

# Dark Passion

*by Celisnebula*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione could feel a presence behind her something dark and forbidding. She turned, muttering a sharp incantation, causing the darkened cavern to light up with a bright blue light. In the blue haze she could see nothing more than the discarded rocks, tumbled bricks and broken pottery shards of a past age. She shook her head and adjusted the strap of her pack, resettling it across her shoulder.

Obviously, she'd been doing this for far too long; she was getting to be as jumpy as Mad-Eye Moody at his worst. Well, she couldn't say that Bill hadn't warned her when she signed on as a fellow Curse-Breaker... the job didn't lend itself to a comfortable, sedate existence.

But, she wasn't stupid she had learned how to trust her instincts. With another flick of her wand, she cast a spell that stretched from one portion of the cave wall to the next and extended from the floor to the ceiling. If there were anything behind her in the dark, well, at least she'd have some sort of warning and be able to prepare.

He watched from the small, darkened crevice he had pressed himself against as soon as the woman had whirled around. Her lush figure crawled over one of the layers of rubble; he wondered briefly what she could be searching for, but then dismissed his curiosity. It didn't matter why she'd come; only that she had, and in doing so, had invaded his sanctuary.

He could smell the faint scent of flowers as he stepped out of the shadows to follow her. The strength of her spells stopped him for only the merest instant before he wordlessly dispelled them.

Even with the additional warning her spells had given her, Hermione found herself completely unprepared for the powerful charisma that assaulted her senses.

"Bollocks," she muttered under her breath. She had been bloody stupid. She should've been prepared for this it paid to be prepared for every eventuality. And while she had originally discounted the rumors of vampires infesting the area, despite all of her research which suggested the tales had no veracity, she still should've acted as if the rumors were true.

His presence was intoxicating; Hermione felt as if she were drunk. She moved forward, almost as if her own will her very sense of self preservation had somehow disappeared. She closed her eyes and tried to center herself, forcing her body to remain still. The vampire only had power to make her succumb to him if she let him.

She gripped her wand; she may have been caught with her trousers down around her ankles, but she wasn't going to give up without a fight. She scanned the dimly lit passage way for a place to make her stand.

His footsteps echoed in the darkness, each step bringing the vampire closer to where she stood.

Hermione opened her eyes; she breathed in a startled gasp of recognition. Even after fifteen years, she recognized his face not that it had changed much. He seemed frozen in time the only difference was the dimpled and jagged scar at the base of his neck.

"Snape," she said softly.

He moved to her side, so close she could almost feel his body pressing against hers. He dipped his head down, breathing deeply, letting the scent of flowers fill his nostrils.

"Sweet," he muttered against her collarbone. Hermione shivered as he softly licked the nape of her neck. His hands were gentle as they slid down her body.

Hermione felt a powerful throng of sexual desire flood through her; the rational part of her mind screamed at her to do something. She took a deep breath and practically yelled, "Professor Snape!"

The vampire paused and then pulled away from her so that he could see her face. He let out a harsh barking sound that could only be interpreted as a laugh. "Hardly a professor any longer..." He paused for a moment, trying to place her. "Hermione Granger," he said her name slowly, as if savoring the taste of it rolling inside his mouth. The faint thought that he should leave crossed his mind, but the scent of her overwhelmed that idea.

"I suppose not," she replied primly.

Her body tensed as he shifted his weight. His hands stroked across her shoulders, brushing back the disobedient strands of hair that had escaped her braid.

Despite everything the fact that it was impossible that he would be here, the fact that everything she knew about the man warned her to run away, as fast as she could Hermione found herself aroused by his interest.

Snape watched as the carotid pulse thrummed along the line of her neck the enticing, erotic throb that moved with every beat of her heart. His fangs elongated and he felt her stiffen in fear. He kissed the spot he had just been watching, letting his fingers stroke up and down her arms with a soft touch.

"I...this isn't a good idea," Hermione stuttered.

"Hermione..." The way he said her name was almost orgasmic. "Perhaps you think too much." He placed another kiss against her jaw.

He let out a low chuckle as she sighed in response and slowly traced the line of her jaw with a finger before tipping her face upwards. Hermione's eyes met his; they were darker than she remembered them. He brought his mouth to hers, his tongue tracing the seam of her lips until she parted them. She shuddered lightly as the fingers of one of his hands started teasing the nipple of her right breast until it was a taut peak.

Snape tried to relish the moment for as long as possible it had been so long since he'd been tempted to feast on a human. It was strangely ironic that it would be her that brought him to this point. It seemed that he would be forever doomed to reveal his weakness to Potter or one of Potter's little friends. Pushing that thought aside, he kissed down her jaw to the nape of her neck. He let his tongue flick against the pulse in her neck where sweet blood thrummed just under the thin layer of skin.

Hermione shuddered as Snape lightly grazed her with his teeth. His interest was obvious; not only could she feel the jagged points of his hunger against her neck, she could feel the hardness of his arousal pressing against her stomach. Her heart started beating faster; whether it was from fear or from sexual excitement, she didn't know didn't really care either. Hermione felt the inexplicit compulsion to give herself to him in every way that he desired.

