

# Up Against The Wall...

by *TeddyRadiator*

A one-shot PWP from the AgainstWall Community at LiveJournal. Unashamedly smut-laden. You see the darndest things in the corridors of Hogwarts at night...

## ...With Professor Snape

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: I do not own these characters, but I would have liked to have had the chance to show them what a much nicer owner I could have been.

This is just a one-shot voice-slut fic I wrote for the LiveJournal AgainstWall community. Sometimes we just need a little PWP...

Dedicated to LaurieLover1912, who is just soooo good at this sort of thing...

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He could feel it in his waters. Striding down the darkened corridor, he could sense her here. He smirked. Professor Hermione Granger may be younger and quicker, but for a wizard who'd experienced everything Severus Snape had endured in his life, his reflexes were still formidable.

The hands grasped him with astonishing strength and yanked him into the alcove. Although he knew the owner of the body that pulled him into the darkened recesses, Severus stiffened nevertheless. The adrenaline kicked into his system at the sight of the wand at his throat, but he managed to look and sound perfectly normal.

"Astonishing, Professor," he said, his musical voice hitting all the correct notes of condescension and patronisation. "I will admit I was under the impression you were waiting for me, not planning an ambush."

Hermione Granger smirked in an uncanny imitation of his own unbidden smile, and lowered her wand. "I thought after all this time you might enjoy a little spice with your sugar, Professor Snape," she purred in return. "Ahh ah ah," she admonished, as his arms snaked around her waist. "Mustn't touch."

"Then there's hardly any point in meeting here tonight, is there?" he drawled, a silken thread of ennui woven into his tone. "Unless you're planning on lashing yourself around my waist, I'm going to have to touch you, even if only," he smiled lazily and leaned toward her, one eyebrow on the rise, "to mount you, my dear."

"Funny you should mention 'lashing', my dear professor." She laughed, pushing him back against the wall. He could see just the barest hint of her teeth. Those pearly white teeth... he remembered their first night in this very castle, as she drew his blood at his command. Later, she asked him why he'd asked her to do it, and he honestly couldn't come up with an answer, except, "Because I knew you'd do it well."

It was much later that he'd asked her if she'd enjoyed doing it. She thought for a moment, then looked at him. "I'd never do it with anyone else." Of course, by then, neither was 'doing it' with anyone else. Even during her graduation work prior to returning to Hogwarts as the Transfiguration Professor and Head of Gryffindor House, they'd spent less than seven nights apart during the whole time.

And now she held him at wandpoint in a deserted corridor. "What are you going to do, little slut?" he whispered, sneering down at her. His voice was as silvery as the

moonlight. "It has probably not escaped your notice that I am larger and stronger than you."

Hermione pressed him against the wall of the alcove. Suddenly, it felt as if he'd been stuck there with spell-o-tape. She sneered back, "And it probably hasn't escaped your attention that I'm rather fucking bright." She leaned in, giving him a lovely view of her cleavage.

He looked down his long nose and drawled, "Language, Miss Granger. If your students only knew..."

"I think that will do, Professor Snape." Hermione stepped back and tilted her head, as if admiring her handiwork. "Nice, but not enough." A quick swish and flick, and she held a length of black rope in her hands. Another quick spell later and Severus was freed from his flypaper existence against the wall.

Their eyes met. Unsmiling, Hermione asked, "Do you trust me, Severus? Enough to place your life in my hands, not to mention..." Her eyes flicked briefly down to his rapidly tenting trousers, "...your pleasure?"

Severus felt his body grow warm and heavy; his balls and his cock felt suddenly huge in his trousers and he knew what she wanted of him. Impertinent little chit! She knew he'd give it to her, as well.

A Persian tom could not have purred with more louche eloquence. "It would be very impolite to say no, would it not, Miss Granger?"

She gave him a slow smoldering smile that made his cock pulse. "Oh, you can say no, Severus, and we'll try again another night."

