

# S6X

*by neelix*

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

## Failure

*Chapter 1 of 6*

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

This was my submission for the SSHG Exchange 2011, a gift for Dreaming\_Trees. I refuse to apologise for the shocking amount of punnage and innuendo in this chapter, however, I suggest no food or drink to be taken whilst reading as damage to your computer is entirely at your own risk.

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The waiting room was empty, much to Snape's relief. He surveyed the room with superior disdain before choosing a chair to sit in. It gave him the best view of all of the doorways, and he had his back to the wall. He felt comforted for a brief moment, until he remembered the reason for his visit.

He glanced down at the card in his hand and read it again for the sake of distraction.

***'Mr R Bates Therapist. No problem too hard, no issue too long.***

***My solutions are firmly rooted in a lifetime of hands on experience and practice.'***

Snape sighed and slipped the card into his inside pocket. Lucius had assured him there was no better man but still, it was humiliating and ridiculous.

He hadn't even realised he had a problem in the beginning. His recovery from Nagini's bite had taken several months, and sex had been the furthest thing from his mind. Afterwards, he returned to his old post at Hogwarts for the lack of anything else to do and threw himself into his work. It had proved to be an ideal way of blocking out the endless flashbacks from the final battle. It was only much later that he realised that his body wasn't in full working order.

He had never been a lothario, and visits to Knockturn Alley had always been few and far between, but Severus Snape was a wizard in his prime and he liked a bloody good wank now and again. Unfortunately for Snape, the relevant bits were refusing to play ball, or stand to attention, or rise to the challenge. Basically, Snape couldn't get a stiffie no matter how he tried.

At first he tried to ignore it. One failed erection does not a eunuch make, after all. But the more he tried to ignore it, the bigger it became. Or didn't, in this case. So like all good Potions Masters, he tried to heal himself. He soon found that Lust Potions, hormone stimulants and general relaxation therapies were a waste of time. Lust Potions made him horny as all get out with no tool for the task. Hormone stimulants caused mood swings he hadn't experienced since the age of fourteen. During breakfast one morning, he veered between hilarious laughter at the way Minerva's hat had fallen rakishly over one eye to steaming anger and then tearfulness, all in full view of the whole school.

He coupled his remedies with strategic manipulation of said malfunctioning anatomy and gleefully managed a half-mast once. He had stared at his manhood with the wonder and awe of a pubescent teenager, but then he'd needed to pee and the moment was lost. It took him a good few hours of wand-waving to put his bathroom back to normal after that outburst, and his mood severely deteriorated after that, hence the relaxation therapies. But they just sent him to the land of nod, and if his bits had sprung to life mid-snore, he had been too sound asleep to notice.

He then turned to that which had turned him in the past. Dark magic had its origins in sexual ritual and virgin sacrifice back in the day, so by Snape's logic there must be some spell or other that would put the magic back between his legs. He did manage a lengthening and thickening spell, but long and thick is no good when you're floppy and bugged all use to a woman or fist.

So Snape did what he had always done when the pressure is on and he had no one to talk to. He sulked for a few days, got pissed five nights in a row and let his stubble grow into an almost-beard. When he finally stopped showing up to take his classes, Minerva got a bit antsy and called in Lucius. It was a low move, even for her, but an effective one. Lucius was never one to stand on ceremony or ask permission before casting Legillimens on his friend. He was a busy man and he didn't have the time or the patience for Snape to just spit it out. Afterwards, once he had managed to convince his face to stop grinning, he passed the Therapist's card to Snape and assured him he'd be back in the saddle in no time.

So here he was, waiting to share his embarrassing secret with a stranger. But he had his wand up his sleeve and he wasn't scared to Obliviate the man if the need arose. He was just musing about adding a hex into the mix when the door opposite him opened and a tall, blond haired and (Snape had to grudgingly admit), handsome man stepped into the waiting room from the office beyond.

'Mr Snape?' He flashed a perfect row of white teeth at Severus, who immediately scowled back.

'Mr Bates?' Snape stood and reluctantly shook the younger man's hand.

'Please,' said Mr Bates. 'Call me Dick.'

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The office of 'call me Dick' was lit with natural sunlight from two large picture windows on the far wall. The desk, polished mahogany, held a series of silver-framed photos of numerous blond-haired children and a startlingly beautiful blond-haired woman with laughing blue eyes and full, promising lips. Snape groaned inwardly. He was looking for advice from Mr Perfect Life who obviously functioned fully and regularly in equal measure. He hated him already.

'Take a seat, Severus. I can call you Severus, can't I?' Dick beamed a bright smile as he sat behind the desk and motioned Snape to follow suit.

'No.' Snape pursed his lips and his cloak billowed ominously before he sat down with a glare.

'Relax, Mr Snape. I want us to be friends.' Dick looked at Snape beseechingly.

'Never going to happen. Now, can we get on with this?' Snape narrowed his eyes and felt smug as the man shrank visibly in his chair. He might have the perfect life, but Snape was going to make damn sure that today would not be perfect for Dick Bates.

'Very well. Problems in the bedroom are much more common than one might think, and I've heard them all, so why don't you explain to me what's happening and we'll go from there, mmm?' Dick sat back and placed the fingertips of both hands together. Snape was reminded of Albus, and he felt his resolve crumble ever so slightly.

'There's nothing happening. That is the problem,' he replied sharply.

'And Mrs Snape? How does she feel about this?' Dick lifted his quill and started to write, all the while keeping his eyes on Snape.

'There is and never will be a Mrs Snape,' retorted Snape. Dick raised an eyebrow and nodded.

'Forgive me. My gaydar has never been finely tuned, not being homosexual myself. So, a Mr Snape, then.' He started to write again but stopped when Snape lost it.

'I am not gay, Mr Bates!' Snape slammed his fist on the desk, causing all of the photographs to topple in a pleasing domino effect, and the glass in the frames cracked loudly.

Both men stared at each other open-mouthed. Dick Bates was non-plussed by this towering inferno of a wizard who he knew by reputation but had previously, thankfully, never had the unfortunate circumstances to meet. Snape, on the other hand, was cringing at his loss of temper and his subsequent decimation of the man's family photographs. He withdrew his wand to fix the damage, but found himself immediately disarmed and strapped by the wrists in the chair before he had time to blink.

