take. "Why, Severus. What have you done with your hair? It's beautiful!" All right, well, use of the word 'beautiful' takes that satisfaction down a notch. She could have said 'gorgeous' or 'incredible,' nothing too feminine.

"I have a request, Poppy, if you'd be so kind to help me," I say in my smoothest voice, careful to keep my tone neutral. I really don't need to incite her at the moment, not when her wand will shortly be pointed at my face.

"Sure, Severus. What do you need?" I can see the curiosity in her eyes.

"I want you to straighten this nose." I pose in profile for her. "And perhaps, resize it down a bit."

"I'll straighten it, Severus, but no way on Merlin's green earth am I going to resize such a magnificent nose as that," she mutters as she fetches her wand from her apron-skirt pocket.

"Why ever not? It's an eyesore, and I believe you have already noticed that I am in the midst of making a few aesthetic improvements," I answer, slightly perturbed that she won't do all that I requested.

She aims her wand, and I feel an immense pressure across the bridge of my nose, which radiates into my cheekbones. For a second, I cannot open my eyes for the pain is too great. Then, it begins to lessen, and Poppy removes her wand from my face.

"There. I think that does it. Look in the mirror, and tell me how you like it," she says, waiting on my answer.

It does look much better. It is still too large, though, and I quirk an eyebrow in her direction as I check out my profile.

"Leave the size as it is, Severus. A nose that size can be very ... um, useful," she says, wagging her eyebrows at me.

Has this woman been sniffing the potions lately? What is she on about? Useful, my arse. Still, it does look much better straight. Perhaps I'll live with it a week or two before I come back and demand that she finish the job. I can probably find something to blackmail her with between now and then.

"Fine," I growl. "There's a student waiting outside anyway. Thank you for your time."

"Anything for you, Severus." She smiles and bats her eyelashes. Now I know the woman has been sniffing the potions.

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I look at the extra portion of dinner in front of me. I'm simply not used to eating this much. Still, I must try. Self-improvement is hard work. It's also not easy to eat when Poppy and Rolanda keep looking at me like that. They look like hawks, and I feel like a bloody mouse.

I can't stop thinking about Naomi Parkinson's little display of Slytherin prowess in class today. All my classes have been little unusual over the past week, but nothing was as interesting as the final class of the day this afternoon when I had to give Naomi Parkinson, Pansy's younger sister, detention. The girl never receives detention, yet there she was, hexing Mister Smythe just as I walked into the room.

"I'm happy to know that my tutelage in defense has been useful, Miss Parkinson. Nevertheless, hexing fellow classmates is against the rules. You'll serve detention tonight at 7:00 sharp," I told the girl.

She had the temerity to smirk in response. If that wasn't suspicious enough, I could have sworn I saw her pass Mr. Smythe a few Galleons after class. I'm sure the girl was not apologizing, at any rate. She is a Slytherin, and a much better one than her sister ever was. I really would like to know what that was about.

I suppose I'll find out in a few minutes.

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"Please, have a seat, Miss Parkinson," I command from the teaching dais. I had been going over teaching plans before she walked in. She's a full fifteen minutes early. I didn't even have time to slip back into my frock coat. No one ever shows up early to one of my detentions. What is wrong with this girl?

"Yes, Professor," she coos and promptly sits right in the front row. No one ever sits in the front row in my detentions either. Something is definitely up. I sigh inwardly, debating whether or not to try to figure it out. I decide that it's probably not worth knowing.

"Take out some parchment and your quill," I say. "You will be writing an essay on the laws surrounding the Unforgivable Curses, as updated by the Ministry of Magic last summer."

I smile as I hear her groan. Not what she expected, was it? Detentions as the DADA professor are not as satisfying as when I was the Potions professor and could make them scrub out a week's worth of grime from the cauldrons or fill vials with Bubotuber pus. Still, essays are the second most hated thing, and my detentions are still the most hated in the school. Now *that* is satisfying.

I looked up to see Miss Parkinson glancing up at me. "Is there something you needed, Miss Parkinson?" I ask dangerously. No one stares at me in detention.

She blushes, shakes her head and looks away. How ... interesting. Could it be this girl actually wanted to get detention? I watch her surreptitiously from under my eyelashes as I work on my lesson plans. She looks up frequently. I think I may be right, so I decide to play with her a little bit.

