

# Beating His Bludger

by Southern\_Witch\_69

After a few harsh words from Rosmerta, Snape seeks to better himself and gets a little help from Hermione to make it happen.

## What He Needs

Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** These characters belong to J.K.R. I've borrowed them, but I promise to Scourgify them before sending them home. No Galleons are being sent my way for this.

**I'd like to thank my beta, Charmed Nay, for putting up with my crazy tales.**

**SW69 says:** AU world? You bet! Snape is somewhat sarcastic, but he's not the hateful git that he can be in canon. He's even pleasant...thanks to the post-war feeling of freedom and the ability to do what he wants for a change. Gasp! If you're cool with that, read on.

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"Ah, yes, oh, shite!"

Rosmerta closed her eyes and bucked against Severus repeatedly at a quick pace, pulling at his body in attempt to grind herself against him as much as possible. *Almost. Oh, yes, just like that.* It wouldn't take long or much... if he could just keep up his pace and apply a tad more pressure. His moans and mumbled words made her worry that he was nearly done.

"Don't stop. Wait for me. Wait for me," she pleaded.

To her amazement, his thrusts slowed even more, and he seemed to be pulling away from her, intensifying her frustration. The feeling of being filled ebbed away, and she could barely tell if he was all the way in or not, only feeling him slide around her wetness.

"Severus?" she asked, feeling her nearing climax speed away. *Damn it.*

"Thought I heard someone in the hall," he explained, nodding at the door behind him.

"And?" Annoyance laced her words. "Why stop though? I was nearly there! What happened?" *Who cares if someone is in the hall, Snape? There can be ten people out there, and I wouldn't care. I just want to finish what we've started.*

He pulled back completely and scowled at her. "I was distracted!"

She sat up and looked down to see that his erection had dwindled. *Not again!* she thought in dismay. This was the second time that they'd been together, and as with the

first time, he'd ended up going flaccid. She'd hoped that the large amount of drinking they'd done previously had had something to do with it. This time, however, neither had ingested anything strong. Falling back onto her pillow, she moved her hand down to finish herself.

"Wait, Bess," he said, using that smooth tone that always made her heartbeat quicken. "Allow me."

Letting him move over her again, she closed her eyes in preparation for the climax that would finally come. One hand skimmed her body, caressing her softly, and then made its way to the juncture of her thighs. She opened her legs a little more and smiled as his fingers began delving into her alternatively. Squirming, she maneuvered so that her clitoris would brush against the heel of his hand.

"Yes, Severus, like that," she coached. The moment she said this, he ruined things by trying to put too many fingers in at once. "Oh," she breathed, slapping at his hand, making him remove the extra that made her uncomfortable. "There... yes..."

Though he raised a suspicious eyebrow, his hand continued to pleasure her, and he then lowered his head to place small kisses on her chest, circling her breasts. She arched her back in encouragement. In the next instant, his tongue snaked around her hardened nipple.

"God, yes." *Finally! He's finally getting somewhere. It can't be that he's nervous or afraid to be with me, could it? No man with that much sex appeal could truly be bad in bed.* "Mmmm," she moaned as his hot, moist mouth surrounded her nipple, suckling it lightly and sending sparks of sensation through her body.

"Such lovely breasts," he said a moment later before moving to her other nipple.

Rosmerta's fingers had just woven themselves into his hair when suddenly his teeth nipped her roughly. "Ow," she blurted. *Good grief.*

He stopped and smugly said, "More where that came from, I assure you."

*That's what I'm afraid of!* "Bloody hell," she said as his lips forcefully sucked on her nipple, teeth gnashing at her flesh, making it feel as if it were being grated with a Muggle device that shredded cheese. "Oh!"

"Yes, yes," he mumbled, mistaking her words for impatience, as he continued to work on her. His fingers were now sliding out and making a path up to her clitoris, giving it a healthy pinch.

"Severus," she said, hoping he'd stop for a moment. "Ow." *What the hell is going on here? This can't be Severus Snape.*

Before she could tell him to stop, his thin body was nestled between her thighs again, and he was pushing back into her with abandon, filling her and making her moan with his initial thrust. He began a series of powerful plunges, bucking frantically and grunting each time his skin slapped against hers.

Instead of enjoying it, she could think of nothing but the way his limp hair had come to life, flaring out as he pulled back and hitting his face when he pushed in. For an entire minute, she simply laid back in shock and watched him moving against her. The only sounds in the room were his grunts and the hitting of his body against hers.

"Nearly... there..." he bit out finally.