'I have a wand detection spell in the room. You wouldn't believe how many times I've been hexed in here.'

'Actually I think I would. I just wanted to fix the mess.' Snape slumped in the chair.

'That's why we're both here, Mr Snape, to fix the mess. Now, what is the problem? It's obviously badly affecting your mood.' Dick looked pointedly at the debris between them.

'I seem unable to function.' Snape averted his gaze and felt the flush of embarrassment across his pale cheeks.

'Erectile dysfunction? I see. And you have tried potions, I take it?'

Snape nodded.

'Probably some sort of psychological trauma, then. Tell me, Mr Snape. What do you think about when you masturbate?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Come now. We're both men of the world, and all men use fantasy to get them to their happy place. What is yours? A former lover, perhaps, or someone you lusted after but never had? When you take yourself in hand and close your eyes, what do you see, Mr Snape?'

'That is personal, Bates. It is enough that I have debased myself by admitting to my lack of performance.' Snape glowered at Dick Bates as best he could while strapped in and slumped uncomfortably in his seat.

Dick Bates sighed deeply and rubbed at the crease in his forehead. He had known Snape would be prickly, and he was doing his best, but he had nothing solid to go on.

'Mr Snape,' he said impatiently. 'I am trying grasp the nettle, so to speak. There is something underlying your current predicament, a worry, a concern or an experience, perhaps, which has triggered this physical lack of response. When the problem first arose, had something significant happened?'

'The Final Battle and the demise of the Dark Lord were fairly significant, wouldn't you say?' Snape fixed Dick Bates with a baleful glare. This was getting tedious, and although he had tried releasing his bonds with wandless magic, nothing seemed to work, so he was bloody well stuck there while Mr Perfect tried to get inside his head. Even Snape didn't want to look inside his own head at times.

'Of course. However, the release of pressure for you should have had the opposite effect, Mr Snape. You should have felt a lust for life, and for anything else that took your fancy. Try and think. What else happened around that time? It may seem insignificant, or something you've tried to put out of your mind.'

Snape frowned. The final battle had merged into a series of significant events and melded into one continuous memory, one that he tried not to revisit too often. He had been stretched to his limits, mentally and emotionally, and rarely slept at all in the last month before Voldemort's death. He started to catalogue the days after he left Hogwarts until he remembered something.

'Oh, fucking hell,' he groaned, his head falling backwards in disbelief as he rolled his eyes to the ceiling.

'You recall something?' Dick Bates sat forward eagerly, hoping that Snape would finally give him something to work with.

'Fucking Lily Potter,' Snape snarled.

'You fucked Lily Potter?' Dick Bates blinked quickly.

'Not me, you moron, Wormtail. Wormtail fucked Lily Potter, and I saw the whole damn thing!'

## Friendship

### *Chapter 2 of 6*

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

'What a load of old clap trap!' Lucius stood beside the roaring fire with a glass of expensive cognac in his hand as he listened to Snape's tale of woe. 'I know that Lily Potter wouldn't have touched Wormtail with a barge pole. She even turned me down, the stuck up chit.'

Severus looked at Lucius with a surprised smirk, but for some reason the knowledge that his friend had tried to get into his beloved Lily's knickers didn't bother him as much as it should have.

'I know what I saw Lucius, and believe me, it wasn't through choice.'

Severus drained his glass and stood to refill it as he recalled the moment that his life, and the life in his cock, changed forever.

The Dark Lord had seen fit to install Wormtail at Spinner's End as his helper for brewing the seemingly endless list of potions he wanted. Snape had known better than to argue, but having Wormtail in his home had been a trial of its own. He hadn't known if he was watching Wormtail, or if Wormtail was watching him, but either way, he didn't trust him. During the time they were forced to share a home, Snape rarely slept, and if he did, it was with one eye open and his hand on his wand at all times. He had been dozing in his armchair, exhausted after attending a revel that had gone on for hours, when Wormtail snuck up on him. The stench of unwashed flesh alerted him first, and as Wormtail peered into his face, Snape grabbed him by the throat and opened his eyes. Lack of sleep had heightened his reflexes and before he knew it, he was inside Wormtail's fetid and filthy mind. Wormtail must have sensed him immediately, because suddenly a memory was thrust forward.

A naked Lily Potter laid spread eagled on a four-poster bed, with Wormtail slobbering all over her, his hairy arse bobbing up and down as he pistoned his stubby penis in and out. Lily was moaning James Potter's name, and Severus knew that Wormtail had used Polyjuice, but in the memory, he was his true self, and it was disgusting.

Severus took a long slug of Lucius Malfoy's cognac and refilled the glass. Lucius had somehow managed to hang on to his family fortune despite the damage to his reputation at the right hand of Voldemort and could and did buy the best. Snape was lucky if he could afford Ogden's and usually went for the cheapest grog. Anything as long as it got him good and drunk.

'I don't mean to be personal, Severus, but so what if Lily did let the rat slip one in? I don't know why that stops you getting in the mood.' Lucius frowned as he thought it over. Lily Potter had been a high-brow, hoity-toity bit of stuff, with pretty eyes and a rosebud mouth, but she had no tits to speak of and her arse was almost non-existent. Once you'd gone one round, there wouldn't be much to hold a man's interest, in Lucius' opinion.

Severus sighed and looked at Lucius with pity. 'Do you love 'Cissa, Lucius? I mean really love her, to the point where no one else could even come close to the way you feel when you think of her?'

In his heart he didn't think that Lucius had ever experienced the sort of love he held for Lily, and if he felt sad for his friend, he felt worse for Narcissa. Lucius wasn't a faithful husband, but Severus could see the adoration in Narcissa's eyes whenever they were all together. He recognised that look as the one he saved for Lily.

'I do love her, Severus. But I also love my cognac and the rare vintages in my wine cellar, and on some nights, I like to taste something different.' Lucius smiled slowly, and Severus shook his head.

