

Mission: Get Severus Laid

by Fervesco

Entry for the SexGod!Snape challenge. With his first sexual encounter with Hermione on the agenda, a rather premature Snape goes about finding a solution to his quandary...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: My entry for the Sex God!Snape Challenge at Potter_Place. Huge big thanks and sloppy kisses to go Wartcap for a) letting me know about the challenge, b) making me do it, c) helping me with the plot, d) dragging my arse through this when I'd much rather have been in bed and e) for doing her darndest to beta it for me! Thanks, hun! Oh, oops, and I almost forgot to thank her for the wonderful, original title! *snigger*

Great sloppy kisses and hugs to LariLee, too, who betaed this again for me at very short notice! Thank you :)

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## **October 10**

She moaned under me. She moaned because of what I did to her, because of what she wanted me to do to her. My lips devoured hers; our breathing was laboured, punctuated with deep groans of desire.

Two months. Two months since that illuminating evening, when, working hard in my laboratory with her on her seventh year project, my body finally took control and kissed her something my mind and my heart had been desiring to do for so long. And, thankfully for my spirit and my job, she returned my desire.

These evenings spent in my chambers two or three times a week after working on her project have become commonplace. At first they were spent discussing her work, discussing my own, reading journals and debating Potions in general, often topped off with a few moments of intimacy at the end of the night. Now our desperation has taken over hardly a word is spoken before we are ensconced in my room, laid upon my bed... We are yet to consummate our relationship, however. Hermione is a virgin and she has made it clear to me that she wishes to take this slowly, and, up until now, I have been quite patient with her. However, the past week or so has become almost unbearable. Each time the limits are pushed just a little further and certainly not just by myself.

Tonight, for example, Hermione's body was pressed hard against my own. One breast was pushed firmly against my chest while my hand had slid under her shirt and was teasing her other nipple. Our legs were entangled. My straining erection, though sheathed safely within my clothing still, was partially grinding into Hermione's hand, partially being stroked. Her fingers felt so perfect, even through all the fabric. Too perfect. If she had not have ceased I would have ended up mortally embarrassed and had to Obliviate her.

I suppose here I should explain my lack of restraint. It has been twenty long, interminable years since I last bedded a woman. There is no need to suppress your laughter, I am acutely aware of how pathetic that sounds. Inexcusable? Perhaps. However, the question of my loyalties and on which side they might lie was blighted by my days as a Death Eater, and did make me somewhat... unapproachable. Coupled by the fact that any witch under the age of thirty-five can quite clearly remember me as their Potions

professor, and still, I suspect, refer to me as the 'greasy git' or the 'bat of the dungeons'. My prospects were grim.

I am at a loss as to why Hermione would find me any different, but now that I have her I am certainly not going to give her up because of my inability to control myself.

In an effort to distract her from toying with my arousal any further, I grasp her nipple between thumb and forefinger and give it a sharp pinch.

"Severus!" she moans, her fingers grasping at my hair as she arches off the bed beneath me in ecstasy. Merlin...bloody Merlin, my name on her lips is not what I need at the moment. I must stop this before I have a rather unfortunate, premature moment.

I pull away from her, placing one final chaste kiss on her lips.

"You're right," Hermione replies, with a sigh of defeat. "I need to get to class."

"How disappointing," I say, gathering my sanity. "I shall see you Wednesday night in the laboratory?"

"Actually," Hermione says rather shyly, her eyes darting away from my face. Merlin, she's going to leave me. This is it. My heart sinks and I prepare myself for the inevitable.

"Actually," she repeats, a little more boldly. "I think it is time, Severus. If you want to, of course, I am thinking tomorrow night we could...you could...show me the rest of your skills." She gives me a wicked grin and rolls her hips beneath mine.

"Certainly," I reply, thankful for those years of spying that allow me to bury my excitement otherwise I suspect I would be making rather lewd schoolboy remarks. Wait a moment skills? It would appear I am going to have to fit in some revision before tomorrow night.

"Til tomorrow night," I reply, kissing her softly as she departs.

It is time to begin preparing myself.