*Good,* she nearly said aloud, literally biting her tongue. The night couldn't be over fast enough for her. His erratic jerking signaled his release. *Thank goodness! I thought he'd never finish.*

Suddenly, his body collapsed on top of hers, his soft mouth kissing the base of her throat. Her eyes narrowed in exasperation. She felt cheated. For the last few weeks, she'd been taking care to flirt with him, to flutter her lashes at him, and to make it known that he need only say the word to have her body. The previous weekend had finally been a success. They'd had many drinks, and he'd not refused her request to stay for a few hours. It hadn't been ideal, but it had been much better than what had just occurred between them. This time, he couldn't use liquor as an excuse.

Rosmerta rallied her strength and pushed him off of her in a huff. She opened her mouth to let him down politely, but he spoke before she could.

"I'm not ready again just yet," he said. "You'll have to let me rest for a moment." He seemed so smug and looked as if he'd just had the best shag of his life.

This infuriated her.

"You can keep waiting, Severus! You'll not be invited back into my bed again!" she spit out in a rush.

He sat up quickly, eyes narrowed. "And what, may I ask, are you on about?"

"Last week you had too much too drink! This week... I don't know what the hell the problem is! You exude sensuality, and yet..." Feeling spiteful and utterly frustrated, she reached down to touch herself. "Shall I show you how it's done then?"

Severus slid off the tall bed and found his wand. She shrank back into her bed, afraid he'd hex her, and sighed in relief as he cleaned himself and began donning his underpants and robes. He didn't spare her a glance, angering her further.

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked incredulously. He simply shrugged as he fastened his robes, but she thought she detected a slight frown. *Perhaps I've been too hard on him. I just couldn't stand the disappointment.* "Severus, I've just wanted you for so long that I guess I imagined it to be something that it isn't. Maybe we can try..."

"No," he said curtly, interrupting her. "I'll not be back again."

She scooted forward and clutched the duvet to her body. "I didn't mean to be so forceful with my words. Really."

"You were clearly enjoying yourself, Madam, and now... you dare to say that you didn't," he said dangerously, eyes lifting to meet hers. "Are you so practiced at fucking that you can fake bliss?"

The malice in his gaze caused her to panic. Perhaps insulting Severus Snape hadn't been prudent, but she couldn't back down now. Maybe if she explained, he'd understand. "Look at my breast," she said, lowering the duvet to reveal her reddened flesh. "It felt like you sucked the bloody skin off of it!" When he said nothing, she went on, "I don't think I'll be able to walk tomorrow, and I'm certain it's *not* from your girth...but from the way you tried to shove your entire hand in me and pinched at my flesh!"

"Perhaps, Bess, if you wouldn't be the local whore and always find the time to fuck everyone, I might have actually been able to feel what I was getting." He sneered when her mouth gaped open in shock. "Yes, wet and large, not a good combination." He turned on his heel and headed for the door. "Perhaps a shrinking potion or spell would work."

"You've cut me to the quick," she said honestly, not believing his harsh words, though hurt by them nonetheless. "You wouldn't have come back if you hadn't liked it the first time."

"Well, I couldn't rightly remember... the alcohol, you see. Now, I know." He shrugged. "It seems I didn't miss much." With a nasty smile, he nodded. "Do have a good night." He opened the door and didn't pause as she spoke her final words to him.

"Once you learn how to handle a woman and own up to what you've done wrong, come back, and I might forgive you for saying that." Since he said nothing, she added,

"Until then, keep that right little menace hidden beneath your robes!"

The door shut with a snap, and Rosmerta brought her hands to her head in dismay. "That didn't turn out like I'd planned." She knew she shouldn't have said anything and simply turned him away if he would have approached her again, but she'd been so frustrated that she couldn't help it. She'd always had problems keeping her honest opinions to herself. "I'm sorry, Severus." She'd maybe owl him to make up for her rude, hurtful words.

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"Fucking bitch," Severus said angrily as he made his way down the stairs and out of the pub. *How dare she!* He slammed the door with satisfaction and ran right into the Charms professor, Hermione Granger. Flitwick had decided to go on an extended holiday, so she'd been given his job until he returned.

"Sorry, Professor Snape," she said, moving aside.

"Watch where you're going, girl!" he bit out, still angry with Rosmerta and her unkind words, the slapper.

"Oh, honestly! Do you always have to be so rude? *You* were the one who ran into me," she said impudently, brushing past him.

"Then why, *Professor* Granger, would you apologize for something of which you had no fault?" He enjoyed pointing out her blunders, especially when it made her flush in anger. She normally continued to bumble about with her words, making things worse for herself. She surprised him this time, however, as she sighed in defeat.

"You'll never accept me as an equal, will you? You'll never change." She didn't even wait for a reply, turning away from him.

With narrowed eyes, he watched her sashay away and into the pub. Wouldn't it be delightful to follow her, give her a false apology, seduce her, and have Bess see it? He shook his head. That would show that bitch that he still had sex appeal and could get someone much younger and more beautiful than she. He paused and frowned. *No, not her. Never her.* He couldn't think of Granger without thinking of Potter, and if Granger ever found her way into his bed, it would be like having Potter there. "Hell no!" he said aloud, startling an older witch.