'You never change, Lucius. I never thought I would say this, but I truly wish I were more like you, in this instance at any rate. Lily was the only woman for me, the only one I ever fantasised about. All of my carefully concocted scenarios were useless after I saw Wormtail with her, and now whenever I think of her, that is all I see. Nothing else will work.' Severus heard the maudlin tone in his voice and knew he was almost drunk. A couple more glasses should do it, so he reached for the bottle again. Lucius stopped him with the tip of his cane.

'I think I may be able to help. If you let me?'

'You already tried to help me! All I got was Mr Dick Bates rubbing my nose in his oh-so-perfect life, telling me what the problem is and suggesting I use an Obliviate.' Severus pushed Lucius' cane away firmly, grabbed the cognac and walked away with it out of reach.

'Seriously, Severus. Let me try, at least.' Lucius was whinging. Severus hated it when he did that.

'If nothing else, at least the situation cannot get any worse.' He raised his glass in agreement, and ignored the fact that he missed his mouth slightly and dribbled cognac down the front of his best shirt.

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Two nights later, Severus followed Lucius to an exclusive underground nightclub near Diagon Alley. It was so exclusive that it didn't have a name but a number. S6x was hidden down a side street strewn with litter, behind a door to what looked like a boarded up warehouse. However, the run down façade, designed to keep Muggles and other undesirables away, soon revealed a hidden gem.

They were met at the entrance by a tall, black haired Indian girl resplendent in a dark green sari adorned with sparkling gems. She was polite and deferential, kept her eyes averted and smiled demurely when Lucius caressed her flawless cheek with his fingertips. She took their travelling cloaks and motioned them to a doorway at the end of the plush hallway. The walls were covered in gold, satin brocade and the carpet blood red and so deep that Severus could feel his feet bouncing as he walked. Whoever owned the place, they had plenty of cash and exquisite taste.

'This is just the beginning, Severus. Just wait and see. I promise, by the time the night is through, little Severus will be straining against your fly for attention.' Lucius smirked at Severus, who winced.

'Tell the whole place, why don't you?' he muttered under his breath. He would have continued the conversation, but as Lucius opened the door, loud, pounding music met his ears. They walked into the club, and Severus was instantly overwhelmed.

Along one wall stood a row of podiums. On each one, a stunningly beautiful girl danced in various stages of undress, cheered on by several men gathered around each podium. Severus hadn't seen many naked women in his lifetime, and he couldn't top himself from staring open mouthed as seven pairs of pendulous breasts were swung around or jiggled in time with the beat. It was quite mesmerising, but Severus was aware that nothing was happening within his trousers, despite the floor show.

'Lovely, aren't they? However, I think there is someone here you will find more appealing. Follow me.' Lucius flicked his blond hair over his shoulder and strode forward purposefully, and Severus followed reluctantly, trying to keep his eyes on the dancing girls as he walked.

Lucius walked down a flight of stairs that were lit by lanterns of dancing blue flames. Severus followed as Lucius walked to an empty table beside what looked like a dance floor with a silver pole in the middle. As soon as they sat down, a waitress approached them wearing a tight, short skirt and an even tighter white shirt. The top buttons of her shirt were open to reveal a substantial cleavage and a tantalising hint of a red 'bra.

'What is your pleasure, Gentlemen?' the waitress purred, licking her ruby red lips and winking at Severus suggestively. Severus coughed uncomfortably. He had never been flirted with in public before and he wasn't quite sure how to respond. Lucius saved the day, as usual.

'Now, now, Raquel. You mustn't tease us before the floor show. A bottle of Ogden's will suffice for now, but perhaps I shall see you later?' Lucius took hold of the girls hand and kissed it.

'Why, Mr Malfoy, what soft lips you have,' Raquel smiled. 'I'll bring your Ogden's immediately.

Lucius allowed his gaze to linger on Raquel's rear as she left, and chuckled softly.

'The night is improving already, wouldn't you agree?'

Severus didn't have the balls to say that nothing he had seen so far had affected his nether regions. What sort of a man was he that didn't get turned on in a place like this? So he lied.

'Improving is a good word for it. You have outdone yourself.' Severus smiled in relief as Raquel returned with their Ogden's and two crystal tumblers, and he made an overly enthusiastic show of staring at her cleavage, just to satisfy Lucius that he was indeed responding accordingly.

The club had filled up quickly and the tables around the dance floor were all full. Severus noted that the clientele were all men and he wondered if it was a rule of the house. Suddenly, the pounding dance music stopped and the lights dimmed, and a cheer went up from the waiting crowd followed by a hushed silence. A sultry and seductive female voice came over the tannoy.

'Here kitty, kitty.'

Music started again, this time with a slow and seductive, deep base that reverberated around the room and a spotlight lit the pole in the centre of the dance floor. Severus watched with detached curiosity and noted the eager faces of the men around him. He was hoping that the next act would live up to their expectations when he saw a dark shape moving in the shadows. A gasp travelled around the room as a sleek, black jaguar walked on large, silent paws into the centre of the dance floor and stopped beside the silver pole. The jaguar sat and surveyed the silent crowd with her large, amber eyes, and Severus watched in disbelief when he caught the big cats' gaze. He could have sworn that the jaguar winked at him.

The jaguar started to stretch and undulate to the music, and Severus watched closely as she transformed into a curvy woman with glossy, dark hair that rippled in waves down her back. She was clad in a figure-hugging black velvet catsuit, and on her feet were the highest pair of stiletto shoes Severus had ever seen. The woman danced around the pole as if she were making love to it, wrapping her long legs around it and grinding her body up and down. The crowd were transfixed by the performance, and started a slow hand clap as bit by bit, the costume started to disappear. First the sleeves dissolved, revealing slim, tanned skin up to well-defined shoulders. Then the legs were seductively unveiled, and Severus stared with his mouth open as the dancer wrapped her now naked thighs firmly around the pole and simulated sex, throwing her head back and gasping as if in the throes of an orgasm. The dancer then held onto the pole with one hand and stepped away, and a cheer went up as the remainder of the catsuit disappeared. The dancer had perfect breasts, pert and bouncy but not overly huge, topped with delicate caramel nipples. Her body was slim, her hips splayed and curvy, and he pubic hair was trimmed into a neat heart shape. She proceeded to dance around the pole, bending her body around it supply. At one point she stood with her back to Severus and Lucius and bent right over, giving them both a perfect view of her peachy derriere. Severus felt his cock twitch and grinned at Lucius, who raised his glass at him with a smug smile.

