

Do Tell

by TeddyRadiator

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Anti-Litigation Charm: None of these characters belong to me. They are the property of JKR, who, in my humble opinion, should have taken better care of them, or they wouldn't be running around, screwing like bunnies now.

Many, many thanks to my beta, stgulik. How I managed to get anything posted before this wondrous, talented woman came on board is still a mystery. Thank you for not letting me have poor Severus break his own drinking rule.

This is dedicated to Madeleine, who issued the challenge at hpcon_envy: SS/HG, at Hogwarts, in the headmasters office, doing something kinky. Felt like a great little challenge to me....

Severus Snape always drank like a man who would like to drink more.

As the newly-reinstated Headmaster of Hogwarts, he was perfectly aware of his position and the need to be like Caesar's wife above reproach. He also knew just how much drink clouded his judgment; and where a certain young witch was concerned, his judgment was already a little shaky. This was why he was stopping at one glass of firewhisky, when he dearly longed for three.

She had finally come to him. He had been fairly, smugly sure she would, eventually. He and Professor Hermione Granger had been doing this furtive little dance for almost a year now, and his patience, as formidable as it was, was starting to wear down. *About bloody time, and all*

But why tonight? he thought, feeling her magical signature shimmering against his wards. Why had she not taken any of a dozen earlier opportunities to sort out her feelings and give in?

Severus looked at the bottle of firewhisky and pondered his glass. No. He needed to have his wits about him. Hermione Granger might be almost twenty years his junior, but she could smell bullshit a mile away.

How long had it been since it started? How long since their original formal interactions relaxed into casual conversations, which gradually took on a light teasing note? When did teasing turn to flirting, and when did flirting start creeping into thinly veiled innuendoes, which turned into smoldering flames that scorched both of them and sent them scuttling to their respective rooms to find some relief?

And could someone tell him when the other professors started running a betting pool behind their backs, the odds getting better with every passing day?

School had been out for the summer for almost two weeks when he offered to help her with her Arithmancy tables. As one of Britain's most highly acclaimed Arithmancers, Hermione was often called upon for various Ministry matters, but this particular project was giving her trouble with the averages, and she had decided she needed a fresh pair of eyes. She had asked Severus if he would mind giving her a hand, and he had agreed to meet with her the following Saturday afternoon.

After hours of pouring over volumes of calculations and parchments in the library, Hermione stretched luxuriously, giving Severus a lovely view of her bust, and sighed, "What I wouldn't give for some really good Honeydukes chocolate right now."

Severus made a little sound of concurrence. "Dark, though. It has to be dark."

Hermione grinned. "Now why doesn't that surprise me?"

Severus smirked and allowed himself a stretch as well. "When I was a student here, there was a campaign to have the house-elves smuggle Honeydukes into the Slytherin Common Room. It never happened, and I never had any money for it anyway, but I used to sit up here and fantasise about calling the house-elves for chocolate."

Hermione tilted her head flirtatiously. "Fantasise about chocolate? Now that does surprise me, Headmaster." She lowered her eyes coquettishly. "I would have bet money your fantasies ran a little darker than dark chocolate."

Severus gave her his most inscrutable expression. "You think so, do you?" He leaned forward, narrowing his eyes. "And in what sort of fantasies does my Arithmancy Professor indulge?"

"Oh, you'd be surprised," she shot back in mock seriousness, but there was something in her eyes that sparked a hot little spot in Severus' solar plexus. Something that made him think Hermione Granger's fantasies might just be an education in and of themselves.

Deciding to push her buttons a little more, he crossed his arms and tapped a long finger against his lips. "Let's see what could be Professor Granger's ultimate fantasy? Achieving a 97th percentile on this Ministry Arithmancy matrix? I can only imagine the thrill of it," he drawled languidly. "Making that little fantasy come true would be positively mind-blowing."

"I'll thank you not to sneer, Headmaster. I will achieve it as well!" she retorted, shuffling through her parchments, trying to look offended and failing miserably. With a laugh that made his trousers feel a little snug, she declared, "That's one fantasy that's coming true on this project, or else!"

He toasted her with an inkwell and his second best smirk. "Well, then. Here's to all your fantasies coming true, Professor."

She wrinkled her nose at him, which was a trait of hers he realised he found endearing. "Be careful what you wish for, Headmaster. You just might just get it."

He stood as the chimes rang for the lunch hour. In an uncharacteristically mischievous tone of voice, he leaned in close and murmured quietly into her ear, "If you only knew what I truly wished for, Professor, you might find it safer to stick to my chocolate fantasy."