Though it was dark, Hermione could hear his breath shudder and knew he was very aroused. "Oh, I don't think I'll say no, Professor," he said, his dark eyes enormous and lovely in the light. "Do your worst."

She approached him, smiling, and whispered huskily, "Hold out your hands, Severus."

Obediently, he complied, and she quickly and deftly wound the black rope around his wrists. He grew still as she bound him securely. With a last, sharp tug, she tightened the ropes, and his breath caught as the ropes bit into his flesh. Hermione shot him a searching look, then smiled and stepped back.

She murmured, "Aren't you lovely, all pale wrists and black ropes?" Her eyes swept over his form possessively, and he tossed his dark hair from his eyes. She looked hungry, and this excited him. He closed his eyes and dropped his hands, awaiting his fate.

She smiled. "Now, this is a very erotic image, Severus. A man like you, bound. I know you're far from helpless, even now, but there is something very arousing about binding you to the wall." Another spell later, and his arms were raised above his head, pulling his lean torso taut. She had given him enough slack so that his shoulders didn't strain, and in this position, he looked like a winged creature, bound and ready for corruption.

Hermione pushed him against the wall, and sank to her knees before his crotch. She could feel the heat from his cock through his trousers, and the thought of that wicked, pale spear hiding behind sober black cloth made her mouth water. "Are you uncomfortable, Severus?"

"Mildly," he said, his tone deceptively casual. She could hear the raw desire feathering the edges of his smooth voice. "But nothing I think I'll file a complaint over."

"Good. Are you aroused, Severus?" She looked up at him, and saw his lean, saturnine face tilted down toward her, drinking in the sight and sensation of her hands sliding over his hipbones, framing his groin. He moaned, and licked his lips.

"Outrageously." His breathing quickened, and his voice took on a darker, rougher tone. "Stop tormenting me, witch. You know what I want. Take it out."

"So impatient." Hermione pressed her face against the placket of his trousers, and he moaned deliriously. "You need to ask nicely. Or better yet, beg."

"I don't beg."

Hermione laughed. "Oh yes, you do, Severus. And yes, you will."

She unfastened the buttons of his trousers, and he sagged with relief as her small hand closed around his cock. It was rock hard and hot; he could feel the contrasting coolness of her fingers.

She teased his cock from its confines and looked up at him enticingly. "Hermione," he warned, his voice jagged with unspoken entreaty.

She gave him a grin that caused his turgid member to twitch in her hand, and she rewarded him by flicking her tongue over the head of his cock. The bead of pre-cum slid onto her tongue like melted sugar, and he whimpered, "You dirty little succubus."

"Ready to beg, Professor? Only one little word stands between you and paradise."

He managed his trademark sneer; impressive, for a man bound with his hands over his head. "You are pushing your luck, *ProfesehfuckMerlinyes...*"

His words were choked from his throat by the sense-stealing sensation of Hermione's warm, wet mouth engulfing his cock. Her tongue swirled over the head of his diamond-hard shaft, and he gripped the ropes and bit his lip to keep from gurgling like a sixth-year getting his first blow job.

Hermione pulled away, and looked up at him. Her grin made his cock twitch again. "Why, professor, you seem to be a little agitated."

He sneered down at her. "Oh, you are the dirtiest little slut, aren't you? Untie me, and I'll finish what you started."

"Oh, I think I'll keep you that way for awhile, Severus. You're too delicious, and your cock tastes too good."

He thrust his hips forward, but pinned as he was against the wall, he fell short of her waiting mouth. "You delectable tart, I'm going to spank your bottom red when you let me go. You'll be the one begging when I'm through with you."

Hermione pouted, and punished him by giving him a hard, fast suck, which tore a rather undignified yelp from his lips. "Well, that's hardly incentive to let you go, is it? I mean, I'm making you feel so good, and you're rewarding me by paddling me raw? I'm hurt."

He laughed, a nasty, lecherous laugh that made Hermione's belly clench. Bastard. He knew how to play her.

