

The Tale Between Her Legs

by Knowi Tall

Severus and Hermione can't deny the passion burning between them.

or, Knowi Tall Writes a Porno

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus and Hermione can't deny the passion burning between them.

What the familiar imagined saw dreamt up thought she might see....

His lips crashed onto hers, and when she gasped in surprise, his tongue began a dance that would eventually lead to a throbbing cock and to salty-sweet juices dripping from a hot, moist place.

She squirmed beneath his onslaught, yodelling in unthinking response to the never-ending waves of pleasure his prickly tongue produced.

Severus purred silkily. He'd known his queen wouldn't put up much resistance, but this audible affirmation of her approbation was even more than he had expected.

He lifted his lips from hers and prepared to move into position.

"No! *Please!*" Hermione cried. "More!" she demanded.

How could he, Severus Snape, fail to comply?

He licked her from tip to tail, deftly appeasing her anxious ardour before he dared to move behind her once again.

A shrill yowl was torn from her throat as he slid into the tight sheath wet sheath of her most secret place.

Again and again, Severus plunged his turgid, weeping member into Hermione's slick, warm depths. She cried out again, and he bit harder into her swan-like neck.

Her wails were like a banshee's; his guttural grunts sounded like those of a Mountain Troll on the hunt for wizard flesh. Her cries rose to a shrieking crescendo, igniting the fires of his passion as he thrust in and out like a butter churn's staff.

At last, he released her neck – covering the bite marks with sweet, sensual kisses – and withdrew completely. Hermione screamed even louder as the spines on his still pulsating penis scraped against her vaginal walls, flooding her with satisfaction and preparing her body for ovulation.

The lovers fell apart, breathing hard from their exertions, and Severus wisely beat a hasty retreat before Hermione's claws could score his pelt.

The wizard smiled to himself from the shadows outside the nest of their basket.

Hermione would call for him again, he knew. Soon.

A/N: This fan fiction was translated from Familiarish to English using sub-standard human methods. Any mistakes and misrepresentations are the fault of the translator. I bear no responsibility for any misguided ideas presented herein.

Disclaimer: My Severus and his Hermione are the property of JK Rowling, without whom I would also not exist.