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This evening I paid a discrete visit to Knockturn Alley. You look at me with such disdain there is no need; you have obviously neglected the fact that I am Slytherin, through and through. I was, of course, intelligent enough to raise my collar and hide my face under my robes. I am already painfully aware of how little most of the wizarding world thinks of me without rumours rife with my desperation being added to the tales relayed at restless house-witches' dinner parties. To be perfectly honest, I stalked the entire length of the cobbled street without finding a...subject that was to my liking. However, I was left with no choice, other than to disappoint Hermione and have her depart from my chambers for good. Turning back along the alley, I propositioned the first harlot I encountered. I do not remember what she looked like, nor do I care to.

Though it embarrasses me greatly to do so, I feel I must share with you what occurred next. Perhaps it will shine some light on my predicament, even if it only brings you slight understanding of my actions.

Everything proceeded as expected: I paid for a seedy room in a dingy hotel, she undressed, I undressed. I opted to do away with the pleasantries and get straight to business. I...I think perhaps it is easier if I just...

The whore cried, "Take me, big boy!" Which, to be honest, did nothing for me. However, I was paying for her time and I was still in desperate need of perfecting my performance for Hermione, so I thrust forward into her depths and...

No. Just no. I am certain you can imagine what happened. All I have to say is that harlot probably just earned the quickest 20 Sickles of her miserable life.

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Bloody Merlin, what have I been thinking? I am a Potions master. I have hundreds of potions at my disposal, not to mention the ingredients for brewing thousands more. Why did you not suggest this to me earlier? Never mind, that now the question is which one to use?

Viagra appears to be quite popular at the moment, especially after a wizard (who shall remain nameless even though he's still well known in publishing circles, despite his recent Obliviate accident) started supplying the Muggle population with it. Viagra, though, is not quite enough, nor quite right. Being physically able to perform is not the issue being able to refrain long enough to allow Hermione to know that I have even entered her is. What I need is something that will increase my staying power, and perhaps even improve my lacklustre skills. A potion that the late Sirius Black was all too familiar with: The Draught of Deep Desire. Better yet, I believe I have a supply of that in my stores, assuming Black did not 'acquire' it all.

I shall return shortly.

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Despite racking my memory, I still do not remember asking Longbottom to sort my Potions cupboard for me. He claims I did after he melted yet another cauldron in class on Monday. I must admit, though, it was almost laughable to find him still in there today, three days later, still organising the bottles. However, I had far more important matters to attend to and quickly dismissed him. Oddly enough, from a quick glance around, he appears to have done quite a reasonable job. Perhaps there is a little light, albeit a mere pinprick, at the end of that long, warped tunnel yet.

Anyway, enough of that dunderhead. I now have the potion all is not as hopeless as it once appeared.

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**October 11**

I am not a romantic man, any fool knows that. However, I have made an effort: the candles have been dimmed, the sheets are crisp and clean and I have cast too many cleansing spells over myself to count. It is a pity it has done nothing for my hair.

I shall wait a few more minutes before using the potion I want it to last for as long as possible. Tonight Hermione is going to worship me; she is going to...

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Merlin.

Bloody Merlin.

I am in the bathroom and...and this utterly disastrous.

I excused myself from Hermione, leaving her aptly placed upon my bed, and proceeded in here to apply the draught. I released myself from my pants, thankfully, for she already had my arousal straining for escape. I took the bottle from my pocket and dropped three drops onto my palm, then, after replacing the lid, I took my erection in hand and stroked the potion along the length of it. Granted, I did get momentarily distracted there by the delicious feeling, but then...

Disaster. My arousal has disappeared. Well, no, that is not precisely true. I am still as desperate for Hermione as before, but my erection has turned flaccid. Deflated, one might say. Deflated like a Deflating Draught...that...should...have...been...housed...indexed...stored alphabetically...after...Deep...Desire! **Longbottom! YOU IMBECILE!**

Merlin. When I went to retrieve the potion I simply went to D for Daisy Roots, and then, being a little worried about being caught, I grabbed the next bottle and shoved it into my pocket, not bothering to read the label. Merlin...Deflating Draught, my predicament just got worse.

I would simply steal away to my Potions cupboard again and get the antidote Swelling Solution but alas, I have had to deal with far too many red-faced seventh years, who were on the verge of passing out due to lack of blood in any...other part of their body, to fall for the same imbecilic idea myself.

