

Twisted Revenge

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Are you sure it will work?"

"Don't be a prat you know it should work, when hasn't something she's researched worked?"

"You're just saying that because she's your girlfriend."

"Am not."

"Too!"

"*Stop it*, both of you! I need quiet to concentrate."

"Should we be doing this in *here*?"

"Why not? There's only Ms Granger here; not like she cares as long as we don't drool, draw, eat food in here, or hurt any of the books."

"Only *you* could say that about *her*. In my book she's as bad as he is."

"That's because you ripped that page out of one of the copies of *Hogwarts, A History*."

"What if it doesn't work?"

"It will he'll regret what he did to us the other night if it's the last thing I do."

"That's a horrible thing to say... It wasn't as if he had done something unconscionable. It was just embarrassing."

"It was painful!"

"I'll bet."

"It was... I know you're a girl and all, but it really does hurt. And if you're right, that cock blocking arse will find out just how much."

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Hermione breathed a sigh of relaxation as strong, firm hands trailed from the top of her shoulders down to the small of her back, applying varying degrees of pressure to ease the tightness of her muscles. Her forehead rested on her forearms as those skillful fingers worked the tension out of her back.

She tensed as the hands worked their way down her back to her arse. As free as she felt, there was definitely something *gaughty* about the way the hands firmly cupped her arse cheeks, the fingers and palms massaging her flesh with a circular motion. Of its own volition, Hermione's back arched, her hips rising up slightly into the fingers that played with her.

The weight on the bed shifted as those hands moved down her legs. She sighed as the muscles at the ball of her left foot, and then the area between her toes, was slowly worked. Every delicate part of her foot was covered the heel, the area between her ankle bones, right down to the arch. Hermione moaned loudly as the fingers pressed into the arch of her foot before moving up to the Achilles tendon. By the time those lovely fingers made their way to her right foot, Hermione felt as if she had melted into the mattress.

Those fingers moved up the back of her right leg, and when they reached the small of her back, she felt soft lips kiss the area just above her arse. Hermione shivered in anticipation. When she felt the slow lick of a tongue against the base of her spine, she gasped and shifted, quickly rolling over.

Her magical masseur was no other than Severus Snape in all of his brutal, savage glory.

Her breath caught in her throat. This was a Snape she'd never been privy to. Scars were etched into his skin a road map of the terrors and abuse he was subjected to under two megalomaniac mad men. Her eyes were immediately drawn to his left arm the Dark Mark stood out, starkly black against the whiteness of his forearm.

And before she could react, he loomed over her, larger than life. His lips captured hers in a soft, controlled kiss. His mouth softly devoured hers, his tongue tracing the seam of her lips until she parted them enough for him to slip it in.

He tasted of coffee and chocolate, an irresistibly erotic combination.

Snape then shifted his body, moving just enough to allow himself free movement. He reached for a bottle of oil and slowly poured a small measure into his palm. He then rubbed his hands together, warming the liquid as it coated his fingers.

His fingers were butterfly soft as he cupped her right breast. Lord help her, Hermione couldn't help but moan as his fingers began stroking and rubbing the darkened areola and teasing her nipple until it became pebble hard.

His other hand caressed her left breast, cupping its weight with his palm. He rolled her right nipple between his fingers. Hermione could scarcely breathe as he bent his head down to lick her left nipple with sensuous rasps of his tongue. When he lightly scraped her nipple with his teeth, she nearly died of pleasure.

She was wantonly sprawled out across the bed as he slowly explored her body with his strong, pale fingers. His mouth blazed a hot, wet trail after them as he licked and nipped his way down her body. The mattress moved under his weight as he teased and tormented her into a mindless point of need.

His dark head dipped down, and she could feel his lips as he kissed the inside of her right thigh just above her knee. Hermione shuddered as he used his tongue to lick the soft skin on the inside of her thigh, trailing soft kissing from her knee to her mons.

Then he kissed the inside of her left thigh, tracing a path on the soft flesh with the tip of his tongue. He blew cool air along the perineum, causing Hermione to shiver. She shifted her weight, her hips arching off the bed.