With that, he swept from the room, leaving her staring after him. Right at the last minute, he decided not to turn around *Leave 'em with nothing to remember you by than your cologne and your masculine mystique*, he reminded himself. *BURN 'em with it.*

The storm had loomed low on the horizon, and the wind started blowing in from the west. Soon the late afternoon heat collided with the evening's cool breezes, and thunder had rolled across the land toward Hogwarts. Lightning streaked the sky, and before Severus knew it, all hell had broken loose and he was treated to a spectacular light show.

He was standing at his window, enjoying his whisky to the accompanying crash and roll of the storm, when his wards shimmered, and he knew she was on the other side of the door.

He wordlessly dropped the wards to allow her into his private study the one with no portraits. She was here. After all this time.

Hermione shot through the door and leaned on it to shut it behind her. Her hair was down; long, shimmering ribbons of curls that cascaded almost down to her waist. She looked breathless and a little wild and not just a little scared. Severus thought she looked magnificent.

A flash of lightning struck outside the window and lit them both with unnatural light, and Hermione jumped at the blast of thunder that shook the old tower less than a second later.

She was gazing at him with enormous eyes that roamed over his body. He sat his glass down and slowly walked toward her, his heart beating so loudly he thought she could hear it over the storm.

She walked toward him as well, and Severus was again grateful he'd only indulged in one firewhisky *Merlin, she's here. She's come for you, lad. Don't let the side down.*

She was in his arms as if she had been created for them, and as they collided with the same passion as the summer storm, he kissed her violently, grasping the back of her head and hungrily plunging his tongue into her mouth. The sharp, feral sound that tore from her throat made his cock pulse and strain.

He broke the kiss with an effort. "Hermione..." he whispered, as her soft, sweet mouth angled to glide down his neck. He tilted his head back, and she licked the hollow of his throat, sliding her lips upward until he captured them again, and battled her for surrender. He sucked her tongue into his mouth, and she whimpered as she gave in to him.

He backed up until he could feel his calves against the sofa. He pulled her down into his arms, kissing her with all the passion he'd ever felt for her, and as her tongue sweetly battled with his, he knew his passion was so much more than he had believed himself capable of expressing for anyone.

She broke the kiss, and for several long moments, they merely looked at one another. Severus took in her swollen mouth, her sin-filled eyes, and thought he might come then and there.

And then she said it. "I do have fantasies, Severus." Her voice was plaintive, as if she thought he might not believe her.

Severus grinned. "Do tell."

Her pupils dilated. For the first time since she'd arrived, she looked unsure. "No, it's true. I've never told anyone." She looked away. "Perhaps you'd find me boring "

"Hermione." His tone was less steady than he would've liked. Her eyes turned to his. "When I said, 'do tell', it wasn't an indifferent remark." He cupped her chin in his palm. "It was a command." He knew he sounded rather rakish, but something told him that playfully wicked was exactly the tone that he should set. "Tell me, Hermione. I want to hear them. I want to *be* them."

She closed her eyes. A quick sigh of relief huffed from her, and for a moment, Severus was alarmed she looked ready for flight. If she left now, he was afraid he'd do something terribly foolish, like drink the entire bottle or run until he found her and start spouting poncy poetry in her general direction.

To his unbounded relief, Hermione put her arms around him. Something about the trusting, determined look on her face told Severus all he needed to know, and instinctively he knew she was about to tell him things she'd never told another living soul. They would be intensely private; things for his ears alone. He would act as her confessor, actor, perpetrator, in all of those myriad incarnations of lover. And he was more than ready to be all those things.

Oh, certainly, when he had first been exonerated and still testing society's more-or-less acceptance of him, he'd indulged a few women's fantasies mostly to do with lying in the arms of the Big, Bad Death Eater. It had been fun, but short-lived. These women wanted the image; they didn't know him, nor did they wish to. They wanted his notoriety, his mystique; and that was just too much fucking work to keep in place.

But this witch knew him as well or better than most, and astonishingly, she liked him in spite of himself. He thought he might be in love with her. He certainly was going to make this count. He made up his mind in that instant.

He was going to chase her until she caught him.

He drew her close to his chest, and spoke quietly into her ear, layering every erotic note of his vocal repertoire. Seduction, menace, power, desire, tenderness, dominance; all of them rang true in his silken, sinful voice. "Tell me, Hermione." He stroked her bare arm to soothe her. "Tell me your secrets, little girl. Tell me your fantasies, and I will make them *all* come true."