I have no idea what I am going to do.

There is only one thing for it; I am going to have to go out there and do what any good Slytherin would do in this situation: distract her until the potion wears off.

I lie back on Severus' bed. I'm not really sure what he meant by 'make yourself comfortable'. Does he expect me to undress? And if so, how far? Merlin, I'm nervous as all hell. Don't get me wrong, I want to do this I want Severus. It is time I lost my virginity, and I know I can trust him. Why not at least give myself to a man who knows what he is doing, rather than having some fumbled shag in the Astronomy Tower with a incompetent seventh year Hufflepuff? That's your category, Ginny.

Severus appears again in the bedroom doorway, looking a even paler than usual.

"Hermione, are you certain you are ready for this?" he asks, coming to sit next to me on the bed.

"Yes. Definitely," I reply.

Severus' draws a great, deep shaking breath, before lying down next to me. I turn a little to face him and he brushes an errant curl from my face, smiling softly, perhaps a little nervously. The pad of his thumb slips to my bottom lip, running over its fullness. His touch sends sparks of electricity through my veins not that it hasn't before, but somehow this is even more intense. Severus' palm slides over my cheek, across the sensitive skin just below my ear, and tangles in my hair. "So beautiful," he murmurs, before drawing me closer. His lips brush against my own, very chaste at first, before his tongue darts out, drawing a heated line along my bottom lip. He then sucks it gently into his mouth, teasing my skin with his tongue. I sigh, shivering slightly at his intensity. This is proving, so far, to be a very promising night. Severus takes this opportunity to slip his tongue between my lips. His mouth moves slowly with feather light touches over mine. As the intensity of our kiss grows, he rolls over, his weight held off of me by his elbows, as his other hand slides into my hair as well, his fingers teasing my scalp.

I am bewitched by his lingering kiss; it would appear Severus is in no rush tonight. I am so pleased I want this to be absolutely spectacular, and I have no doubts that he is the man I desire. His hair tickles my face, so I bring my fingers up and push the dark strands behind his ears. Severus lets out a low growl; his kiss suddenly deepening as his tongue begins a heated duel with my own. His nose bumps against my cheek as he kisses me, and I don't know why, but this only proves to drive my desperation further. I buck gently beneath him, trying to urge him on. He pulls back from me, looking down at me with a quirky smile. "What's your hurry, Hermione? This isn't an assignment."

Bloody hell, it sounds like he's willing to spend half the night performing this sort of sweet torture on me. Ginny was so wrong...she said that given the way I had been teasing the man for three months I'd be lucky if he let me get in the door before shagging me. Looks like tomorrow I am going to have a few things to tell Ginny!

"I suppose not," I reply, with a slightly nervous laugh.

"Relax, Hermione."

His mouth returns to my own, but only for a very brief kiss, before his lips move across my face, kissing my neck before drawing a heated line along my jaw to my ear. His teeth graze my earlobe, before he whispers, "We have all night." At his words, shivers run up my spine and settle deep within me. He nuzzles at my neck, inhaling deeply, a low groan emanating from within his chest. His mouth slides back down my neck, stopping just above my collarbone, giving my skin a gentle nip.

His lips remain there, teasing and soothing my skin, as his fingers make slow work of the buttons on my shirt. Given my plans for tonight, I decided earlier to dress in a rather fitting shirt. I suppose it wasn't particularly necessary, since Severus seems to have been quite happy in the past with whatever state my clothes are in after an evening spent working away in his lab, but tonight is different. Anyway, the whole point of mentioning this is that with each button Severus releases, my breasts gain more and more freedom; it takes away my restraint, leaving me open to his wishes and desires. The way this man is working at the moment, I am more than happy to comply with whatever he wants!