The dance ended to rapturous applause and as the dancer replaced the catsuit, Severus expected her to leave, but instead, she turned and started to walk directly to their table.

'Your luck's in, old man,' whispered Lucius.

The dancer smiled widely, and Severus realised that she was pretty rather than beautiful but still, he found her very appealing.

'Are you going to buy me a drink, Professor?'

'Forgive me. Have we met?' he said softly, a smile playing around his lips. Severus stared at the girls face. She did look somewhat familiar.

'I've changed quite a bit since school, so I didn't expect you to recognise me.' The dancer held out a slim hand, and Severus followed Lucius' example and kissed it gallantly.

'Hermione Granger.' The dancer smiled and winked at Severus, who stared at her in surprise. Gone was the unruly, curly mass of mousey brown hair, the protruding teeth and the skinny, boyish frame. All the trappings of a teenaged Granger had been replaced with thick, luscious hair, a curvy and inviting mouth and a feminine, softly rounded and most definitely womanly figure.

'Stop gawping Severus, and buy the lady a drink!' Lucius laughed.

Granger slid into the seat beside Snape, and leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand as she looked deeply into his eyes. 'Champagne would be lovely. Then perhaps we could chat about that last article in Potions Weekly. You know the one that suggests using Muggle medicines alongside the usual therapies?'

Hermione Granger was not only pretty and intelligent; she was also running her tongue over her full bottom lip and giving him a wonderful view of her cleavage. She pushed her hair gently behind her perfect ear, and Severus detected a hint of musk that told him that her dancing had not only turned on every man in the room, but the dancer as well.

Severus groaned. His cock was as hard as a rock.

# Flirting

## Chapter 3 of 6

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

It wasn't Hermione's usual practice to mix with the clientele at S6x. Malfoy was a regular and she didn't even look in his direction normally. His mere presence made her shudder, but he regularly amused himself with the other girls. Hermione understood it. His Galleons were just as good as the next wizards after all, and some of the girls earned a bit extra for private dances, but Hermione wasn't so green that she didn't know what else went on behind closed doors. Dancing for money and even stripping had its perks, but Hermione was an old fashioned girl who believed that some things are not for sale. She usually kept her distance, but for some reason last night was different.

Professor Snape was the last person Hermione would have expected to see in S6x, but she had spotted him as soon as he walked down the stairs. He was still tall and brooding, and still dressed in black. Hermione had always found him fascinating and a bit sexy in a smouldering sort of a way, but she had never thought of him as handsome until last night. She couldn't help but put on a show for him, and knowing that he had no idea who she was had made her feel reckless and sexy. It had brought to mind some of the more lurid fantasies she'd imagined about him, and by the time she had finished her performance, she had been more aroused than she had been in a long time. The bewildered look on his face as she sat beside him just endeared him to her even more, and there was a small part of her that hoped he would be in S6x later that night so that she could dance for him again, and perhaps talk some more. He was by far the most interesting and intelligent man she knew, and Hermione had a thing for intelligent men. Unfortunately, one glass of champagne was usually her limit, but she was so enthralled by her conversation with Snape that she had finished a whole bottle without realising it. Now she had a pounding hangover as punishment, but it served her right for breaking her own rules. She resolved to stock up on a hangover potion the next time she was in Diagon Alley, and headed for the bathroom. She paid special attention to washing her hair, applying her make up and using an extra squirt of perfume, and tried hard to ignore the frisson of butterflies in her stomach as she closed the door of her flat.

Hermione knew deep down that it was unlikely Snape would visit S6x two nights in a row. But she could still hope.

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Severus Snape lay in his bath surrounded by scented bubbles and humming to himself. He had just managed his second wank of the day and had come like a speeding train. A smug smile played around his lips as he lolled lazily in the steaming water. Whatever his demons were, he had managed to overcome them, quite literally. The only sticking point was that it was Granger that had brought him the solace he needed. The girl had blossomed, there was no getting away from that fact, but she was his former student and a reminder of the life he had tried to leave behind. God, the girl – no, woman- was delicious. The way she bent her curves around the pole, her supple flesh moving, stretching and undulating, and the way her breasts jiggled slightly as she danced; he could almost picture how she would move beneath him if he was shagging her senseless. As if someone had flicked a switch, Snape's cock sprung to life and bobbed up through the surface of the water. Snape laughed but ignored the urge to take himself in hand again. He had places to go, and people to see.

Well if he was being honest, one place. One person.

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S6x was heaving with customers when Snape arrived. He had forgotten it was Saturday night, and he glared at the gathering crowds as they headed for the centre dance floor for the main event. He moved silently to a corner table that was hidden in the shadows and slipped into a seat where he could observe the room and the floor show without being observed himself. Raquel had spotted him as he crossed the room and brought a bottle of Ogden's and a glass without being asked.

'Mr Snape, how wonderful to see you again.' She flashed a row of dazzling teeth in Snape's direction, and he nodded curtly in acknowledgement. He could barely afford the Ogden's let alone any extras Raquel might have in mind, and although she was curvy in all the right places and had lips that any normal man would love to have wrapped around his bell end, she still left him cold.

Snape scanned the room as he sipped his whisky, and spotted Yaxley and Mulciber sitting at the table he and Lucius had been sitting at the previous night. They were the closest customers to the dance floor, and Snape scowled at the thought of either of them getting their filthy hands on Granger. He had no time to think about getting his wand ready, because the lights dimmed and the female voice called Hermione Granger to the dance floor in her animagus form. With a start, Snape realised he was sitting in the same corner where she made her entrance, and she had obviously seen him. As she passed past him on silent paws, she turned and flashed her teeth in what he assumed was a jaguar smile, and he allowed himself to smile slowly back at her. As she walked away, he was sure she was wiggling her bottom especially for him, and he relaxed back in his chair to enjoy the show. The music started, and as she transformed, Granger revealed herself in a catsuit of Slytherin green. She danced around the pole and made a point of looking at Snape with a wink and a smile. Snape chuckled to himself and poured another drink. Now he was sure she was dancing for him, and he was determined to enjoy it.