He made his way back to his quarters and paced before his fire, thinking of ways to make Bess pay for what she'd said. It had been ~~she~~ *she* who was lacking. When he'd said that she was too large, he'd been truthful. It wasn't all that bad, but once she was aroused, it was very slippery, and he felt as if he couldn't get any traction. Quickly pulling his clothing away, he looked at himself in the mirror. "It's not small!" he grumbled. "Above average even... sort of."

As part of his punishment for not delivering Potter to him years prior, Voldemort had hexed Severus, leaving him impotent. The sick man would test him periodically to make certain that the hex had not been reversed. He shook his head as he thought of the women the Dark Lord would send to test him. It wasn't safe to lift it until the Dark Lord's demise, but by then, it had affected him more than he'd ever thought possible. It seemed that it had been on so long, the effects were becoming permanent.

It was hard to get an erection, and it was easy to lose it once he had it. If he became distracted and stopped concentrating on what he was doing, his arousal would ebb. When he did manage to get turned on enough to keep it up, release would find him quickly. He sneered at his reflection. It was as if the damn pesky thing was so excited to be shagging again that it had to quickly explode in triumph.

Maybe it was time to make a potion to help this. He'd never wanted to do it, manly pride and all that, but her words had bothered him more than she'd ever know. Every time she'd seen him, she'd been practically all over him. He hadn't wanted her in that way, but when she'd made herself so readily available, it had been hard to turn down. He should have stuck to his normal activities. The paid women that he'd had since lifting the spell had said nothing about his problem, though he could sometimes sense their frustration. However, the whores at least kept silent about it!

He'd show Bess Rosmerta if it were the last thing he'd do in life. He walked bare-arsed into the next room and looked for a book that would hold the instructions for the potion he'd need to brew.

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It had been three weeks since Severus had left the Three Broomsticks in anger. His potion was finally complete, and he was ready to test it out. He downed a phial and made his way to the small pub he sometimes frequented on Knockturn Alley. Once there, he sat at the bar and requested a glass of whisky. He drank it slowly, looking around at the prospects.

There was a woman a few chairs from him that had a nice body, but when she turned to face him, he nearly fell from his stool. She was the most hideous woman he'd ever seen. He might be willing to accept a more homely woman, but he wasn't so desperate as to take *that thing* to bed. He quickly looked elsewhere and noted that most of the women were already dallying with men.

"Want a refill, do you?" asked the witch behind the bar.

"I do," he said, taking in her face and body. *Acceptable*, he thought, quickly planning a strategy to have her. "Do you normally work here?"

"Oh, no, me uncle owns the place. I'm just helping out, I am." She smiled sweetly and handed his glass back to him.

The smile made her prettier. He watched as she moved away to help other patrons, long dark hair swaying with her movements. Her breasts were huge, and her hips were very wide. *Very acceptable. I'm on the thin side, and she's on the large side. We'll complement each other, and neither of us are perfect or will expect perfection in return.*

"Hello, handsome," a sultry voice said from his right.

He turned to find a beautiful woman leaning on the bar. "Hello."

"I see you looking at her, and I have to warn you that she's taken," said the woman.

"By you?" Severus asked, raising an eyebrow, hardening slightly as he thought of two women in bed... naked and kissing. Perhaps he could join them.

The woman's rich laugh filled the air. "No, the bloke in the corner is her man. Rough man, that one." She leaned closer and whispered, "I have all you need."

"Is that right?" he asked. Well, this was quite easy.

"Come on."

Severus rose, left a tip on the counter, and followed the witch he'd be testing himself with. His eyes dropped down to take in her body. She was quite tall and much smaller than the woman behind the counter. Her lean arse moved from side to side in an attempt to entice him, he was certain. He didn't care though. He wanted to fuck her and see if she enjoyed it... to see if he enjoyed it. His cock hardened even more.

Her small flat wasn't far from the pub, and she immediately began to undress. "Do you have Galleons?"

"How many?"

"Fifteen to fuck. Ten to suck. A little more if you want anything strange or extra."

Stopping to think of it for a moment, Severus nodded. "Very well. Fifteen it is then," he said. He began casting protection charms on himself and then cast a few charms on her. "One can never be too sure," he said when she looked at him questioningly. He quickly counted out her Galleons, unfastened his trousers, and pushed down his underpants, allowing his bulging erection to spring free.

The woman was quickly on her knees before him. "Oh, yes, yes," she mumbled, running her fingers along his length and giving him a squeeze. "If you want anal, I will allow it. No extra charge. I prefer it actually."

"While that is tempting, I do believe I'd like to do this the normal way," he said, smirking. He was thinking of many different things, and his hardness remained. It seemed that the potion was working. Confidence building, he said, "Lie down. Open for me."