Casually, I sit back and undo the top two buttons of my shirt and roll up my sleeves. I smirk as Miss Parkinson's quill clatters to the floor and she scrambles to retrieve it. This is much too fun, so I stand up and move over to the chalkboard, turn my back, and reach up with my wand to inscribe tomorrow's first lesson of the day on the board, knowing that my trousers fit quite well, and since she walked in before I had the chance to put on my frock coat, there is nothing to impede her view. I turn around quickly, just in time to see her head drop back to pay mock attention to her essay and her cheeks flush red. Even though she's a student...and I would never touch a student...it is extremely satisfying to see my efforts at self-improvement pay off.

I ponder how I shall torture this girl next but am not given much of a chance. A brief knock at the door announces the arrival of a staff member, and the Potions mistress strides past Miss Parkinson's desk. I notice the glare the young girl gives the professor, and I decide to use it further to my advantage.

"Professor Granger." I smile broadly, happy that I had decided to go back to Poppy for a bit of teeth whitening and straightening over the weekend. "To what do I owe this surprise?"

Hermione stops just short of my desk and looks slightly taken aback at my greeting. It is most unlike the *old* me, for certain, to greet someone with a smile.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your detention, Severus." She keeps her voice low so Miss Parkinson can't hear, though I can tell the girl is paying very close attention. "A few of us are going out to The Three Broomsticks tonight, and the girls...that is, Poppy and Rolanda...wanted me to ask you to come along."

I have to think about this a moment. I look at Miss Parkinson, who seems to have forgotten all about the essay she is writing. I give Hermione an apologetic grin, and look around her to address the student who paid good Galleons to get detention with me.

"Have you finished your essay, Miss Parkinson? I'm afraid something has ... come up. I need to let you go early." I remember to add a little of my trademark sneer. There is no need to encourage a student, albeit a seventh-year student, when there are women for the taking.

"I believe so, Professor," she says, not as sweetly as she spoke to me before.

She brings the parchment up to my desk and does not forget to scowl at Hermione in a superior manner before turning to leave. I cannot resist. I have one more thing to say to this girl.

"Oh, and Miss Parkinson? Twenty points from Slytherin for paying Mr. Smythe to help you get detention." I grin, watching as she flounces from the classroom in a huff.

Hermione smiles at me. "So, it's true, then?"

"What's true?" I ask, piling parchments into a neat pile and extinguishing the torches.

"That Professor Snape has turned into the latest student crush, of course." She laughs, and I look at her sharply. "Oh, come on, the students have been talking about Snape the Sex God all week. You can't tell me you haven't heard. Why even the..." She stops herself just in time.

No, I hadn't heard, but mostly I want to hear what she stopped herself from saying. "Go on, *everwho*? Or is it *what*? I could have sworn I felt the gargoyle looking at me funny the other day."

She laughs. "No, no, not *what*. I was just going to say...though I probably shouldn't say it...that even Rolanda and Poppy have been talking about you; they seem to be in consensus with the students."

I cringe at the thought of my rapidly diminishing reputation. Yet, at the same time, it's very pleasing. I'm glad to know that forcing myself to eat extra at meals and drinking that god-awful potion I had to brew more of yesterday is finally paying off.

"And you? Have *you* been joining in on these conversations?" I chortle a little as this particular question makes her blush, almost like a schoolgirl. In fact, I don't remember seeing her blush since she was a schoolgirl. "Ah, I see." I smile.

"Well, Severus, you must have made these little self-improvements for a reason. What, if not to have the women look at you?" she asks.

What, indeed. I decide not to answer that particular question, but suddenly going to The Three Broomsticks sounds really, really good.

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Yes, agreeing to join these women tonight was definitely a good idea. It's been so long since I socialized, especially with my coworkers. It is rather funny to watch them come undone with a bit of alcohol in their system. It sure as hell beats drinking alone, which I'd be doing otherwise.

Rolanda is completely pissed. She can hardly remain sitting and is leaning heavily against Poppy's shoulder. She's still talking, though no one can understand a word she's saying. It is quite entertaining. We just keep answering her as though she were making perfect sense. Finally, the woman passes out in Poppy's lap. It's about damn time.