The crowd was a bit louder and more raucous than the previous evening, and while Snape was watching Granger closely as she started to strip, he was also aware of the audience and how they seemed to be closing in around her. As the catsuit disappeared, a loud cheer went up, along with some colourful and ribald comments that made Snape bristle. It was when the dance ended that things turned ugly.

Granger replaced her catsuit to a round of booing, and as she took her final bow and made to leave, she was roughly pulled back by Mulciber, who had leapt from his seat so quickly that Granger was struggling to break free before Snape was on his feet. He felt his anger bubbling, and he withdrew his wand as he ran over to them.

'Get off me, you bastard!' Granger screamed, and she slapped Mulciber hard around the face.

Yaxley joined in and grabbed her other arm. 'Come on, girl. There's plenty of money to be made by the likes of you.'

'I don't do that, as you well know.' Granger had a look of panic on her face as she fought to stay upright.

'Enough!' Snape's voice boomed around the room, and Mulciber yelped as a Stinging Hex hit him squarely in the face.

'Come on, Severus! Let your old mates have a bit of fun, won't you?' Yaxley was placating as he spoke to Snape. He knew it could be dangerous to cross him, even now.

'We are not, nor ever will be 'mates', Yaxley. Get your hands off her, before I hex you in the balls.' Snape pointed his wand ominously at Yaxley's nether regions, and sensibly, he let Granger go in an instant. Snape tried not to grin as the girl ran to him and hugged him tightly around the waist.

'Thank you, sir. Get me out of here, will you?' Granger was shaking; he could hear it in her voice.

'Back door?' he said, wrapping his free arm around her but keeping his wand arm focussed on Granger's attackers. They stepped away slowly, and Granger took Snape's free hand and pulled him into the dark corner and out through a hidden door. She pulled him down the dimly lit hallway, panting in panic, and then stopped suddenly and pushed him back against the wall.

'Thank you, sir,' she said huskily, and then planted her warm, moist lips on his mouth firmly.

Snape decided that she could thank him as often as she liked.

# Fornicating

## *Chapter 4 of 6*

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

Hermione lay with her knees pushed against the wall and stared at the darkness. Severus Snape was asleep beside her, snoring. He was also naked, and Hermione blushed unseen at the memory of the night before.

She wasn't one for one-night stands. All of her previous experience had been within a caring if not loving relationship, and this was what was worrying her the most. The sex had been amazing. Snape was a passionate lover, and he had given her 'a proper seeing to,' as Ron would say. Her crotch started to throb at the memory of his lips and tongue and the wonderful things they'd done, and she squirmed as much as she could in the cramped space. Snape was out for the count and had taken up most of the bed, and Hermione wasn't confident enough that he wouldn't hex her in his sleep if she tried to shift him.

Snape grunted and moved even closer to Hermione, rolling onto his side and pushing his cock against her bare arse. His hand slipped around her front and cupped her breast, and he snored loudly into her ear. Hermione laughed softly. One thing she hadn't expected from him had been tenderness, and yet there had been plenty of that, particularly after their first orgasms. He had taken her like a man possessed, and his thrusting had made the bed shake so much Hermione was scared it would collapse. He came loudly, but afterwards, he covered her face with gentle kisses, taking her mouth with his so softly that Hermione had been totally lost. His tongue had softly caressed hers, and he whispered her name for the first time.

As she finally drifted off to sleep, Hermione Granger thought that she could happily sleep with Severus Snape for the rest of her life.

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Severus Snape woke up with his arms full of a fragrant and satin-skinned witch. His first instinct was to pull her against his erection and nuzzle her creamy throat, but he resisted. This was no ordinary witch, and he didn't want to be hexed in the balls after they had shared such a wonderful night. Hermione Granger had surprised him with her ardent passion, and she had allowed him to take whatever pleasure she was able to give him with enthusiastic and vocal encouragement. If that wasn't enough, her kisses were like ambrosia, and he couldn't stop himself from sampling them at every opportunity.

He was a fool. The witch worked at S6x, something that had conveniently slipped his memory. Snape knew how the girls operated, and he had hoped that Hermione Granger was different, but apparently not. She had used her cunning and intelligence to snare him, and now she probably expected to be handsomely rewarded for her efforts.

With practised stealth, he extracted himself un-noticed from the bed and dressed silently. His good mood evaporated quickly as he weighed up the reality of the situation, and by the time he had buttoned up his shirt, he was positively fuming. He turned and glared at the bed and ignored that he could see the top Granger's heart-shaped arse, which held a beguiling dimple, just above the duvet. Angrily, he pulled his remaining Galleons from his jacket and threw them down on the bed beside her.

He didn't look back as he walked from the room.

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When Hermione walked into her lecture the next morning, she felt as shit as she looked. The last thing she wanted to do was learn about the cell structure of an embryo, but she was so close to her final exams, she couldn't afford to miss it. In fact, she couldn't afford to do anything. The curt missive from her boss at S6x had made it clear that a scene such as the one created the previous night was bad for business and her contract had been terminated immediately. Hermione would have been furious if she hadn't been so emotionally drained. Getting the sack was nothing compared to being made to feel like a cheap whore by Severus Snape.

Hermione slipped into a chair as far away from the lecturer as possible. She had a soft spot for Madam Howlett and enjoyed her teaching methods, but she didn't want to give her any cause to question her today. Her red-rimmed eyes and the fact that her hair looked like rats tails was a sign enough that she just needed to be left alone. But as soon as the lecture began, Hermione's thoughts drifted back to Snape. He obviously thought little of her if he assumed she was the same as the other girls who worked at S6x, and that was what hurt her the most. She had thought they were sharing something special, that they had more in common than shared lust. She had been fooling herself with fantasies of a happy ever after, but then, she reasoned, she didn't really know Snape that well at all. She had always known there was more to him than his teaching persona, and after their conversation that first night, she had started to see the man he really was. Or had hoped he was. It seemed she was mistaken. Not only was her pride hurt, she had also lost her only form of income. There was never much money left at the end of the week after paying the rent, buying food and covering her study costs. She might have to move back in with Harry and Ginny again, something she really couldn't face. Happy families are no fun when you're the observer and not the participant, and now that her dream of happy families with Severus Snape was over, the idea was even more abhorrent.

