

Playing in a Garden

by PersephoneVerte

Hermione gets more than she bargained for during her routine lunch break.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own anything here, though I desperately wish I had a Snape locked up as my personal sex mach—er, butler. Personal butler.

AN: This is a response to hpfanfictionprompts 108, in which Hermione spends her lunch break on a park bench in Central London. Of course I've twisted it a bit. :D Also, there is an Easter egg hidden here among three things. Brownies to those who get it.

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Chicken salad on a croissant. Hermione Granger had the exact same thing for lunch every single day, Monday through Friday. The only things that varied were the chips and drinks. She took her meal in Muggle London at Kensington Gardens, preferring to get away from the Wizarding world for a few moments.

Hermione loved to people-watch. She was a book person above all, but she had a strong desire to know the tinkerings of the brain, which was a good asset to have as an Unspeakable. Sitting at the park provided quite good material. Old couples sat side by side to throw crumbs at the pigeons. Runners trotted along, mouthing the words pouring from their iPods. Children yanked on their mothers' hands and begged to be taken to the Peter Pan statue.

She wondered if others observed her like she observed them. What must she look like to someone else? Ridiculously curly hair frizzed substantially by the sun? Check. Skirt suit a tad wrinkled from going between a desk and a lab for hours? Check. Makeup starting to droop thanks to her oily skin? Check. Yes, she must look a fright.

"Mmm, indeed. Frightfully delectable."

Firm hands grasped her shoulders as the voice whispered against her ear. Hermione jumped, jarring the remains of her sandwich to the ground.

"Gods, Severus, you nearly scared me to death."

He chuckled darkly and slid onto the bench beside her.

"I told you not to use Legilimency on me," she said.

"Yes, but you had the most adorable look of frustration on your face, and I just couldn't resist."

"Stop it." She whacked his arm and scowled.

"My dear," he began lowly, "I've told you there are quite a few benefits to being a Legilimens." His tongue flicked across her earlobe, raising goosebumps on her skin. Hermione shuddered despite the heat as Snape trailed his fingers slowly up her thigh.

"Severus," she hissed. "We're in public!"

"So?" His hand was tantalizingly working circles on the inside of her leg. "I've used your computer. Muggles do this sort of thing all the time."

"They most certainly do not," she shrieked. "Well, they do in pornography, but not in real life!"

Her control was faltering, which was silly when she considered the fact that logic told her to stay in command of her faculties. The stupid rubbing and whispers in her ear ruined everything. She groaned and resisted the urge to flex her hips to where his hand was.

"My, my. Looks like you're having a bit of trouble with self-control, Hermione. Not to mention the buttons on your shirt aren't quite working properly. Your heaving chest makes a lovely display. It's such a tease being able to see the swell of your breasts as they strain against the fabric. Your nipples are almost out of your bra, you know. I wonder what you'd do if I just reached down and sucked on one. Of course, that only makes me think of sucking your cunt—"

"Severus!" Hermione gasped. "Get me home. Get me home *now* and fuck me."

Snape grinned. "Why not right here?" he asked silkily. "There's a crop of trees right there. Are you a witch or not?"

Hermione nodded, getting up and gathering her trash with as much dignity as she could muster. The pair casually strolled to the spatter of wood, fingers twined together. Hermione waved her wand to cast several privacy charms.

Snape dropped to his knees, tugging her skirt down and hooking a leg over his shoulder in one fluid motion. His mouth attacked her clit to lick and suck relentlessly. Hermione moaned, grinding herself against Snape's face. Fuck, she wasn't going to last long at all. Snape's fingers—such long fingers—plunged inside and beckoned her to the edge. She clenched her muscles and thought of England, determined to prolong her pleasure.

Snape felt her tense and looked up with a raised eyebrow. No, he wasn't going to let her win that easily.

Merlin, seeing him look at her, fingers desperately swirling and stroking, mouth sucking her cunt—it was too much. She lost all control as the warmth spread across her body and tingled from head to toe. Her groan pierced the silence, and she was grateful for the charms. As her orgasm subsided, Snape licked at her folds, sending little shocks through her body as he lapped up her juices. He pulled her skirt back up for her and even bothered to tuck in her shirt.

"How was that for a lunch break?" He pressed his forehead against hers.

She leaned into his embrace and smiled. "Oh, I suppose it was acceptable."

"Impudent wench." He kissed her temple. "Now, hurry back to work. I hear your department has a new head, and he's reputedly quite the snake."

"Yes," she murmured. "But I hear he's quite good with oral presentations."

Snape laughed. "Come, wife. We've work to do."