Snape skimmed his free hand along her body, feeling the way the years had made Hermione's body lean and supple underneath her clothing. His long, lean fingers skillfully unclasped the buttons of her shirt. As soon as the last button was free, he pushed the material back, slipping it down off her shoulders; it landed in a rumpled mess on the dusty floor. Hermione shivered as the cold air in the cave pressed against her revealed flesh.

In an impulsive moment, Snape pulled at the clasp holding Hermione's hair captive. The braid collapsed into a mass of unruly curls that brush against his cheek. He tried to savor the feel of its softness against his flesh, but the delicate, feminine scent of it drove him to the edge. He could hear Hermione's soft gasp as his fangs sank into the soft flesh of her neck; the taste of her blood running over his lips and tongue was nearly orgasmic.

Despite the glorious feeling, Snape forced himself not to drain her. He'd been without so long he wasn't about to finish everything based on one greedy impulse. He reluctantly disengaged himself.

"We...you... You bit me!" Hermione said in an accusing tone.

Her response was so unlike what he expected that he let out a harsh, rusty laugh. "Don't tell me you don't like this, your body's response says that you do."

"I might've liked parts," she huffed. "But I..."

"Wasn't expecting to be bit?" he asked.

She scowled. "It's impolite."

"I could drain you in a second, and you're worried about courtesies?" He leaned down and breathed in her scent. "I can think of much more pleasurable ways to pass the time," he said against her throat. She shivered in response as his tongue darted out to tease the delicate skin. "Can't you?"

He tipped her face up to his; Hermione felt as if she were drowning in the depths of his gaze. "You want to please me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she murmured huskily.

"Show me," he commanded.

Hermione dropped to her knees between Snape's opened legs; so powerful was the compulsion to please that she barely felt the rocks digging into her knees. Her fingers shook as she unclasped the button at his waist; he made no move to help nor to hinder her as she worked the material of his trousers down his hips.

She couldn't suppress the gasp that escaped her lips as his semi-erect cock sprang free from the confines of the material. It seemed to swell under her gaze, protruding from Snape's crotch rigidly, the tip of it shimmering with just a touch of pre-cum.

Closing her eyes, Hermione leaned forward and tentatively licked the tip of his cock. The salty flavor wasn't as displeasing as she had remembered from previous experiences. Reaching up, she grasped the massive erection at the base with her right hand and began to lather the mushroom head with her tongue, rolling it just so around the ridge where the head merges with the shaft. Snape rewarded her with a harsh groan of pleasure.

Hermione rewarded him by smoothly swirling her tongue around the bulbous head; Snape reacted by swiveling his hips, pushing his cock between her lips as she lapped at it. He brought one of his hands to her head, twirling his fingers into her curly hair.

"Fuck," he gasped out, his fingers tightening in her hair as Hermione stretched her jaw to allow his cock to penetrate her mouth. He hissed in a sharp breath as she slowly moved her mouth down the length of him; despite the hand in her hair, he didn't try to force her motions.

With her left hand, she gently cupped his testicles, feeling their substantial weight as she pulled her mouth back to the tip of his cock. Slowly sucking on just the tip, Hermione looked up the length of his body; his attention was wholly fixed on her mouth engulfing his cock.

Not daring to break eye contact, Hermione slid her mouth down again, swallowing him as deeply as she dared. Snape's eyes darkened in pleasure; he felt as if her fingers were everywhere on him, moving from his testicles to his shaft in deft, sure strokes.

Over and over, she maneuvered his cock into her mouth, her fingers slowly massaging his testicles as she swallowed him. She was determined to take him far enough

back that he could feel her throat tighten around him.

Hermione felt the surge of his blood pumping through his cock. Snape growled in delight, and she increased both the rhythm and pressure of her mouth in response. His cock jerked, and she sucked harder, moaning deep in the back of her throat, the sound vibrating along the length of him.

"Enough," he panted, pulling his swollen cock from her mouth. He gracefully knelt down beside her, his hands landing on her shoulders.

Hermione shuddered in pleasure as he leaned in to kiss her between her breasts, right above her bra. She arched her back, reveling in the feel of his stubbled chin rubbing against her heightened flesh. Snape tugged on her bra, causing the material to slide across her sensitive nipples. She let out a frustrated huff of breath when he let his hands move down her body. He gently pushed her back until she was lying flat on the floor.

He quickly pulled off her shoes and socks before moving back up to her waist. Her hips arched off the floor as he unclasped the button of her trousers. Hermione shifted anxiously as he slowly pulled the material down her legs, dipping his head every now and again to leave wet kisses down her thighs and calves.

Hermione shivered as his fingernails scraped against her skin. Small, mewling noises escaped from her throat as his fingers traced the edge of her knickers.

Snape pushed her legs apart and dipped his head down. He lapped at the delicate skin just above the waistband of her knickers, and Hermione wiggled her hips impatiently.