With a sigh, Hermione pulled out her quill and parchment pad and copied down the diagram from the board. She was so close to reaching her goal of being a Healer, she couldn't afford to be distracted. She had to push thoughts of Snape out of her head.

The only problem was, she was a little bit in love with him already.

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Snape slipped unrecognised into the darkest corner he could find. He had applied an effective Glamour, plain and non-descript and unlikely to draw any unwanted attention. As was usual on a Saturday night, S6x was busy with patrons who were gathering in anticipation of the main event. They were eager and most of them seemed slightly drunk, and not for the first time, Snape found himself feeling uncomfortable. He didn't even want to be here, but needs must.

It had only taken Snape a week after his night with Hermione Granger to realise that his old problem had returned and that little Severus was no longer in his happy place. He could get an erection, but as soon as his hand grasped his shaft and he started to summon images of the nubile young witch, he withered. So his only option was to have another dose of the medicine that had fixed him the first time, regardless of his feelings towards the sly bint. Luckily, she wouldn't be able to recognise him tonight and he could leave her to pick up some other unsuspecting chap who was willing to part with his Galleons for a piece of Granger action. The thought made Snape's blood boil, but he took a deep breath as the lights dimmed and the familiar, sensual music started. The female voice purred over the room.

'Madame Whiplash thinks you've all been very... naughty... boys...'

Snape groaned. Now what was she up to? He waited with baited breath as a tall, black hair woman wearing patent black stilettos and a PVC bodysuit walked to the centre

of the room and flicked her whip. He stared as he realised it wasn't Granger. He spotted Raquel as she shimmied up the stairs and walked over to her, grabbing her firmly by her shoulder.

'Where is she?' he demanded.

'Get your hand off me!' Raquel pulled away from him roughly, and he realised she had no idea who he was.

'I apologise. Finite Incantatem.' Snape flicked his fingers briefly and was restored to his own appearance.

'Oh, it's you!' Raquel looked at him in shock. 'If you're looking for Hermione, you're out of luck I'm afraid. They sacked her, you know.'

'Why?' Snape narrowed his eyes at Raquel as if trying to test her honesty.

'After all the trouble last week. To be frank, sir, they were going to let her go anyway.' Raquel looked downcast.

'Whatever for? She attracted so many customers.' Snape couldn't understand it.

'Well, you know Hermione. She's not like the rest of us.' Raquel winked at Snape and he fought the urge to shake her.

'Talk plainly, and I'll make it worth your while.' Snape just wanted to get to the point, and to know where Granger was now.

'Well, you know what goes on here. We all make a bit extra on the side for doing a bit extra on the side.' Raquel laughed lightly, until she saw the glower on Snape's face. 'Hermione was never like that. She only wanted enough money to finish her training, and then it was bye bye S6x and hello Dr. Granger. She was always a good girl.'

Snape stared at Raquel in disbelief. If what she was saying was true he had made a huge mistake. Granger had slept with him because she wanted to, and she might have wanted to again if he hadn't jumped to conclusions. He might have ruined his chances of ever having an orgasm again.

'Fuck,' he muttered. He slipped a few Galleons into Raquel's hand quickly and then turned to leave. He had to find Granger. He just didn't know where to start.

## Forgiveness

### *Chapter 5 of 6*

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

Dick Bates looked warily across the top of his desk at his dour and difficult patient. Never before had he been faced with such a complicated man, and to his surprise, he found himself full of compassion for him. Since their first (and he had assumed last) consultation, Dick had done a fair bit of research into Snape's background. From his miserable upbringing to his life at Hogwarts, Severus Snape hadn't had much in the way of companionship. From what he could gather, there hadn't been much love, either. There was no wonder the man was so uptight and conflicted.

'Tell me about her,' Dick said softly.

Snape sighed, and Dick noted the brief flash of a spark in his eye with interest.

'Her intelligence is what immediately springs to mind. Inquisitive, always asking questions. The conversation flowed between us, and I found myself captivated by her. Her interest in potions; her insights. So bright and quick thinking. The fact that she found me fascinating...'

'And Miss Granger?'

Snape stared back at him, his face a picture of sadness. 'All of that and more,' he said morosely.

Dick lifted his pen jotted down a few notes before looking pensively at Snape again.

'Indulge me for a moment, Severus. Close your eyes and think about Miss Granger, and tell me how you feel.'

Snape scowled for a moment but then complied, closing his eyes slowly as if still not entirely trusting of Dick Bates.

'Are you thinking of her?' he asked.

'I am.' Snape's face had relaxed into soft lines, and Dick Bates noted with interest how much younger he looked.

'And you feel?'

'Enthralled. Excited. And it hurts.' Snape snapped his eyes open and glared at Dick. 'What exactly is the point of this?'

'Trust me, Severus. I wouldn't be prying unless I had to. What you have to understand, you see, is that sexual arousal is never purely physical. Your emotions play a part, too. Lily and Miss Granger seem to be similar on many levels, but you seem to have forgotten the most important thing they have in common.' Dick took a breath and steeled himself.

'Don't beat around the bush, Bates, for god's sake. Haven't I already laid myself bare to you? You may go for the jugular at any time.'

'Severus, the main thing these wonderful women have in common is you and how you feel about them. You do realise that you were in love with Lily, don't you?'

'I fancied myself to be in love with her, yes. It was futile.'

'Because she fell in love with someone else. But Miss Granger remains single, I believe.'

Snape laughed incredulously. 'You're trying to suggest that I'm in love with Hermione Granger?'

'Is that so hard to believe?' Dick smiled softly.

Snape looked at him blankly and Dick watched with satisfaction as the sickle dropped.

'Fuck,' he muttered.

'You might get more than one if you act rather than sit on your laurels. Good luck with it, Severus. You deserve to be loved, even if you don't believe that yet.'

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Three days later, Severus Snape found himself skulking around Diagon Alley. He had watched as his prey went into Flourish & Blotts, and then followed at a discreet distance as she headed for Slug & Jiggers. It was late in the afternoon and most shoppers had left. As she stepped out of the apothecary into the balmy sunshine, he took his chance before his inner killjoy talked him out of it.