"Oh, I do love a man who knows what he wants," the woman said, giving a throaty chuckle. She eased back onto the bed after pushing her knickers down and revealed her treasure to him.

His brow furrowed as he noticed the amount of hair she had. *Good Lord, it's a jungle down there.* He wondered if it would be rude to spell the offending hair away. Deciding against asking, he moved closer and pushed aside the crinkly hair, but instead of seeing what he sought, he found a small shriveled bit of skin, resembling a pod. Upon further inspection, he saw some dangly bits as well. The woman had a... penis!

Severus jumped back so quickly that he tripped over his trousers. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked, pointing between her... er... his... its legs. He couldn't believe it! She was a he! How could he have not known? Then he realized: the deep voice, the height, the build, the request for anal sex, and damn, why had he not noticed the rather large Adam's apple on her... his throat.

"Oh, sorry." The woman-like man grabbed his wand, flicked it, and mumbled a charm. "I am saving up for my surgery. St. Mungo's won't let me pay on time." The voice was much deeper. "They taught me how to Transfigure it for now to resemble what I want, but it never lasts. Nor will it lubricate on its own like the real thing, but I'm told it feels all right. Now, where were we?"

"We are *nowhere*," Severus said, completely horrified, already fastening his trousers. "You can go fuck yourself, you bloody queer!" He fled before the man could say another word to him. He Disapparated to the castle and ran to his quarters to take a shower.

*My God! I nearly had sex with a man! How many others has that bastard fooled? More importantly, have I ever fallen for that sort of trickery?* He couldn't believe that a queer man... Was he queer if he wanted to be a woman and planned on having a surgery? "Bloody transvestite, that's what!" Scrubbing away at his own bits, he swore to never sleep with another witch that he didn't at least know or trust. "God! What if I had kissed him?" He allowed the shower spray to hit his mouth full force, as if cleaning away the thought of kissing the man.

He stopped and began laughing loudly. He was still semi-hard, even after all that. Perhaps he could market this potion. "I'll show you yet, Bess," he said, shaking his fist in the direction that Hogsmeade was located. "What I need is a better test subject, someone I know and can easily fluster, someone without a big mouth, someone respectful," he mused. "But who?"

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Making his way to the Great Hall for the evening meal, Severus noticed someone was bent over in a corridor to his left. From the shape of the arse waving about in the air, he'd say it was a female, doubtfully a student because of the dress; he thought it to be a nice arse, well rounded and firm. When she straightened and tossed her wild mane of hair, he knew it to be Hermione. That's when it clicked. She was the answer to his problems. She was always respectful and seemed to keep to herself. Why not seduce her? *Potter*, a voice whispered.

"Damn," he muttered.

"Sorry?" she asked, hearing him speak.

*To hell with Potter.* "I wondered if you needed any assistance?" he asked, making certain that his voice took on a friendly lilt.

"I was lacing up my boots."

"Where are you going dressed like that?" he asked, eyeing the light blue fabric that gathered around her waist flatteringly. The long flaring sleeves were a nice touch, reminiscent of something distinguished witches wore.

"Well, I was supposed to have a date, but he cancelled. I just haven't changed, but I was on my way back to my quarters to do so," she said, tone low and seemingly disappointed.

"Tonight there will be beef stew as one of the main courses," he blurted. *What the hell?* "And I am not in the mood for it. Since you are dressed... and I am dressed, *Of course you're dressed you bumbling idiot*, perhaps we could go into town and share a meal...something more appealing."

He watched as her cheeks reddened and her eyes widened. He might have known that she'd turn him down. What in the world had possessed him to think that she'd be easy to seduce? Was he so desperate that he'd try to corner a witch so young, a witch so... Potter friendly? No. He didn't need her.

"All right," she agreed, albeit with reluctance.

*On second thought... perhaps my plan isn't a bad one.* "Very well. Shall we go to the gates? I can Disapparate us from there."

She simply nodded and followed him closely. They met a few students and Sinistra on their way out. All looked at them curiously, likely never guessing that they were on their way out for a date. *Good Lord. A date!* He eyed the young woman at his side closely as they neared the Apparition point. She held out her hand so that he could Side-Along her to their destination, but he ignored it, pulling her close to him and causing her to gasp.

*Crack!*

"The Greengrass Pub?" she questioned and then looked down at her clothing. "Is this all right?"

He nodded. "It's fine." Remembering that he was supposed to be seducing her, he added, "You look nice."

"Oh." She smiled faintly. "Thanks."

Severus paused to look at his own clothing. He was in his normal black robes. Shrugging, he offered her his arm. He was pleased when she curled her own around it without hesitation. He led her inside.

"Reservations?" the witch asked.