Poppy sighs. "Ah, well. This has all been too good to last. I better take Rolanda back to the castle to detoxify her. If she wakes up with a hangover tomorrow, she is going to kill me." Poppy laughs. "I think I'll cast a reverse Memory Charm over her as well, just so she can remember how utterly ridiculous she was tonight."

We all have a laugh at Rolanda's expense. Poppy waves at Rosmerta, levitates Rolanda and leaves the bar. I look at Hermione. We're the only two left. Minerva had begun the evening with us, but was called back early by Filch, who had found two students in a compromising position in the Astronomy Tower. I volunteered to go, but Minerva wouldn't allow it, insisting that I needed to learn how to relax and have fun. I think she was worried I'd make the students' lives a living hell, to tell the truth.

"So, should we go back up to the castle?" I ask Hermione. "Or perhaps you'd like another drink?"

"One more for the road, I think. You?" There is a slight slur to her voice.

I agree and motion for Rosmerta. I am at the perfect point of inebriation...when one is completely relaxed and everything is slightly humorous. I want to prolong the effect. I want to enjoy Hermione's company a little bit more. Rosmerta brings another drink for each of us...a Long Island Ice Tea for Hermione, which she let me taste earlier to my great chagrin, and a Firewhiskey for me.

"I don't know what you see in that horrendous conglomeration of spirits," I say, wrinkling my nose at her obvious lack in taste when it comes to alcoholic beverages.

"Oh, I don't know. I used to drink these at University. An old boyfriend got me hooked on them. They're not that bad," she says.

"An old boyfriend?" I ask, grinning. This should be interesting. "Do tell."

"What is there to tell? His name was Evan. He was my first...first...well, the first boy *loved*..."

"In the carnal sense?" I have to ask.

"Yes, in the *carnal* sense. Goodness, that sounds crude." She laughs.

"Especially when *you* say it," I agree.

"Anyway, we had a lot of fun. He was quite adventurous. We never got in trouble, but we were nearly caught a few times," she finishes. I smirk. The talk has turned in exactly the direction I intended.

"You always did go for the adventurous types," I say.

She grins cheekily. "Yes, I suppose I did. Still do, in a way, I suppose."

"Oh, really? How adventurous do you like your men to be?" Yes, this is definitely getting interesting. "Do you like them to shag you in the Ministry of Magic elevator, or bring you off under the table at some fancy London restaurant?"

She blushes and tries not to smile, but is failing miserably. "Um ... both? Or how about sex on the Potion mas...um ... mistress' desk right before the students show up for detention?"

"You give out detention? Unbelievable," I quip. "Better yet, in the Potions mistress' office while the students are scrubbing cauldrons *during* detention. You *do* make them scrub cauldrons, don't you?"

"You bet. It's a rather effective form of punishment." She drops her voice to a whisper. "I even have them use their toothbrush...on occasion."

I grin evilly. "I think I'm getting turned on," I say. And I'm not lying either. This woman has a hint of Slytherin in her blood. I wonder if I can uncover more of the Slytherin in this Gryffindor before the night is through.

I decide to be a little bold...thanks to the makers of this fine whiskey...and place a hand on her leg. To my great surprise, she slides a little closer to me on the bench seat.

"Why, Professor Granger, are you coming on to me?" I ask. There is no room for coquettishness in my book; not this evening, anyway.

She laughs. Not a girlish giggle, like that damn Rolanda...thank gods she had the decency to pass out...but a sultry laugh. "Perhaps I am. Would that be terrible of me?" she asks and then places her hand on *my* thigh.

"Not at all." It really isn't. It certainly saves a lot of time-wasting flirting, something I've never been good at, to tell the truth. No amount of potions or charms ever could rectify that flaw.

I caress her thigh a bit and find that Hermione is doing the same. I glance around the room, wondering if we're being watched. It's no great surprise that Rosmerta happens to be looking in our direction. I raise my hand and shake my head, letting her know we are fine. There are still a few patrons scattered throughout the bar. Still, no one can see our hands beneath the table, not unless Rosmerta has used a revealing charm on the tablecloths. I highly doubt that Hufflepuff knows there's such a charm, so we're in no danger of immediate discovery.