As if he read her thoughts, he said, "You're not playing catch and release games with the boys now, Miss Granger. You're playing with a man now, a wizard grown." His voice took on a purring, deep, sinful tone that was nothing short of sinister. "And I know for a fact your little cunt is so wet right now, it's taking every ounce of your control not to slide your fingers into your pink little pussy and play with yourself."

Hermione looked up at him, and her fingers flexed unconsciously, making the dark wizard chuckle, and this time Hermione responded with a little soft mewl of desire. "All you have to say is please, Snape, and I'll suck your dick until your eyes cross."

He smiled. Uh oh. Hermione gripped his cock a little harder. When Severus smiled

"I think that outcome is a given, my dirty little Gryffindor, all you have to do is untie my hands, and I'll trade places with you." His tone took on a wheedling, irresistible quality, and Hermione knew he was getting ready to unleash the big guns. "Isn't that what you really want, little girl? Don't you really, really want to be where I am now, with me on my knees, licking that sweet, succulent little cunt until you're shattering the windows with your screams?"

"Yes," she said truculently, and gave him a few very pleasing sucks, just to hear him moan and shiver. "But I do like hearing you trying to Slytherin your way out of this. You say the foulest fucking things, Snape."

"Hmm. Pot, kettle, slut. Surrender my juicy little whore, and I'll make *our* eyes cross."

Hermione smiled at his cock. It was large and long and pale. It was velvety soft skin covering bone-hard muscle, and she was mad for it. It jutted proudly, shining from the slit of his black robes. Hermione stroked it slowly, long, languid strokes that made the dark wizard shiver and hiss.

As she stroked upward toward the tip, she rewarded him with a gentle suck on the head, making him gasp and thrash. His eyes were closed, his head flung back, as he rolled and curved his hips against hers. He truly was a sexy old thing when he wasn't trying..

She laughed breathlessly. "No, I think I'll stay right here, and wait for you to come to your senses, Professor Snape. After all," she said, and took him as deeply into her mouth as she could, then withdrew, "you're a very reasonable man."

Severus looked down at her with a mixture of frustrated lust and cunning. "Then, it seems, my pretty little slut, we are at an impasse."

For a moment, Hermione was locked in his gaze, and his eyes took on a knowing gleam, and Hermione thought she might have run out of incentives. Instead, she continued her long, slow strokes. "Beg, Snape. Beg, and I'll make you a very happy wizard."

In that moment, she heard his breath hitch, and she looked up, not bothering to hide the triumph in her face. He licked his lips, and looked down at her, his hungry eyes large and glowing, and he opened his mouth:

"Hermione."

*Fuck it.*

She froze. His voice reminded her of every sensory item she had ever found alluring. It was the slinky, liquid movement of snake charmer. It was the first silk slip she had ever slid onto her body. It was the darkest chocolate drizzled on her tongue. It was the whisper of his knowing fingers the first time he had touched her intimately.

It sounded like the secret ingredient to every lust potion ever created. When it came to playing his voice, he was a virtuoso. With the four syllables of her name, he had managed to whisper every promise, every pleasure and pain he had ever given her. He was a master of knowing her needs and how to fulfill them. He knew exactly how to use it to make her do things she'd never done with another soul never wanted to do, before Severus Snape jammed his thumb between her lips and made her hurt him.

She often thought he used Legilimency on her genitals.

She punished him by gently pulling downward on his balls. "Not. Playing. Fair." He responded by widening his stance, his long, thin feet moving apart invitingly. It aggravated her that her own voice sounded weak and wavering.

He sensed her weakness like a shark detecting blood in the water. His soft, dark chuckle made her squirm, and he started circling the bait. "Hermione, stand up. Do it for me. Be a good girl and stand up. Oh, yes, that's it."

As if being Imperused, Hermione reluctantly released his cock and stood. "Damn you," she whispered, unable to resist him.

"Look at me, little one." He sounded so reasonable, so kind. Oh, he was going to make her pay...