"No, but I'd hoped you might have an extra table this evening," he said cordially, hoping there would be an opening. He hadn't thought of that when he'd impulsively picked this particular eatery.

The witch looked over her books and then glanced back through the doorway behind her. She grimaced slightly. "There's one near the kitchen. Nobody ever wants that

one."

"We'll take it," Severus said after Hermione nodded that she didn't mind.

"Right then," the witch said. "Follow me." Once at the table, she said, "Here are your two menus. Just tell it what you'd like, and your order will appear a few minutes later. Someone will be round to collect the fee before you leave. Just motion to any of us. Have a good meal."

"Thank you," Hermione said to the girl.

Severus pulled her chair out for her and then made his way to his chair, positioned to face her. He asked, "Wine?"

"Red please."

He ordered the wine, and it instantly appeared...along with two wineglasses. "Allow me." He filled their glasses and said, "To a quiet evening of good food."

She lifted her glass and nodded. After a sip and a moment of silence, she asked, "What's going on? Why are you being nice to me?"

"Why, you act as if I am incapable of normal conversation with a colleague," he said indignantly. "I often frequent the staff room, unlike yourself."

"I know you treat most of your colleagues as your equals, but you've never been that way with me." Her eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Why now?"

Sarcastically, he said, "Well, I suppose I was walking down the corridor, saw you there, and instantly decided that I would like to seduce you... bring you down to my dungeons and have my wicked way with you."

Hermione began laughing loudly, nearly spraying the sip of wine all over. "Oh, God, and you have a sense of humor!"

*Who's joking?* he thought, smirking inwardly. This was just too easy. "I thought about what you said a few weeks back when I met you in Hogsmeade. Perhaps it is unfair to judge you just because you are Potter's friend. I suppose I should think of you as a colleague and not a former student."

Obviously touched by his words, she said, "Thank you, Professor. I appreciate that."

"Severus."

"So be it. Call me Hermione in return."

"Very well."

They spoke easily while they ate, and they remained at their table long after they'd finished their meal. Severus had steered the conversation away from her friends, Potter and Weasley, numerous times, enabling them to talk about something that wouldn't have him annoyed or associating her with them and their past years as students...even though they'd been out of school for a few years. He found himself more than once trying to remember how she looked as a student. She was much the same in height, but she'd put on a little weight and had gained a nice shape. Her hair was still a mass of waves and bushiness, but he didn't mind. It suited her. Her face had thinned out, giving her an older look. He wondered what she thought of him. Would she be easily persuaded to join him for a night of pleasure?

"I really must be getting back. I have to be up early in the morning," she said regretfully.

*That answers that bloody question!* "Would you care to join me tomorrow night in my chambers for a meal? I find that I've quite enjoyed myself," he heard himself saying.

After a short deliberation, she nodded. "What time?"

"Would eight be too late?" He had to make his rounds before that and wanted enough time to prepare things.

"That will be fine," she agreed.

Severus escorted her back to her quarters, simply kissing her hand and walking away. It wouldn't be prudent to scare her off. He'd have a nice set up waiting for her. Women loved romantic dinners... not that he'd taken many to one, but his trusty new magazine had many articles on what women wanted and liked. Quite helpful, that.

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Hermione bit back a laugh when Severus led her into his chambers. It was the most obvious set up she'd ever seen. He'd prepared a table for two in his study near the grate, which was lit and had a low flame. There were only a small number of candles lit, leaving the room shadowy, yet comfortable. In the corner near a door that likely led to his bedroom was a large harp, which played a nice tune...though somewhat off key.

"Here you are," he said, pulling out her chair.

She sat down and looked at the set up before her: wine, fancy serving plates filled with numerous choices of foods, candles. He was trying to be romantic... trying to lure her into wanting something more than dinner... trying to impress her.

He sat down in a chair next to her instead of taking the one across from her. Without asking if she wanted any, he filled her glass with wine. "I hope you don't mind that I've taken the liberty of choosing our meal," he said silkily.

*God... that voice. It's really seductive when he wants it to be,* she thought with an internal sigh. "You seem to have picked things that I like, so there is no harm done."

"Excellent," he said, taking a large drink from his glass and pouring himself a bit more. "I was wondering..." A loud banging on his door interrupted him. "Damn." He looked at her apologetically. "I'm sorry, but it might be something important."

"Oh, it's fine," she said, waving him away.

Though he'd gone into the next room, she could hear him clearly. "What is it?" he asked impatiently.

The voice of Madam Hooch sounded, "You'd better get your arse over to your little snakes' common room and find out which ones were just out on their brooms flying over the pitch and casting scorching spells on the grass below!"

"Rolanda," he greeted, irritation in his voice. "How can you be certain that the students were Slytherin?"

"Because they scorched the words *Slytherin Rules* into the grass on the pitch, that's how! I want you to find out who... Hang on! What's with the dim lighting and the music?"