My hand moves higher up Hermione's thigh, and her hand follows suit on mine. I like this game immensely, and I decide to take it as far as I can get away with. I am at the apex of her thighs, and I hesitate for just a second, relishing the feeling as the back of her hand bumps against the growing bulge in my trousers.

"Mmm ... my, my, Professor. Is that your wand or are you happy to see me?" she asks mock-innocently.

"My wand may be longer," I purr in her ear, "but my shaft is certainly much, much thicker."

She leans against my body at that admission and decides to find out for herself. I'm not about to argue. Not in the least. Her hand parts the front opening in my robes and slips inside, resting against the bulge, unhindered by so much fabric, and then proceeds to unfasten the buttons on my trousers. I gasp as I feel the flesh of her hand make intimate contact with the flesh of my very erect shaft.

"Act natural," she whispers, reaching over her right arm, which is currently busy under the table, to pick up her Long Island Ice Tea and taking a long, solid swallow. "Rosmerta keeps looking at us."

"Keep swallowing like that, and I won't give a rat's arse." I smirk at her and pick up my own glass, raising it in a salute. "To adventure," I say.

Smiling, she holds up her own glass, holds my eyes with hers, and repeats, "To adventure." Before drinking, she salutes Rosmerta and winks. We laugh when Rosmerta looks away and blushes.

"Do you think she knows what we're doing?" Hermione asks, eyes dancing, fingers grasping as well as they can, hindered by the angle and the tightness of my trousers, even though they have been unfastened.

"It's a possibility," I say, as my own fingers unzip her Muggle jeans and slip inside to feel ... curls. My eyes widen in the second surprise of the evening. Third, if you count her showing up and interrupting the most entertaining detention I have ever supervised. Hermione isn't wearing knickers.

"Like that?" She bats her eyelashes at me.

"You certainly *do* like adventure," I purr over another stabilizing swallow of Firewhiskey.

"Did I mention that I have become somewhat addicted?"

"Not in so many words, but I gathered as much." Not a surprise since her early school years were one adventure after another.

"Hmm ... I just realized something," she says as she shifts slightly, giving me easier access inside her jeans. I shift as well, easing some of the tension in her wrist.

"Mm ... what?"

"Here we are with our hands intimately beneath the table, and I have no idea how you kiss." She laughs lightly, slightly embarrassed, staring into my eyes.

"You want to know how I kiss?" Why did I just say that? I hate it when people repeat what others say in the form of a question. I hate it even more when ~~he~~do things that I hate.

Her laugh goes straight to her eyes. "Yes, I want to know how you kiss. Is that so terrible?" She lowers her voice to a whisper. "Severus Snape, your thumb is circling around my clitoris, no doubt in attempt to give me an orgasm, and you are worried about giving me a kiss?"

Well, of course, she has no idea of the history of Severus Snape. How could she? This hands-inside-the-pants thing just ... happened. But no woman has ever wanted to know how I kiss, or if they have, they've never voiced it to me.

"Kiss me, Severus," she whispers and emphasizes her request with subtle movements of her hand beneath the table.

I take a deep breath. I want this. More than the intimacy of her touching me, I want to feel her breath on my cheek, her lips touching mine. I abandon the safety of the Firewhiskey tumbler and reach out to cradle her cheek. She leans into my touch, encouraging me to follow through. I really hope Rosmerta is minding her own damn business for a change.

When our lips meet, it is glorious, exhilarating. Her mouth is hot and tastes like the Long Island Ice Teas she's been nursing all evening. On her tongue, the alcohol suddenly tastes very good to me. With some reluctance, I pull back.

"Beautiful," I say, and hook an errant curl behind her ear. I press harder against her flesh beneath the table. It accentuates what I'm feeling at this moment, and at this moment all I want is to feel her trembling beneath my touch. So different than the schoolchildren who tremble under my touch in fear, this woman will be trembling in pleasure.

"What are you thinking, Severus?" she asks, searching for eye contact.

I give it to her, complete with honesty. "I'm thinking about how much I want to be alone with you."

"Away from the prying eyes of Madam Rosmerta?" She laughs. "Yes, me too. I want to be someplace where I can explore this new Severus Snape."