She shivered against him, and he pulled her closer as she began to whisper into his ear. For almost five minutes, she spoke; haltingly at first, pausing at a particularly intimate or surprising revelation, but soon her confidence grew, and she began to relate her desires more self-assuredly. Severus was sure that some of her confessions were probably things she'd never even told herself.

At one point, she raised her head, and looked at him expectantly. He nodded, and quietly unbuttoned her blouse. He wandlessly removed her bra and knickers, sliding her skirt high upon her thighs. When her voice faltered, he patiently urged her to continue.

Her voice hitched as he caressed her, but she obeyed him. Secret after secret poured from her lips as his hands grazed her silken skin, and she whimpered, but he insisted, "Don't stop. Go on."

She grew bolder, her fantasies darker, more intense, dirty. His fingers traveled the curve of her inner thigh and he found her wet, primed, core ready for him. He teased her; he demanded, he pleaded. He made her recite each fantasy in complete detail, as he fondled and explored and drew her closer to the edge of her control. He fingered her with greater urgency, dragging out every ounce of each scenario, unadorned and unadulterated, steaming with heat and hope and desire. Even as she exploded around his eager fingers, she cried out her last, her sweetest, her favourite, her most treasured fantasy into the room.

As she collapsed against his chest, breathless, he kissed her cheek, her shoulders, her hands; one kiss for each fantasy. She had become his sensuous Scheherazade, her words spinning into his heart, twisting and winding around him until he knew he would move heaven and earth to make each one come true.

Some fantasies were playful and dirty in an almost innocent, daydreaming way; they hinted at Detentions with Professor Snape, who turned naughty girls over his knee and spanked their bare bottoms. There were torrid fantasies where meetings between them took place in dodgy alcoves in Knockturn Alley. These musings spoke of illicit trysts against buildings, and filthy language, and pushing her down on her knees to free his raging cock to the night air. They toyed with hands brushing against thighs during assemblies and night patrols culminating in darkened classrooms.

Some were painted with darker colours and were elaborately intense, deft of touch and exacting. They spoke of loss and true yearning; succumbing to the wiles of a lustful, Dominant Death Eater. Words like Master and Slave and Daddy and Baby were mentioned. Severus knew these fantasies were precise and would require planning. They demanded he exercise great self-control, and use tools like floggers and restraints and his own hidden, dangerous talents.

And there were the holy ones; the fantasies of chains in the form of golden rings and white wedding robes; and the tools of the trade were made of cradles and rocking chairs and toy brooms and Hogwarts letters. The honorifics used were Husband and Mate and Father. These were the fantasies that moved and stirred Severus the most.

He heard her sniff, and looked down to see her wipe away a tear. He kissed her once more in boundless gratitude, for the fantasies he would eventually ~~tell~~^{live}.

He held her silently as she returned his kisses. Eventually she relaxed into his arms, a little drained from pouring her heart out to him.

"Well, dear," he crooned, smiling at her, buttoning her blouse and gently righting her skirt, "now that we've gotten the very *first* fantasy out of the way, I say we start with number two and work our way forward; what say you?" He patted her bum affectionately, and indicated that she stand. His legs were getting a little numb. "I'll see you in the Potions lab in one hour."

She slowly climbed to her feet; her legs were a little unsteady as well. He was as patient and gentle with her now as he had been passionate and explosive earlier. She looked up at him with those beautiful eyes and he smirked. Oh, she had him, all right. He was a goner.

He tried to sound stern. "Do not be late for your detention, Miss Granger. Or I shall be forced to punish you."

Her delicious lips twisted, and he looked down at her imperiously. "No giggling, Miss Granger. And you may wear your Muggle clothing. I see no need for uniforms *Merlin*, *forbid*. Even in fantasies, a school uniform was a huge passion killer.

She nodded, and arranged her face in more somber lines. "Yes sir," she replied demurely. She turned to go.

"And Miss Granger?"

She turned back, hearing that sinful, sinister tone creeping back into his voice. "Yes, sir?"

"I hope you were very careful with what you wished for." His face softened. "Because, my dear, I'm going to make sure you get it *all* of it."

She lifted up her chin. "I'm always careful with that which I most treasure, sir."

He could hear her skipping down the stairs from his study. The rain had stopped sometime during their own stormy encounter. He looked out onto the dark night; he could smell fresh rain and her own delicious scent. He looked around, before returning to his dressing chamber to don his old teaching robes. He had plenty of time to make this as real as she wanted it. That seemed very important; making it all real. He could do that.

Start as you mean to go on, lad.

~FIN~