He ignored her unsubtle hint, sliding his hands up the sides of her stomach, until they hit the underwire of her bra. His fingers delved under the material, searching for her aching nipples. They stiffened immediately at his touch. Hermione moaned in pleasure when he rolled her nipples between his index finger and thumb.

Hermione arched up off the floor and, in an ungainly movement, awkwardly pulled her bra up and over her head. She felt his fingers tugging at her knickers, so she collapsed back, only to raise her hips up enough to help Snape pull the material down.

Tossing her knickers over his shoulder, Snape paused, taking her in naked form. Her skin was tanner than he remembered, but then the last time he'd seen her, she'd been a pasty little bookworm. The body of the woman before him, with the well-toned muscles, showed that Hermione was far more active now than she had been in her youth.

Hermione bit her lower lip, watching him as he stared at her with dark hunger. He quickly removed his shirt, his eyes never leaving her face. Settling himself between her thighs, Hermione couldn't suppress the groan of pleasure that tore from her throat as he slowly brushed his lips against her mons.

Deftly using his tongue and his fingers, Snape parted the fleshy outer lips of her labia, licking the length of her until his tongue brushed against her clit. Hermione's legs clenched around his head as he teased her flesh with his mouth, alternating between licking and softly biting.

"Don't stop," Hermione gasped out, grabbing the back of his head. Snape focused on her clit, stroking it faster with his tongue; her hips bucked up from the floor.

She wrapped both of her legs around his back, her thighs squeezing him hard as she her orgasm hit. All Hermione could do was pant as the ripples of pleasure spiked throughout her body.

Snape kissed his way up her body, his fingers teasing her breast. Slowly, he lowered himself to the ground until they were lying next to each other. Adjusting himself, he pulled her over his body until she was on top of him.

With his hands, he maneuvered her until he felt the wet heat of her vagina against the shaft of his cock. Hermione put her hands on his chest to steady herself. Looking intently into his eyes, she swiveled her hips and felt the tip slide against her. Snape grabbed at her hips, his fingers digging into the soft flesh as she slowly impaled herself on his cock.

Hermione's head dropped back, and she moaned incoherently as her body stretched to accommodate his girth. Ever so slowly she started to move her pelvis back and forth in a rolling rhythm. He arched up, surging into her deeply, and she moaned.

She rocked back in response, tucking her bottom under until Snape was buried fully inside of her. Hermione's body shuddered in feminine satisfaction over the fullness she felt. She clenched her muscles around him and it was his turn to moan.

Her skin developed a fine sheen of sweat as she rode him, a soft groan of pleasure coming from her throat each time she seated herself down, taking in his full length. She couldn't get enough of him, yet every time she tried to hasten her pace, tried to make her movements more frenzied, he would grasp her hips firmly, forcing her to slow down.

Taking control, Snape pulled Hermione's head down, passionately kissing her as he used the heels of his feet to give him enough leverage to thrust up hard into her. Her body molded to his, and they rolled on the floor until she was firmly underneath him.

Hermione ran her fingers over the muscles on his arms, her fingers tracing up to his shoulders and then to his neck. She lightly touched the scar on his neck, stroking the torn flesh gently. Snape shuddered in response, driving into her body with an almost savage need.

"Look at me," Snape growled, thrusting into her as far as he could go. Hermione shuddered with need, her eyes darting to his face. He slowly pulled out of her and then started moving in a slow, steady rhythm his eyes never left her face.

"Please!" she whimpered, her hips bucking up in an attempt to get him to move with the speed and depth she desperately needed.

Snape slipped his hands under her arse and rocked her hips upward; Hermione hissed in pleasure as he slid deeply into her.

"More," she urged; her body was on the sharp edge of pleasure.

She screamed as her orgasm surged through her body, her nails raked over his broad back. Snape's lips found the base of her throat, and his teeth sank into her flesh. He began to move faster, his cock pumping into her with hard, deep strokes as the taste of her blood filled his mouth. He fed greedily from her, his cock slamming into her with powerful strokes.

Hermione's body convulsed, the loss of blood and the aftermath of her orgasm causing her body to shudder uncontrollably. The feel of her tightening all around his cock, drove Snape over the edge. He pulled his mouth from her neck, roaring as he came deep inside of her.

He dropped listlessly on top of Hermione. She let out a small, shallow sound.

"I suppose I should save you," he mumbled into her stilled chest. With the edge of his fang, he slit into his wrist and pressed it against her mouth. For a moment, he thought he had left it too late because nothing happened. But then, her tongue flicked against his flesh. Suddenly, she was eagerly lapping at his blood.

Hermione gasped as the blood filled her mouth, sliding down her throat. She tried to take a breath, but the blood overflowed her mouth, seeping deep into her lungs. If filled her stomach, filled her lungs she was practically drowning in the thick liquid. She fought for once last breath, and then her mortal life died.



**Author's Notes:**

I know... there's an appalling lack of Lucius here. Alas I can't write him correctly, and the damn bugger took one look at Snape's teeth (and other assets) and decided he'd rather not be impaled. Anyhow, thank you to all the proper people; without their input, this would be far worse than it is.