"Was there something wrong with the old Severus Snape?" I ask, truly curious if my metamorphosis has had any relevance to us being attached at the moment.

"Not in my eyes," she answers, much to my liking. "If you would have shown interest in me before you turned into ... well, Snape the Sex God, I would have reciprocated."

I cannot believe she's saying this. "No one wanted the old Severus Snape," I scoff.

"Not true. Oh, sure, Rolanda is interested now, but I always felt she was rather shallow."

"Is there anything about my new look you like?" I hope there is, actually, after going through all this trouble.

She smiles and looks downward shyly. "Yes, actually. I'm afraid my parents ingrained proper dental hygiene in me early on."

"Ah. So you like my new teeth. I admit I do, too." It actually was the best thing I had ever done, and now it is doubly so.

"Let's get out of here, Severus," she whispers and withdraws her hand from my trousers and robes. "Let's get out of here and do this properly, shall we?"

I smile. This witch will be trembling under me before the night is through.

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By the time we near the castle, Hermione is tucked neatly underneath my arm. It is so nice having a warm, willing body against mine. As we reach the front doors, I stop and look down at her.

"Your place or mine?" I murmur, wanting so very badly to kiss her right here. However, the walls not only have ears in this castle, they also have eyes. I want Hermione all to myself this night. I've waited too long for this.

"Mm ... yours," she finally decides. "I admit to being more than a little curious as to how you live. Get to know the mystery behind the man, as it were."

I chuckle. "I'm no more mysterious than the next wizard. I'm afraid you'll find me rather ordinary."

"Don't be silly," she whispers. "You've already proven to me that there's so much more to you than meets the eye."

I think my heart has just skipped a beat. I spare no further words; they're simply preventing us from getting what we both so desperately want. I'm tired of waiting.

I lead her to my quarters, walking ahead of her. Her presence behind me makes my body ache. If it weren't for the occasional student wandering the halls, her hand would be in mine. Hell, if it weren't for the students, I'd have her up against the wall next to the entrance to the Headmistress' quarters. I don't know whether to be thankful for the students holding my desires in check, or resentful of them. I decide to let it go and concentrate on the woman walking behind me.

Reaching my quarters, I let down the wards and let her walk through the door before me, eager to gauge her reaction. Her eyes light up at the bookshelves that line my walls. Yes, I had forgotten what a bookworm she used to be back in her schooldays. But I'm not here to give her the penny tour. Like I just mentioned: I'm tired of waiting.

I advance on her, and she turns around to find that I am close enough to feel her breath upon my neck. I grab her shoulders and slowly back her up against the bookshelves she has been admiring.

"Nice collection," she murmurs for want of something to say.

"Mmm...", I answer pressing against her, letting her feel my desire for her.

I kiss her neck and trace a line up to her jaw and then to her earlobe with my nose. She shudders as my breath whirlpools into her ear. Wanting to taste every last centimeter of her body, my tongue reaches out and delicately follows the path of my breath. I smile as she holds onto my body for support.

Suddenly, I feel impatient. I want more of her, and I want it now. I divest her of her jumper and find myself staring straight at a glorious set of breasts.

"Do you have something against undergarments?" I ask, though by no means is it a complaint. My hands are already discovering the joys of going braless. So perfect, they fill my palms and then some.

"Mm-hmm. They get in the way," she murmurs, obviously enjoying what my hands are doing to her.

I already know nothing lies beneath her jeans, and I'm eager to remove those as well. As if she were reading my mind, she kicks off her shoes and sinks her feet into the carpet beneath us. I can hear the zipper lower on her jeans, and I feel the hefty fabric fall around her ankles. She kicks them off to the side.

She is standing nude before me. "Perfect," I groan.

For some reason it doesn't bother me that I am still fully clothed, and it doesn't seem to bother her either. Looking down into her eyes, I am thrilled at the woman she has become. Such a long way from the little schoolgirl who once graced these halls.

I can smell her desire. She wants me, and I most definitely want her. Most specifically, I want to taste her desire. My mouth begins a trail, beginning at her mouth, traveling down to her breasts, which I suckle momentarily, a brief detour from my ultimate goal. I kneel before her, holding her hips, letting my tongue and lips sample her skin as I move lower, finally coming to rest where my thumb played earlier, under the table beneath Rosmerta's watchful eye.