"That is none of your concern," he said curtly.

"So... got tired of beating the old Bludger, eh? Seeking out a Snitch, are you? Have yourself a date in there, do you? Sinistra maybe? I hear she's quite taken with some new bloke."

"Absolutely not," he returned. "If you will excuse me?"

"Oh, right, but remember: I want to know who did it, and I'd better see a fair amount of points taken for it *My pitch better be fixed by noon tomorrow... or else*," Hooch warned.

"It shall be."

Hermione heard the door snap closed, and a moment later, Severus returned. "I will have to be gone for a few minutes." It was clear that he was angry. "Do you mind terribly?"

"No, go ahead. I'll be fine." She nodded to the wine bottle. "I'll have another glass while waiting."

The moment he left, she finally laughed. *The poor guy just isn't getting a break, is he?* She thought it interesting that he never even glanced her way, aside from the times he made snide comments or hassled her about something, and here he was trying to woo her. Rising from her chair, she moved over to some of his shelves to scan his books. Most were on potions or defense techniques, but there were a few fictional works that she recognized. This impressed her greatly. As she turned to go back to her chair, a thin magazine caught her attention. She pulled it out and gasped in shock. "What in the world?" It was open to an article that was titled "Coping With an Assault From Someone of the Same Sex."

Not wanting to be caught with the magazine, she quickly pushed it back where she'd found it and moved back to the table. *Poor Severus. Has he experienced that? Has some male assaulted him?* She certainly hoped not and didn't want to think of anyone suffering from any type of attack...much less someone like Severus. She heard the door open and looked toward the door, smiling when he returned. To her disappointment, he seemed disgruntled and in a bad mood.

"Well, I hope the spell I chanted to keep the food warm didn't wear off," he complained. "Not that I have an appetite right now after dealing with those dunderheads."

"I'm sure it's fine," she tried to soothe.

"What would you like first?" he asked.

Mustering her courage, Hermione decided to let all pretenses drop. She knew what he wanted, and she wanted it, too. Taking a quick sip of her wine, she put her glass down and moved forward to say, "I confess that I ate a snack earlier and am not all that hungry at the moment."

"Indeed?" Severus asked, arching an eyebrow. "And what do you suggest?"

"Why don't we save this for after?"

"After?"

"After we make love," she said bluntly, flashing him a mischievous smile.

His other eyebrow rose to join the first in surprise. "And what gives you the idea that would be an acceptable course of action?" he asked after his initial shock faded away.

Hermione pointedly looked around, nodded to the harp and to the table before them. "It reeks of a romantic prelude to lovemaking." He said nothing, only stared at her, dark eyes penetrating her gaze. "If I'm wrong, please let me know so that I can drink myself into oblivion."

He lifted his pale, long-fingered hand and cupped her cheek. "That will not be necessary." He leaned forward and placed his lips against hers, kissing her chastely. He pulled back to see her reaction. When he saw her eyes open, sparkling with returned desire, he felt emboldened, moving again to press his lips against hers. This time he parted his lips in invitation, and she immediately did the same. Their tongues met, tangled, and explored in continuous foray for several minutes.

Severus finally pulled away, breathing heavily. At some point, he'd pulled her onto his lap, and their hands had started wandering in attempt to learn the other's secrets. He enjoyed the flush upon her cheeks and the way her eyes coyly peered up at him. This was no Knockturn Alley witch or no Rosmerta. She was different. This was different. He could feel it in his bones.

"Have you done this before?" he asked suddenly, wanting to kick himself for asking something so ridiculous.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Often?"

"Not in a long while," she said. "Have you?"

"Of course," he said immediately and then laughed loudly, causing her to giggle. Who else but her would ask if he'd ever had sex? Not sex. Making love, she'd called it. His laughter faded. "No," he whispered. He needn't explain anything to her, for she seemed to understand. Without a word, she rose and held out her hand.

He took it and led her to his chambers. There were two candles lit, one on either side of the bed. Severus felt that low lighting was better than darkness or bright lights as it gave the room a certain atmosphere suitable for his plans. His duvet had already been pulled down, and his pillows had already been fluffed in anticipation. When they reached the bed, he was surprised that she reached up to slowly unfasten his robes, eyes not leaving his. In return, he matched her actions, unlacing hers at a languid pace.

When he was in naught but his underpants, she leaned close and placed a few small kisses on his chest. Before he could put his hands on her, she stepped away and back, allowing him to gaze at her body appreciatively. Hermione reached back behind her and unfastened her bra, leisurely pulling down one strap at a time before letting it fall away to her feet. Severus' gaze traveled down her body to the floor where the garment lay next to her perfectly painted toenails. His lips curved up in a small smile, and lust drove him to take in every inch of her bare legs as his gaze traveled back up.