'Mrs. Potter? If I may speak with you a moment?' Severus felt his mouth go dry under the smirking scrutiny of his former student, and although he wanted to run away very fast in the opposite direction, he stood his ground, pulling himself up to his full height.

'I wondered when you'd speak. I saw you, following me like you were waiting for a chance to give me detention.' Ginevra Potter smiled warmly, which took the sting from her words and made Snape almost want to laugh out loud with relief.

'Forgive me. Old habits die hard. I didn't know how you would react to your evil old Potions master, and I prefer not to be hit with an expertly executed Bat Bogey Hex at four in the afternoon.'

Ginevra Potter laughed. 'This is about Hermione, I take it?' At Snape's shocked face she laughed again. 'We're best friends, sir. We share important information. Buy me a firewhisky and I'll tell you what you want to know.'

Severus Snape seemed to be constantly wrong-footed by feisty Gryffindors, but he bit the bullet and held his arm out like a true Slytherin who had something to gain through chivalry. He was heartened when she slipped her hand around his forearm and squeezed gently.

'It's very nice to see you, sir,' she smiled.

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Two hours later, Snape was deep in his cups. His conversation with Ginevra Potter had been surprising to say the least, and here he was, teetering on the edge of what could be an incredible rest of his life. Getting pissed was the only way any sane man would react, and Snape was on the cusp of sane most of the time, or so he thought. In his darker moments he thought he would only have to dip a toe over the line and insanity would be his one and only friend.

According to the beautiful Mrs Potter and she was beautiful, Snape decided, both inside and out. Hermione Granger had mentioned his name and being 'in love' in the same sentence, and on more than one occasion. No one had ever thought him loveable before. Dammit, he didn't even think he was loveable, but perhaps the amazing night they had shared together had clouded her judgement. Snape didn't care. If he meant she would be open to further sexual contact, he was happy to let her believe that she loved him and that he was worth it.

Mrs Potter had then casually slipped into the conversation that Hermione was living with them currently, and also mentioned that the following night was Ginevra's birthday. Hermione had offered to baby-sit so that Harry could take her out and the baby would be asleep by seven, leaving Hermione free for visitors. Snape's mind had raced forward to bare limbs entangled on the Potter family sofa before Ginevra Potter had bid him goodbye with yet another smirk on her face.

Now all he had to do was convince Hermione Granger that more sex was the best idea he had ever had, and he would be sorted.

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When Snape finally knocked on the door of the austere old house in Grimmauld Place it was seven fifteen in the evening. He had been waiting outside for much longer, pacing at first as he waited for the Potters to leave. He had thought he was being discreet until the Boy Wonder had given him a wave from the doorstep. Snape had even raised his hand in response, something he hadn't meant to do at all. He hoped the rest of his anatomy was going to behave appropriately; otherwise all his hope would be lost.

He held his breath as he knocked loudly on the door again, and listened intently as the sound of footsteps came closer. The door opened to an exasperated-looking Hermione Granger who was hold a screaming baby of what seemed to be the male variety.

'I heard you the first time! Look what you've bloody done now!' Hermione pursed her lips. 'What do you want, anyway?'

Snape stared at Hermione aghast. This wasn't what he had imagined. He had envisioned shy smiles, soft kisses, a contrite apology (from him, naturally) a gracious acceptance of the apology (from her), followed by intense and frequent shagging on the Potter sofa.

'I, er... that is, I came to... I wanted to...' *to shag you senseless...* Snape was suddenly tongue tied and couldn't string two words together, and he was being inept and clumsy in full view of the general public to boot.

'For goodness sake, Snape, come in and close the bloody door.'

Snape did as he was told. Hermione Granger used the same tone as his mother, and he had never disobeyed her either.

'Hurry up and spit it out, Snape.' Hermione glared at him as she juggled the still grizzly baby on her hip.

'I came to say... that is I... oh, for fuck's sake, Hermione! I love you, alright?' *Damn, damn... that wasn't what I wanted to say AT ALL...*

For a long moment they stared at each other open-mouthed, and Snape took a step towards the door, ready to run. Then Hermione smiled.

'Really?'

Snape stared into suddenly sparkling, deep, warm eyes and traced the curve of her bottom lip with his finger. He found himself unconsciously smiling back.

'Really,' he whispered, and then bent to kiss her deeply.

Neither of them noticed that baby had stopped crying.



# Finale

## Chapter 6 of 6

Severus has a problem. Lucius suggests a different sort of help.

### Three Months Later

Severus was sitting in the chair behind his desk, staring out at the sea of students before him. Quills were scratching on parchment and the tedious tick, tick, tick of the clock was starting to get on his nerves, but he had to last the last ten minutes just as they did. By the bored look on their faces Snape was able to conclude that today's lesson hadn't been the most stimulating, but it was necessary. He had been distracted all day and couldn't risk any further accidents after the debacle with Jones and the Bubotuber pus earlier, and he couldn't cope with another of Poppy's lectures.

As was usual, seemingly all of the time, Snape was thinking about Hermione Granger. Thankfully, his body was now under his full control and thinking about Hermione in class no longer had any uncomfortable results, but he was still utterly besotted and totally engrossed with her. The fact that she would be waiting for him after his working day seemed to make the time drag, and normally this would be enough to frustrate him. Right now though, he was torn between being desperate to see her to wanting to run out of Hogwarts front gates and never return.

Foolishly, he had made Hermione a promise should she successfully pass her training. He should have known better, because of course Hermione Granger would pass with flying colours. She would have known this as she gazed up at him with her lips delicately poised at his bell end, her eyes wide and pleading. As per usual, Severus had been thinking with his cock, and he would have agreed to wear Minerva's frilly panties in the Great Hall if only she would take him in her mouth and make him come like a speeding train. The fact that she had grinned and done just that didn't make it any better. Hermione was a stubborn witch, and there was no getting out of it.

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Hermione stepped from the Floo and quickly dusted the ash from her robes. The familiar scent of sandalwood and musk filled her nostrils and she allowed herself a small but satisfied smile. There were times that she still couldn't believe that she was now shackled up with her old Potions master, that they had been sharing the same bed for a little over two months, and that she felt more fulfilled now than at any other point in her life. There was no time to dwell on such things right now, though. She had to get ready for tonight.