I nudge her with my nose, and her feet shift apart to give me better access. Ah, yes. There it is, the sweet musk that lies between her legs. I reach out with my tongue and trace the valley to its very tip. She tastes divine.

She's wet already, having waited as long as I have. I wonder if she's as impatient as I am, too. Curious, I set my tongue to work, caressing in little circles over her pleasure point. Then, I slide my tongue farther back, searching for more ways to pleasure her, and grind into her with my nose. I have to hold her still, since that small act makes her hips move involuntarily. I am beginning to understand why Poppy didn't want to resize my nose. I shall thank her in the morning. Better yet, I'll have Hermione thank her.

A few more twists of my tongue and tricks with my nose, and she's grabbing my head and crying out in orgasm. Beautiful, uninhibited orgasm. Her eyes have closed and her mouth has fallen open, panting, as she rides the waves...and my tongue...into oblivion.

Slowly, I stand up, more than ready to take the next step with her. She watches me, holding fast to the shelves behind her, still feeling the aftereffects of her orgasm, as I remove my robes and then my shirt and trousers. Her pupils dilate even further as she gazes upon my nude body and collapses completely against the bookshelf for support. Her reaction pleases me.

"See anything you like?" I ask, teasing her, tempting her.

She nods and licks her lips. I know what she's thinking, but there will be time enough for that later. Right now, I want to be bound by her body, and I cannot wait any longer.

I approach her, coming close to touching her, but not making contact. My lips stop scant millimeters from her own, inhaling the air she exhales. My hands hover just above her arms, causing bumps to appear. My body is so close I can feel the small hairs rise on her skin. She wants me to touch her. She wants me to kiss her. What a feeling of power it is to have a woman want me in such a way.

When I finally do take her mouth, it is with a passion I never knew I had. Teeth and tongue and lips, her mouth is all mine. My body tightens in preparation for what I know is to come. It's a delicious feeling, and I plan on feeling this way well into the night if she will have me.

I am impatient, but I am not eager for this to be over. I take her breasts next, each small bud of a nipple sliding between my lips, causing desire to unfurl, blossoming fully. I make a feast of her flesh, squeezing and drawing her desire forth to play with mine.

Finally, it is all I can take. I have come to the end of my rope. I settle my hips against hers to find her body wet and welcoming. With a single thrust, I enter and bury myself deep. Ah! The heat of her flesh envelops me, surrounding me, holding me tight within her. I am home.

Slowly, I begin to move within her, and she against me. I push up as she presses her hips into mine. She is covering my face with kisses, begging me for more. I oblige by moving a little faster, a little harder, a little deeper.

Before long, our breaths tangle as our mouths meet, finding each other through the fog of passion that has overtaken our senses. Our kisses are frantic, urging our bodies to finish what we started. Yes, I want to finish. I want to abandon myself within her. I want to give myself to her and have her give herself to me.

What starts as a gentle tugging at the base of my spine increases and shoots straight to the core of my being. I am nearly there, and I want her to arrive with me. I angle my hand to fit between our writhing bodies, placing my thumb where it began its adventure earlier this evening. Pressing my thumb against her, I grind against her swollen flesh.

It's difficult to wait, but wait I do, concentrating on her pleasure first. Then I feel it. The muscles of her abdomen tense, the flesh beneath my thumb hardens, and then she's screaming into my mouth as she's overcome by passion.

Her passion becomes mine. I am finally free to give in to my desires. For a few blissful moments, I revel in her body's sweet caress, and then I relinquish my control and find my release.

Our breathing slows, but I am loathe to leave her body. Instead, I remain buried, trapped within her swollen flesh, perfectly happy to spend eternity like this. I place leisurely kisses about her face and neck, enjoying the soft return to earth. Finally, I slip from her embrace, and we are left with only our arms around each other, spent for the moment.

"Was this what you expected?" I break the comfortable silence that has settled between us.

"And more," she replies, letting me lead her over to the sofa. "You definitely live up to the students' claims ... You really are a sex god."

Not for the last time, I am thankful for the aid of a couple potions and charms. It's great to be a sex god.

~fin