

# Beasts With Two Backs and Where to Find Them - i.e. In the Potions Master's Bedroom

by laurielove

Hermione and Severus explore the meaning of Hermione's fruity vocabulary. A sequel to 'Loose Lips, Slurred Slips'.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is the sequel to 'Loose Lips, Slurred Slips'. You do really need to read that one first (it's worth a giggle) but if not, know this: Hermione gets drunk one night and declares herself in no uncertain inebriated terms to Severus, who resists the temptation ... until the next day when Hermione has sobered up and come to apologise. It helps if you know this part of Hermione's dialogue:

*'Look, basically, Professor sir, le' 's jus' say i' like i' is - I'd like t' boff you ... I'd like t' get jiggy with you, t' shag you, make lurrve to you, make the beast with two backs, bang, hump, do you, nail you ... in other words - I would very much like you and me ... t' fuck. ... All I can picture theshe days is me lyin' on your desk with m' ankles roun' my ears while you pound me from here to Land's End with what, judging by the size of your nose, mus' be a fantashtically enormous, long, hard co ...'* At which point Severus cuts her off.

This story continues after their kiss (which is where we left it). Hermione is a nineteen-year-old student returned for her NEWTs. Snape has survived.

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He was walking her backwards.

Hermione hardly realised. She couldn't look anywhere but into his eyes. Her limbs were guided only by him. He was caressing her all the while, studying her, running his hands up her arms, ghosting a finger over her face, planting kisses along her neck.

'I've wanted this for so bloody long, sir,' she sighed out.

'Indeed.'

He kissed her again. She broke away breathlessly. 'Indeed, you know I've wanted it for so long or indeed, you've also wanted it for so long?'

'Are you always so pedantic?' His lips met hers once more. She responded hungrily before pulling back.

'You know I am. Isn't that one of the things you hate about me?'

'I wouldn't quite describe it as *hate*.'

She was undoing his buttons with lust-efficient rapidity.

'What then?'

'Infuriated curiosity.'

'Curiosity?'

'And confusion.'

'You said that last night.'

'I know.'

'You have so many buttons.' She'd managed to undo about half.

'You said *that* last night,' he drawled. They seemed to have moved out of his classroom and into his private rooms.

Hermione smirked up at him, her hands still on the buttons. 'I'm not objecting, you understand. They are, after all, the sexiest buttons in the known universe.'

'And what constitutes a sexy button?'

'Well, you see, sir, it depends entirely ... on what lies beneath.' Hermione had reached the bottom at last and stood back up with a triumphant grin on her face. Her hands rose to his shoulders and she slowly pushed his coat back from them and then proceeded to run her hands languidly over the firm muscles resting beneath his shirt. 'Hmm ... I rest my case.'

She glanced around. They had ended up in a bedroom. 'Is this where you sleep?'

He cocked a sardonic eyebrow. 'No, I just have a bed, wardrobe and mirror in here to indulge my deluded fantasy of domestic bliss.' She scowled. He continued. 'Of course, it's where I sleep, you dim little fool. Where else would I sleep?'

'Oh, I don't know ... I've imagined all sorts ...' She was by now working on the buttons of his shirt.

'All sorts? Does that include ' He paused and cocked an eyebrow. '- getting *jiggy*- with me?'

'I beg your pardon?' She nearly laughed aloud.

'Your words, Miss Granger.'

'Oh ... you mean ... last night.'

'Exactly.'

'Is that what I said?' She had by now stripped off his shirt and was caressing his slender tight torso with appreciative fingers.

'Amongst other things.'

'I thought you would have consigned my inebriated verbal claptrap to the recycling bin of memory.'

'Oh no. I remember every word.'

'Every word?'

'Each and every one.'

While speaking he had been focusing on her clothing as assiduously as she had on his. By now he had managed to rid her of her shirt and bra, and all at once bent swiftly forward and took the nipple of her left breast deep into his mouth.

'Oh bloody hell!' she exclaimed with delight.

'Hmm ...' He simply carried on nuzzling.

'Gods, that's good, that is bloody bloody good. Severus ...'

