

Textures

by *TeddyRadiator*

You can tell a lot from a man's hands...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She likes it when he touches her. His hands are warm, rough; the hands of a peasant. Hands of a mill worker's boy, who led a hard, half-magic life. A life that led him to Hogwarts, already dirt poor and ready to prove to the world that he was special.

He worked so hard to cultivate the beginnings of a beautiful voice, to unravel the cotton-spoiled coarseness that was the insignia of his Muggle father. He had leveled his playing field, then built it back up on his dreams.

She knows all of this, but it doesn't matter. What matters are his hands, the way he rubs her skin, exfoliating it with calluses and his own abrasive demeanor, as if caressing her smooth body will somehow shave the texture of his rough life down to the softness he knew as a boy.

He was so sensitive in those days. *Snivellus*, Sirius Black had christened him, after making him cry. McGonagall had sided with Black, telling Severus with typical Scots dourness to 'buck up,' not to be 'a crybaby.' She has apologized for that since then. Little did she know just how much he had to cry about.

Hermione caresses him like a child; he has only to look at her nubile breasts and he's reduced to a randy seventeen-year-old again, all panting, hangdog lust. She gives him what he needs: a body to stroke, perfect tits to fondle and tug. He plays with her, treats her body like a doll, pushing her limbs this way and that, sliding his rough hands over her skin, tuning her over, exploring her. It is only when he is ready and slurs, "That's enough. Spread your legs," that he becomes a man.

His path seemed so clearly laid out, like that fabled Yellow Brick Road, and he put one foot in front of the other on that path until he was staring at the business end of a giant snake and thought, *Why am I really here? Who will care that I'm going to die?*

He lay gasping, looked up into the eyes of a boy he hated, and his gaze slipped past Potter's to the sweet, tear-filled eyes of a girl he'd done nothing but deride and humiliate for six years - the first two because he enjoyed cutting her down to size, and the other four because he didn't have a choice.

He realised she desperately cared. Brought him back to life with her stubborn, grim insistence that he was *not going to fucking die, Severus Snape. Do you hear me?*

She sought him out later. Chased him down, pinned him to the wall, looked at him under a microscope. At night, she peeled off clothing like Salome, her eyes fixed to his, mutely pleading to him to want her. As if he had a choice. He had pulled at his own cock for so long, her soft fingers caused him to come almost the moment she caressed him. She didn't remind him he was still quite weak; he didn't tell her it had been almost seven years since a woman had touched his prick.

He took her from behind the first time, sliding his rough hands over her back like the crude cloth his father wove in t'mill. She growled and shook and screamed his name, and he thought he might have just done something right for once in his miserable life. His dad's vulgar, earthy Mancunian mindset took over and whispered: *this is a good thing, lad. Make her scream and she's yours.*

In ten years, she hasn't stopped screaming yet.