Her breasts were to his liking, each a handful in itself. Her nipples were small and rosy and begging to be kissed. *Gently*, he thought, remembering Rosmerta's cold words. He stepped forward and placed his hands on her shoulders as his lips claimed hers. In an unhurried fashion, his hands slid down to gently fondle her breasts for a moment, but he ended up resting them on either side of her waist, kneading her soft flesh while their kiss lasted.

Once over, he gazed into her eyes while hooking his fingers into her knickers. As he slid them down, he moved with them, ending up on his knees when they were at her feet. His eyes then left hers and lowered to eye the neatly trimmed thatch of dark hair at the juncture of her thighs. *At least no bloke's cock is going to spring out at me*, he thought thankfully. He was suddenly overwhelmed with the need to taste her. In a series of abrupt movements, he had her lying on top of his bed with her parted legs dangling over the sides with him kneeling between them.

Tentatively, he used one hand to caress her, relishing in her jerky movements and small gasps. His mouth lowered, and then he knew the joy of Hermione, savoring her flesh. When he circled her clitoris, flicking his tongue forcefully, she moaned and pulled at his hair, so he carried on, using one finger to explore her depths.

*Hot and wet and wanting me*, repeated continuously in his mind. In no time at all, Hermione cried out in a series of gasps and moans, her legs stiffening and her entire body convulsing. He pulled back to watch her. Her eyes were closed, she was breathing heavily, and there was a small, contented smile upon her lips.

Hermione's eyes opened when he stood again. He watched her as she watched him push down his underpants, revealing his jutting, firm erection. He knew only a moment of trepidation, but he was reassured when she smiled and scooted back, opening her arms in invitation. He crawled onto the bed and positioned himself between her

thighs.

"I want to kiss you," he said uncertainly, not knowing if she would mind being kissed after what he'd just done.

"Then do it," she replied.

As his lips took hers, he felt her hands on his body. One was on his back and sliding down to cup his arse, and the other... "Ahhh." The other hand had slid down to firmly stroke him. "I may not last if you keep that up."

"Fill me," she said. "I want you inside of me."

Severus groaned and said, "I will be." He kissed her quickly and then trailed down to her breasts, tenderly laving and suckling each peak until she was arching against him and pulling at his body.

Their eyes met and locked as she guided him to her entrance. When her legs locked behind his thighs, he eased in bit by bit, enjoying the wet heat that sheathed him tightly. He ridiculously felt as if her body had been made for him, and once he was buried all the way in, he closed his eyes and paused. Her lips found his throat and shoulder, urging him on. His pace was unhurried, but she didn't seem to mind, using her hands and mouth to show him that all was well.

The squeaking of the bed and the tapping of the headboard mingled with their heavy breathing and moans of pleasure, adding to the air of intimacy. Severus relished it...every part of it. Together they turned over, seemingly not missing a beat, and Hermione pressed her hands against his chest as she moved, gyrating her hips and grinding herself against him when she'd come down. Suddenly, their pace turned frantic. He began thrusting up in earnest, wanting to feel more of her and believing that he could now that their positions had changed.

In a cry of triumph, he felt the most pleasant thing imaginable as Hermione once again began convulsing. This time, however, he was buried deep within and could feel her inner flesh pulsating around him, could feel the extreme heat and wetness gripping him and urging him to follow her. He could hold on no longer.

"Yesssss," he hissed when he realized that his release had found him. Several grunts and groans later, he realized that she'd collapsed on top of him and appeared to be as winded as he was, hair damp and body lightly dampened with sweat.

He'd never had a more satisfying experience with any woman. Severus' eyes widened as realization dawned on him *I never took my potion tonight.* He smiled goofily. *I did this on my own. Ha! Take that, Rosmerta, stick it in your mead, and drink it!*

"All right?" Hermione asked, noticing the smile upon his lips.

"More than all right," he said. And he realized that he meant it. What's more, he hadn't thought of Potter once all evening. So the idea of not wanting her because of her associations had been ridiculous. Pushing those thoughts away, he kissed her contentedly. He didn't need a potion to make him into some sex god. Not when he had the right woman to complement him. But how to keep her? Would she want to be kept? Time would tell. "You?" he asked.

"I'm actually famished now," she said, grinning slyly. "We've worked up an appetite, I'd say."

"Indeed." He kissed her again, not able to get enough. "Would you like one of my nightshirts?"

"Please."

"Very well. I'll get one for you." He eased away from her and walked over to his wardrobe, not caring that he was completely naked. Once he found shirts for each of them, he moved back to the bed and pulled his wand from the pocket of his discarded robes. He pointed it at her first, cleaning away the evidence of their coupling. "Here," he said, handing her the shirt before cleaning his own body and donning his shirt.

"Tonight has been really... good," she said nearly inaudibly.

"I agree." He held out his hand. "Come with me."