With a quick flick of her wand she ascertained that Severus wasn't home from his class yet. This gave her time to bathe and dress up properly. Her stomach flipped over as she thought of the night ahead. Not that long ago, Severus had made her a promise and tonight he would make good on it whether he liked it or not.

Hermione filled the bath with water and added Agarwood and Neroli essential oils. As she dipped her toe in, the aroma of the oils filled the room and she inhaled deeply. One thing she had learned from her time at S6x was that sex could be enhanced through scent, leading to a more fulfilling experience. Not that she needed any help where Severus was concerned; they seemed to just thrive on each other. But tonight was special and she wanted Severus to know that she appreciated him for more than just his body. Hermione paused as she let the scented water drip from the sponge onto her exposed breasts. She didn't often think about her relationship with Severus too deeply, and they hadn't talked about the future or where they were going as a couple. They had been too wrapped up in each other and the mind-blowing sex to really consider the rest of their lives, but now, Hermione was thinking about just that. The thought of living without Severus in her life was unbearable, and she mentally listed everything he brought to her life. He was the best company. They could talk for hours about various subjects, or at times just sit in comfortable silence while he marked essays and Hermione caught up on some reading. He was considerate, making sure she ate properly and showing interest in her studies. He was caring, and would seek her out during breaks in his brewing just so that he could hold her close for a few moments. Often he wouldn't speak but just hold his arms open for her to step into his embrace, and they would hug each other warmly, no words being necessary.

Hermione dropped the sponge with a splash and closed her eyes. She loved him more than life itself and probably had done for a long time. It was overwhelming and wonderful and more than a bit frightening. She just hoped that he felt the same about her. Sometimes it was hard to tell.

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Severus took a deep breath before opening the door to his rooms and pasted an 'I don't care,' look onto his face. He knew that Hermione would see right through it but it was the only way he would be able to deal with the task ahead. Inner confidence had never been his strong point and he admired Hermione even more than he had before. He wondered if she had been this nervous on her first night.

'Hello.' Hermione was leaning against the door frame into what she had dubbed the 'play room.' Her hair was hanging softly over bared shoulders, and her soft, delicious curves were wrapped in what look like a tube of green satin that pooled in a small train behind her. Her toes poked out teasingly from beneath the fabric and Severus couldn't help but smirk at her silver nail polish.

'You look lovely. Are you going somewhere special?' he smiled at her.

'Not tonight. Tonight the entertainment is coming to me.' Hermione grinned and nodded towards the room behind her. 'Are you ready?'

'I haven't showered yet. Give me ten minutes.' Severus wished he could find a way to stall her but he couldn't put off the inevitable. Resolving that it was better to just get it over with, Severus nodded gallantly at Hermione with a wide sweep of his arm, and was gratified to hear her giggle as he headed towards the bathroom. Afterwards he would make it perfectly clear that no other woman would be able to make him do what he was about to do. Not even Lily Potter. The thought of Lily stopped him in his tracks. She hadn't crossed his mind in a long time, and as he thought of her now, he realised that he felt nothing. No love, no revulsion, just ambivalence. He knew that he had Hermione to thank for that and that although she didn't know it yet, tonight was about more than just one promise.

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Hermione waited for Severus in the play room. They had created it together shortly after she moved in, so that she could indulge her passion for dancing and so that Severus could indulge in his passion for watching her. There was a long, silver pole in the centre of the room, plush cushions on the floor and a day bed along one wall. The other wall was lined with mirrors, and they had fitted lighting charms that could be adjusted depending on their mood. With a light flick of her wand, Hermione bathed the room in a warm, red light, with a brighter white light over the pole. She settled herself onto the day bed and curled her legs beneath her. From here she had a perfect view and the bits she couldn't see would be caught in the mirror. She grinned to herself and started the music playing to get even more in the mood, just as Severus entered the room. Hermione gasped.

Severus was dressed in his best teaching robes, buttoned up to his throat with a slight glimpse of white at the collar and cuffs. He was also wearing his best dragon hide boots, polished to a high sheen. Hermione's jaw dropped. She had never seen him look so imposing. He looked back at her dispassionately, and she unconsciously sat

straighter in her seat and paid attention. Severus's eyes glittered in the half-light and he walked slowly and silently to the pole, never taking his gaze from her.

'You expect me to go through with this, Hermione?' he said quietly.

'Well, only if you really want to, Severus. I know I made you promise but I would never make you do anything you didn't want to do.' Hermione's throat went dry. Perhaps she had gone too far this time.

'I knew you would say that,' he said silkily. He smiled a slow, seductive smile and clicked his fingers, and music that Hermione recognised started to pulse around the room. It was her own music from S6x. Slowly, Severus took hold of the pole and started to move around it, not dancing as much as seducing with his languid gaze and fluid movements. His hips brushed against the pole, and Hermione gasped at his sexy gracefulness. She had always known he could move, but she hadn't expected this. She sat forward in her seat now, staring as Severus started to unfasten his frock coat one perfect button at a time, and when his tongue slipped out to dampen his drying lips, Hermione felt a tell tale twinge between her legs and wriggled a little.

The rest of the strip went by in a slow whirl of sexual tension as Severus slowly revealed his flesh. He unbuttoned his shirt to his navel, and Hermione watched fascinated at the drips of sweat as they followed his happy trail downwards. Severus's fingers lingered on his fly, and Hermione couldn't bare it any longer.

'Severus, please,' she sighed huskily. 'Let me.'

'I don't think so,' he smirked. 'I'm not that sort of man.'

Hermione groaned. 'Damn you, Severus, don't you know what you're doing to me?'

'Oh, I think so. Exactly what you do to me, minx.' Severus grinned and unfastened his fly to reveal no underwear and an obviously happy erection. 'You can touch when I'm done and not before.'

'Please hurry up,' Hermione begged.

Severus clicked his fingers, and his shirt and trousers disappeared, leaving him naked. He danced slowly around the pole and stood with his back to Hermione as the music stopped.

'I'm done,' he whispered.

Hermione didn't need telling twice.

The End