His mouth is blazing hot trails down my exposed skin, kissing his way down my upper chest, between the cleft in my breasts, leaving them covered by my bra for now, then down my belly, finally drawing a heated circled around my belly button. Here Severus' retraces his journey, working his way back up as his fingers stroke my sides, until he is once again nuzzling between my breasts, his fingers tracing along the lacy edges of my bra. As his fingers easily undo the clasp in the front, one suggestion I really must thank Ginny for later, I am finally exposed to him. His fingers brush light circles around my breasts, ever decreasing until they are brushing over my hard, overly sensitive nipple. A sigh escapes my lips at the wonderful feeling of his skin against mine. His mouth kisses across to one of my nipples, replacing his fingers. At first he is simply kissing softly around the dark skin there, before his tongue darts out to leave hot, moist trails, which cool quickly in his wake; an odd sensation, but certainly not unpleasant. It feels like an eternity, a wonderful erotic eternity that he is there, simply teasing at my breasts. One of Severus' hands slides down my belly again, teasing at the exposed skin of my lower abdomen - just as his mouth slides over one of my nipples, sucking it into his mouth and grazing over it with his tongue. It is all too much I let out a low moan and my hips buck of their own accord.

A low growl rumbles from Severus' throat, and upping his work on my breast, his hand slides to the buttons on my trousers. In no time they are released, and Severus' hand slowly slides lower, sliding over the silk of my knickers. Never has he touched me so intimately before, and even before his skin meets mine, I am practically squirming with the wonderful sensations. Warmth emanates from my core, moistening my knickers as he strokes me through them, firm movements running the length of my folds, pressing just a little harder when his fingers meet my covered clitoris.

"Severus!" I whimper, losing control of my body.

I realise that I have done nothing for him, despite all this time he has spent pleasuring me so far. With great effort, I slide my hand down his shirt, hoping to stroke him through his trousers, to let him know I am interested, as Ginny puts it, but just as my fingers are about to reach their goal, Severus' hands clasp my wrists. He then draws them up, pinning my hands over my head with one of his.

"No, my dear, this evening is about you for a while longer yet."

Merlin! His words have me quivering at the thought, while, with my wrists pinned above my head, I feel even more exposed, helpless and I'm loving every second of it.

His mouth devours my own again as his spare hand returns to its brilliant work. His kiss alone has practically stolen my breath; it comes in desperate gasps. Just as I think I can take no more of this sweet torture his fingers slide over my pelvic bone, drawing a line along the top edge of my knickers, then delves beneath the waistband. His skin sets my own on fire as his fingers slide through my curls. I literally jump when his finger first comes into contact with my clitoris. The sensation is like nothing I have ever felt before, and certainly far better than the times I have experimented with myself. I moan softly, breaking our kiss as I arch my back for better contact.

Severus mutters something incoherent, burying his face in my neck, his lips marking my skin; I don't care, I want him to. His finger circles my clit sending shivers through me, before two more fingers slide lower, sliding through my slick folds, teasing at my opening. His touch is like electricity. His mouth suddenly attaches roughly to one of my nipples again, drawing it into his mouth and giving it a light nip, just as he slips one finger inside of me. Incoherent words flow from my mouth as he begins to move inside of me, still stroking my clitoris. My head rolls on the pillow, my body totally lost to his touches. My body begins to tingle, a heated sensation running through me, and as he plunges a second long, slender finger inside of me my world disappears into oblivion; red stars take over my vision as I pulse around him. Bloody hell, my first orgasm. I had wondered a few times before now if I had managed to bring myself to this point, but now I know I fell dismally short; this is spectacular...beyond spectacular. As I come back down I find myself begging Severus to be inside of me.

"Not yet," he replies with a strained voice. He hand releases my wrist and he slides down my body, his mouth leaving my nipple, his fingers slipping from my depths. His

thumbs hook over the waistbands of my trouser and my knickers, drawing them down, off my hips and tossing them both to the floor. His slides down my body, his fingers teasing lightly at my folds before he gently pulls them apart, increasing the pressure ever so slightly until my skin is pulled taught, exposing my sensitive skin to the air. Severus' face is mere inches from me now, and I feel the rush of air over my clitoris as he inhales deeply. I shiver in anticipation, unsure of what to expect from this. I mean, Ginny has told me that sometimes it can be enjoyable, but...

"Severus!"

Ginny is a moron. This is unbelievable. His tongue is like heated silk over my clitoris, leaving my body quaking in its wake. His mouth moves along my folds, the heated trails cooling quickly as he recedes, his nose bumping into my sensitive bud. Merlin...