Hermione unwillingly looked into his black eyes and swallowed. He made a charming little gesture of acquiescence. "Why don't you put your arms around me? Thank you. Yes, oh, you're such a good girl..."

Hermione cursed him under her breath. He was like a hypnotist commanding his recalcitrant subject to do his bidding, and she could no more deny him than she could stop her pounding heart from wanting him and her throbbing quim from aching for him. Obediently, she put her arms around his neck and pressed against him. She could smell his skin as her lips brushed against his neck, gently kissing the old scar tissue, her mouth whispering softly against his skin. He was warm and smelled of patchouli and sandalwood, and she felt his arms lower around her, encircling her. She looked up at him in shock.

He smirked. "I would be a piss-poor wizard indeed, if I couldn't free myself from a simple slipknot." Hermione heard the ropes fall to the ground at her feet. His hand slid over her sides, making her shiver. She had always marveled how strong he was, and now he'd outsmarted her as well.

Long ago he learned that his voice was as potent a sex toy to her as any vibrator. The right words, the perfect blend of suave, sinister brutality in his tone, and he could almost make her come on command.

His voice was molten gold in her ear, as his long body pressed to hers. "You're a very bad girl, my little lioness. Just for that, I'm going to take you to my dungeon one night, very soon, and tie you to my bed with these ropes, and you will not rise until you beg me to never remove the ropes again. And I will cover every inch of your body with my mouth, and lick your pretty pink cunt until you cry, and I will bathe my cock in your tears while you suck me into insensibility."

He placed a tender kiss against her silken earlobe. "I will fuck you with my fingers, and you will lick them clean. You will come upon my command, and I will feast on you until I am sated, and you will deny me nothing, and I will give you everything. All of me. Everything that is worth anything is yours, and you can do with me what you will, and I will thank you for it." The purring cadence of his words enthralled her. He felt her tremble, and knew he had won. He always won, whether she gave in or not.

He looked down at her, and there was no malicious playfulness or power in his face. He was a wizard, on fire for his witch. "You wanted me to beg, little Granger?"

"You might have enjoyed it," she said sulkily, and he kissed the pout from her lips.

He smiled. "Oh, I know *that!*" He pressed against her, enveloping her in his warmth. His mouth was close to her ear, and sounded at once carnal and innocent. "Please, Hermione." He smiled as Hermione whimpered. She hated that his voice was so sweetly seductive; he could say anything and have her melting. And the snarky bastard knew it. He sometimes did it in public just to see her squirm.

His words were hardly more than glottal stops and sibilants against her ear. "Please, Hermione. Let me pleasure you. Say yes to me, little one. Please, be my good girl."

His voice was so mewling and plaintive, and she knew he was using it like swordsman uses a rapier, with finesse and skill, and she could not resist him. His arms were around her, holding her to him almost lovingly, and he nuzzled slowly down her neck. Wandlessly, he opened her robes, and as he sank to his knees, he placed his gentle, feathery kisses down her body. His large hands caressed her sides, and his fingers hooked the waistband of her knickers and pulled them down as he moved lower. By the time his silken mouth reached her belly, Hermione was trembling, and shamefully close to climaxing.

"Please," he purred, his serpent's tongue flicking out to scent her body, his unspeakable nose pressed against her mons, snuffling like an animal. "Please," he moaned, his voice sounding tender with longing.

He pushed her against the wall with his large hands, and looked up at her with eyes that burned, scorching her and making her body ache. He smiled, and his hands were at her breasts, teasing and plucking her nipples, preparing them, presenting them to his hot mouth, and she keened her ache into the room.

"Please," he crooned, his crooked teeth worrying her tiny nipples. "Please," he begged, as he sat back on his heels, and pulled her right leg over his shoulder. "Please," he laughed, and it was a depraved, diabolical laugh, as he lowered his face to her glistening, swollen labia.