'Severus ...*sir*,' he corrected.

'Severus, *sir*. You really are rather naughty, aren't you, Professor?'

'Only when I so choose, and when it proves to be ...' He brought himself up, gazed with appreciation on his handiwork in rendering her nipple so hard and tight it was now a dark, engorged pink, and drawled before lowering himself to the other, ' ... advantageous.'

'Oh shit. I can assure you ...*sir* ... you are proving to be most bloody advantageous.'

'So, are we well under way to -*getting jiggy*?'' She had by now managed to slip out of her skirt and knickers and found a long finger searching up between her damp, expectant thighs.

His fingers grazed her clit. She sighed. 'Well under way.'

Her hands were making light work of his trousers. She undid the buttons while biting teasingly on her lip, looked back up into his eyes, and yanked them down. He was straining out of his underwear already.

'Let's just jig it up a fraction more, shall we, sir?'

'By all means.'

With that she pushed down his underwear and revealed him. Hermione's eyes widened and she let out a slight laugh of amazement. 'I'd say things just moved way beyond

jiggy.'

'Oh really? And to what have we progressed?' He was pushing her back again, aiming for his desk near the window. 'Boffing? Banging, perchance?'

'More terms in my arsenal of carnal vocabulary?'

'They were. I recall very well you expressing a desire to 'bang' me.'

'Well, sir.' She was now leaning back over the desk, legs splayed while his fingers delved into the warm welcoming wetness of her pussy. Hermione arched her back, propelling his fingers deeper into her. 'I'd be more than happy to just lie here and let *you* bang *me*.'

'If you insist.'

With that, he lifted both her legs around his hips, placed his rock-hard cock at her entrance and plunged into her. Hermione moaned as she felt herself stretched by the one cock she had dreamed of for so long.

'Oh, Sweet Circe, that is something else!' she cried.

He groaned. She'd never heard him groan before.

'Feel free to bang me again, sir.'

He pulled out, thrust fully back in and groaned again. She loved it when he groaned.

Snape started a regular pistoning in and out of her now, causing her to ride up and down the desk with each plunge.

'And have we possibly moved onto shagging now?' he managed to drawl between plunges.

'Wha ...?' She could barely speak. His hand was nuzzling her clit as his cock stroked so deep and hard inside her she was nearly there.

'Shagging? Another of your highly effective expressions. Does this constitute *shagging*?'

'Shagging? This, professor, is not mere shagging ... this is Ultimate Shagging!'

'Outstanding.' He pulled out suddenly and turned her around so that she was now leaning face-down over his desk. He pushed her legs apart with his knees and plunged fully into her again with ferociously well-aimed brutality.

'Shit, that's incredible,' she slurred.

'*And how would you describe this Miss Granger?*' He punctuated each word with a grunted thrust into her.

She could barely speak, and simply bent over and let him pound her.

'*I asked you a question.*'

He was hitting her g-spot deliciously. 'I think *oh gods* there, yes, right there I think, sir, that this could be quite accurately ascribed the term *nailing*.'

'Nailing? Ah yes, another one I recall from last night.'

'Hm mm,' she murmured through the fog of approaching orgasm.

He continued nailing her for a while longer.

'Ooooh, sirrrr ...' She was coming. With a wrenching cry, Hermione came so hard her hand threw itself down on the desk, resulting in a quill pot being consigned ignominiously to the floor.

Hardly giving her time to recover, Snape picked her up and carried her over to his bed and laid himself down upon it, guiding her across him. He slid his cock up into her as she straddled him and stared up at her sitting astride him.

'Now, Miss Granger ... if you would be so kind, perhaps you could *..do me*.'

Hermione threw her head back and laughed. 'Did you know that term before last night?'

'I am not completely ill-versed in the language of the gutter, Miss Granger.'

She had already started to move on him, rolling her body and milking his cock for all it was worth. Bringing her hands up to her breasts, she tormented her nipples again before his very eyes. He could barely focus, she noticed, his mouth hung slack and his gaze was bleary.

'Don't worry, Professor, if you ever find yourself in the gutter, I'd be more than happy to ... join you in it. Now, just shut up and let me do you.'