He shifts his hands, one staying put, exposing me to him - one, then two fingers from the other hand delving back inside of me. His lips close in over my clitoris, sucking gently. His fingers slide back and forth, ever increasing their rhythm until I am nearly beside myself. Severus' tongue flicks over my clitoris while he sucks on it, just as he presses another finger inside of me. I whimper a little as he stretches me, but the pain quickly gives way to pleasure. With one my flick of my clitoris I am lost again to the world of ecstasy.

"Merlin, Severus, this is...wonderful," I sigh as I come back down.

I'm not sure why...perhaps he was a little worried about pleasing me or something, but Severus lets out a sigh and murmurs, "Thank Merlin."

He pulls his wand from his pocket and his clothes are vanished quicker than I can blink. And here he is, hovering above me, the silky head of his arousal pressed at my opening.

"Please," I beg him, my insides still quivering.

He growls again, then presses forward. At first, as he begins to enter me, I feel like there is no way this man is ever going to fit inside of me, but he continues slowly, his arms shaking as he does, and soon the pain passes and I feel incredibly full in the most amazing way. Severus is drawing great heaving breaths against my skin.

"Bloody Merlin," he hisses, and as I open my eyes to meet his, he appears to be thinking. Severus' hand then slips under my backside as he draws his legs up to rest back on his heels, my lower body elevated on his lap with him still buried inside of me. As he moves me his erection slides over newly found areas inside of me, sending sparks through my body. In this new position, Severus fingers have unrestricted access to my clitoris, and he makes every use of that. Still not moving inside of me, he rubs at my clit, sliding his fingers over it, slick with my arousal. His other hand grasps at my waist and he slowly begins to move inside of me. Merlin...Merlin...

"Hermione!" Severus gasps, his movements faltering. "Please, please..." His hands depart me for a moment to pull at my wrists, then he places one of my own hands on each of my breasts. "Please, touch yourself."

I feel quite embarrassed by the concept, despite the rest of our intimate act. I know, it's a little ridiculous really, but...

"Hermione, please," he begs. "I...Um...I want to watch you?"

Well, after everything he has done for me tonight, I can hardly deny him this. My fingers stroke my breasts, imitating his earlier movements. Severus gasps, his eyes falling shut. His fingers return to my clit, his other hand to my waist, and he begins to move once more, his eyes sometime briefly closing in on my own hands, but for the most part they remain screwed tightly shut. Severus' breathing becomes more and more laboured until his movements suddenly lose all control and he is thrusting erratically inside of me, hitting places deep within me with his arousal.

"Hermione!" he yelps, his fingers pinching at my clitoris as I feel him begin to spill himself within me. My fingers pinch at my nipples in surprise, and I join him, quaking in ecstasy.

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**October 11**

I believe I have accomplished my goal. Hermione left here with a particularly smug grin on her face, so I can only assume she was pleased with my performance. Granted, after nearly two hours of foreplay, any woman should be pleased, but it was well worth it if I can have her once more. Of course, hopefully next time I might have built up a little more resistance, not that she appeared to notice my quick performance thankfully she became too distracted with her own orgasm. Oh, to feel her convulsing around me again, so hot, so tight... yes, anyway, before I make even more of a mess for the house-elves to clean up (I am sure that would not please Hermione), I think I should call this a night.

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October 12

Hermione is stopping by again tonight. I must admit her attention has me believing there is a chance of redeeming myself yet.

And it's the oddest thing, but I am certain that today almost all the seventh year Gryffindor girls and some of the Ravenclaws were staring at me like ... well, like they wanted to devour me. How very strange...and even the more intelligent ones appeared to be having problems answering my questions. Never mind, it must be something going around...

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AN: Okay, I'm going for the sympathy vote to win this one! I wrote this with a rather burnt hand after an disagreement involving me and the stove (the stove won...), a cold and morning sickness. If that doesn't deserve a vote, I don't know what does! LOL...reviews, I hear, are good painkillers for those of us who's doctor insists that while pregnant jelly beans will have to do....

Oh...voting is finally up! Here...

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Potter\\_Place/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Potter_Place/)

under polls! Your vote is much appreciated and rewarded with a \*sloppy kiss\* or lack there of...up to you! \*refrains from offering up Mission IV if Ferv wins...nope...will not stoop that low...though it may just persuade me to write it...\*