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Rosmerta grinned when she saw Severus saunter in. It had been nearly three months since they'd had their argument. She was glad to see that he'd finally come back. She'd sent an owl with an apology a few weeks after, but he'd never returned it.

"Severus," she greeted warily.

"Bess," he said with a nod. "I'll have a glass of brandy if you don't mind."

"My, your tastes have changed. No whisky?"

"Just the brandy," he said.

She could tell that he was uncomfortable. She quickly summoned a glass and bottle. After she filled the glass and gave it to him, she placed the bottle in front of him. "Did you get my owl?"

"I did."

"And?"

"And what?" he asked, eyeing her darkly.

"Are we all right?"

He waved his hand dismissively. "If you like." He took a big gulp of his drink.

She brought up something that she'd been told. "Hooch tells me that you've been secretly seeing someone for the past couple of months... often...even entertaining in your quarters on the weekends."

He lowered his glass and glared at her. "I missed the part where that was any of your business, Bess," he said coldly.

"Do you not," she swallowed nervously, "remember what I told you?"

After a nasty sneer, he said, "I don't remember much... nor do I want to."

"Fine," she bit out. "I'm just trying to make amends and am even..." Her voice trailed away as a young brunette made her way to Severus' side and kissed his cheek.

"Sorry I'm late," Hermione said. "You know how hard it is to get away from Minerva once she's on about something. I finally had to leave her in that shop. She started talking to the owners and wouldn't leave."

"I can imagine," he replied, flashing a small, yet welcoming smile at her. "Ready? Or would you like a drink before we go?"

"No, I'm fine," she replied. Her eyes met Rosmerta's. "Hello, Madam Rosmerta."

"Hello," she returned evenly. *Why that little imp!*

"I wish we could stay and chat, but we'll miss the opening act." The brunette smirked and winked when Snape stood, tossed some money onto the bar, and straightened his coat.

Rosmerta nodded and gazed at her knowingly. "You're a very lucky woman, Professor Granger. I was just asking Severus here if he'd like to stay for a while and was turned down."

Snape scowled at her and took Hermione's hand to lead her away without another word.

Hermione looked back after Severus entered the grate to Floo to their destination. "Thank you," she mouthed with a small whisper.

Rosmerta waved her away, but she would spend the rest of the night wondering how things might have turned out if she hadn't been so cold to Severus. Would it ~~be~~ that was being escorted out? Somehow she didn't think so. She saw the way he looked at Hermione. He'd never looked her way in such a fashion. "I suppose he's finally found himself." She smirked. "Bet he doesn't know that she and I became friends after she got that teaching job. Ha!" At that moment, Remus Lupin walked in. "Hmmm. Where is Tonks, I wonder? Perhaps they've had another argument. Let me see if I can assist him. He looks so dejected."

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**Southern's Notes:** This was a response to the SexGod!Snape Challenge that PlaidPooka and I issued over at Potter Place. It's a bit long, and I wanted it to be humorous, but after I wrote the first scene with Rosmerta, I realized it wouldn't be much of a comedy. Ah, well, eh?

Anyway, I hope you've enjoyed Snape's "transformation" from a slacker in bed to sex god status, though he truly didn't need a potion... only the right, patient, giving woman. Cheers. You can decide on your own what to make of Rosmerta and Hermione...knowing looks, winks, and thanks. Conspirators? Hmmm...

*Thanks also go to CocoaChristy for reading over this and giving me her opinion.*

**SexGod!Snape Makeover Challenge Information:**

*By Southern\_Witch\_69 & PlaidPooka*

**Rules:**

One-Shot story only (at least 1000 words is only limit)

The pairing must be SS/HG (to be archived at Ashwinder or the Petulant Poetess in special folders created specifically for the challenge)

Post or Pre HBP (either acceptable)

No intentional errors / author's notes this time (whew!)

Any genre allowed (We adore parodies.)

Any rating allowed

After the deadline has passed, we will have a vote on the stories.

-----The deadline will be April 1st since we are "fooling" around.

**Tentative Premises (Not Mandatory...for ideas only):**

1. Snape has shagged someone (We don't care who it was.) and now feels a bit lacking after his performance (for whatever reason). He creates a potion to make him into a Sex!God (be it for endurance, looks, lust, anything). No woman will be able to deny his skills at the art of shagging after that. He decides to practice on Hermione.
2. The war is finally over, and Voldemort has been defeated. For the first time in years, Severus has the time to take a good look at himself...inside and/or outside, and he doesn't like what he sees. What does he decide to do about it, and how shall he accomplish it?
3. Severus has just created a Viagra Potion, but bloody hell... He shouldn't have tested it on himself.

**\*\*Remember to post your links at our Yahoo!Group, Potter\_Place, to let us know so that we can come have a read and later vote on it. \*\***

Group Link: <http://www.potterplace.com/>