His eyes squeezed tight shut and he let one of his groans escape him again.

'Do you like that, sir?'

'Merlin, yes!'

'I can do you like this as often as you want.'

He stared down as she rode her pussy up and down on his turgid cock. 'Yes, I should think I will want doing like this very often indeed.'

'Me too.'

Hermione leaned over him, slowing her rise and fall, dragging herself with indolent deliberation along him, threatening to let him fall from her, but never quite letting the grip of her pussy relinquish his exquisite thick flesh. Still she moved, slowly and persistently, plying the head of his cock with warm, wet perfection.

'Humping?' he inquired with a moan

She nodded. 'Whatever you want to call it.'

She was lying flush against him now, but still managing to work her pussy on him with delicious certainty. 'You have the perfect cock, sir.'

'Perhaps you should stop calling me that now.'

'Alright, Severelyus,' she grinned, employing one of her more ludicrous appellations from the night before.

'And that.'

'OK, Se-veritylsayuntothee-us.'

'You really are a very silly girl at times.' Just then she moved in such a way that he dug his fingers into her hips and held her tight. 'Just there. Just like that. Stay like that a moment.' His breath was held. She clenched upon him. 'But damnation you can fuck.'

'I believe I may have used that term last night too.'

'I believe you did. Say it again.'

'Fuck.'

'Say what I'm doing to you.'

'You're fucking me, sir.'

'Do you like me fucking you, Miss Granger?'

'I like you fucking me very much, sir. I like feeling your outrageously hard cock ploughing through my cunt more than I ever thought possible.'

Suddenly, he grabbed her hard, rolled her onto her back and thrust himself fully back up into her. 'And do you also as you, in your drunken stupor, so archaically but oddly endearingly put it like *making the beast with two backs*?'

'For you, I'll make any sort of beast you want, sir.'

'I'll hold you to that.'

'Glad to hear it.'

'Come for me again,' he dictated.

'Hard. Fuck me hard.'

With sudden ferocity, Severus dragged her legs onto his shoulders and crammed himself so hard into her she screamed. 'Like that?'

'Fuck, yes. More,' she stuttered.

He plunged himself deeper again, an expelled grunt forced from him.

'More.'

And again.

Taking her legs by the ankles, Severus pushed them down towards her shoulders and thrust hard and fast, gazing at his blurring cock as it pounded in and out of her.

'Have we reached Land's End yet?' he slurred, managing a grin in the midst of his all-consuming pleasure.

'Nearly ... just ... don't stop.'

And then her hands grabbed futilely for him and her eyes widened along with her mouth which was open in an expression of utter shock. Hermione reared up suddenly before hurling herself back down on the bed as her orgasm raged through her. 'Fuck! Fucking fucking hell! *Severus!* Coming so fucking hard!'

Her climax gripped his impaled cock so fiercely he could only follow with his own. Severus' face twisted in ecstasy and he exploded into her, shooting his come deep into her in burst after burst. With each spasm came another loud groan of complete abandon.

At length he rolled off her, slick, damp, sated, and lay panting, staring above him. 'I think we may have covered most of your terminology.'

'Most.'

She snuggled into him, still gasping in recovering breaths. 'Bloody hell. Bloody bloody hell. You are ... incredible.'

He smoothed a damp tendril of her hair back from her face. 'So are you. And at last I can tell you that with no compunction.'

'Severus ...' Hermione looked into him.

'Thank you.' He spoke with gut-wrenching sincerity.

Severus stared at her for a moment, his face still serious, then leant in and kissed her tenderly before rolling her over and continuing to plant kisses over her as he spoke. 'There was ... one other phrase you employed ...'

'And what was that?'

'I believe it was making ...' His lips twitched. '...*lurrrve*.'

She laughed aloud at the word spoken in that smooth, rich voice.

'Oh, really? ... Well, in that case, sir, you had better correct that omission.'

'That, Miss Granger ... is precisely what I had intended to do.'

And he did.

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**Mwa ha ha! Any opinions are happily read. Thank you!**