Snape was always a greedy, possessive man; he did not tease open her folds with gentle fingers. He did not kiss and fondle and caress. He did what she commanded. Always. He was ever obedient in his depravity.

He attacked her, plunging his mouth against her drenched cunt, burrowing into her with a growl of lust so rapacious Hermione felt it vibrate into her belly. She pressed against the wall, desperately trying to prevent herself from sliding down as her knees buckled. He sucked her clit, hard, his tongue punishing her. His fingers did not merely thrust; they pumped, hard, unerringly finding the spongy little ring within, and Hermione cried out as the orgasm he sought from her grew in mind-shattering intensity.

He could feel her clit swell in his mouth, he sucked it, hard, hearing her sobbing breaths as she crested her climax. His fingers grew wetter; her juices tricked onto his wrist.

He knew now his tongue wouldn't be enough, and his slender, strong fingers found her clit and flicked it, hard. "My good little girl wants to come," he said, the silken menace in his voice like a beacon, and she looked down at him. "Tell me what you want, Hermione, and I will do it. But you have to be a good girl for me. You have to make me proud."

He rose, his fingers dancing across her swollen, drenched cunt, and with a whispered spell, lifted her against the wall, until he could pin her to the wall with his hard, needy cock. They both cried out as he entered her, lifting her until her knees were draped over his elbows, and looking into her flushed face, her eyes glazed with passion, was almost enough to send him over the edge.

She opened her eyes and looked at him, and what he saw in her eyes almost unmanned him. "Love me, Severus," she whispered, and he drove hard into her, his mouth fusing with hers.

"Always," he moaned, and pounded her against the wall, his cushioning and weightless charms enveloping her in a cocoon of pleasure, impaled on his delicious cock. His strokes were slow, pulling almost completely out and plunging in again, feeling every sweet ripple that trickled over his cock as he drove into her delectably tight pussy.

She held on, as he churned his hips and stroked, whispering things to him. He knew she had never said these things to anyone, and his soft voice urged her on. "Tell me, sweet one. That's it. Tell me, please," he whispered in return, and she moaned her words to him, knowing they inflamed him. Her voice, husky and demanding and pleading, told him things he longed to hear.

Some of the things she said excited him; some frightened him, some almost broke him, but he needed them, and they heightened his pleasure, until he was pushing her hard, almost to the point of pain. Only she could do this for and to him, and she had known without his asking. That alone had made him her slave. She knew him now; he was hers.

"Let's see it, let's see you come for me... oh, yes, come on my cock, you luscious little bitch..." he moaned, as she keened, then screamed to the heavens as he brought her to that sweet little death he had promised with his body, his voice, his blissful fingers and tongue.

Feeling her, watching her come apart on his cock was his morphine, his heroin, and he gave into his own orgasm as he received his fix. He pulled her hard, down on his cock, almost hard enough to break the spells that held her against the wall, but he caught her, caught *himself* in time.

Even as he heard his own voice, hoarse with ecstasy, crying her name, over and over, with each thrust, with each spurt of his grateful and greedy cock, he felt bereft. He collapsed against her, breathless, moaning, rolling his head against her neck, shuddering his release, and his regret.

He hated that moment after; those few seconds just as the rapture was over, and he knew that singular moment was gone forever. Even now, he could remember the fear he once had at that moment during their early days; the fear that, once he'd given her all he'd promised and broken the fever he'd created, she would leave him and he would be alone again.

Looking into his wife's face, he knew better now. They had been reenacting this seminal encounter for years now. But the moment it served as a reminder: ecstasy is fleeting. Only love lasts.

"Severus," she mewled, and kissed him with such dewy, languorous passion he thought his heart would burst in his chest. He held her, until her trembling ceased, and she held onto him telling him all the things he knew, but loved to hear. That he was loved, that she found him beautiful, that she was his. All the things that let him know they would last.

They strolled down the hall, hand in hand, toward the Dungeons. Hillary Bunsugar and Reginald Berkley received a detention for being out after hours. They saw no one else that night but one another.