Snape then placed his hands on the inside of Hermione's thighs and gently spread her legs as far as they would comfortably go. He shifted, settling himself between her legs, and slowly drew a finger down the length of her labia majora.

Hermione's breath caught in her throat as his fingers gently parted the fleshy outer lips. Snape brought his face close, and with his tongue flat, slowly licked her across her opened labia.

"Stop teasing me, Snape!" Hermione commanded.

He paused in his ministrations to glare at her up the length of her body. Hermione shifted uncomfortably underneath him, half afraid that he'd stop the delicious torment, and half afraid that he wouldn't.

With deliberate slowness, he buried his face in her crotch. The first licks were long and slow, teasing with a firmness that pulled away just shy of her clitoris.

Hermione huffed in impatience, her fingers curling into the material of the sheets, the need to press herself against his face nearly overwhelming.

When she made no move to control the situation, he rewarded her, laving her core with his tongue. She squirmed beneath him as he used his teeth, lips and nose to arouse her. Slowly, with deliberate lightness, he allowed his tongue to flick against her clit.

His fingers teased at her fevered flesh, one digit slowly tracing around her entrance before sliding into her slick depths. Hermione rocked her hips up and against him, and he teased her more by adding another finger.

He was relentless, bringing her close to the edge time and time again, sucking and licking at her very essence until she was mindlessly chanting his name. It was only when she was uncontrollably wiggling, her hips rising to meet each flick of his tongue and fingers, that he allowed her climax against his mouth.

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In his drowsy state, he could feel strong, lithe fingers stroking him, rubbing the oil across into his shoulders. His breath would catch when those nimble fingers would dig into a particularly knotted place, working the muscles until they almost relaxed.

Every time he opened his eyes, the sensation would stop, and he'd be alone in his room. However, every time he closed his eyes, he could feel... her.

All he wanted was a quick toss off to relieve some stress, yet for some reason his addled brain wanted to feature the bane of his existence.

The rational side of his brain (which, despite evidence to the contrary, he did try to listen to), suggested that he should simply get up move and end the delusional torment.

Yet, he couldn't deny the delicious way his body was reacting. Even if his brain had gone half cocked to feature the bushy-haired pain-in-his-arse. In fact, it almost made perverse sense, since she seemed to be the cause of most of his stress. Why shouldn't he mentally allow her to reduce it? He was accomplished at Legilimency; it wasn't as if anyone would know he had a sex dream that featured one of his least favorite people.

With that rationale echoing through his head, Severus Snape closed his eyes, and in that half awake, half dreaming state, he could see the ghostly outline of her hovering over him.

As his body relaxed and he fell more into slumber, her figure solidified. He could feel her continue to stroke him her white slim fingers slick with oil gliding over the planes of his chest. His dream self watched the play of her hands over his flesh, watching as her head dipped in concentration. She worried her bottom lip with her teeth an action that always annoyed him as her teacher but in this situation only heightened his sense of anticipation as she thought about her next course of action.

Hermione's light touch wandered over his skin, rubbing the oil over his chest and down to his legs and feet. His breath hitched as her fingers just lightly brushed over the area where his penis lay against his hip.

His dream self reached down with his right hand; the curls of her hair felt suspiciously real under his palm. He fought the impulse to awaken himself to verify that this wasn't actually happening as her breath fanned against his skin. Instead, he let himself sink deeper into the dream, feeling the hair on his body move with each breath of warm, moist air expelled from her lungs. He made a gasping sound as her fingers slowly moved along his now growing erection.

He slowly expelled the breath he hadn't realized he was holding as she leaned in to rub her cheek against him. Hermione closed her eyes and deeply inhaled his scent, her cool, slick fingers moving down his legs to pull them slightly apart so she could settle herself between them.

Severus let out a groan of pleasure as her tongue darted out to tease the tip of his penis. The hand on her hair shook slightly as Hermione opened her lips to slowly pull the head of his cock into her mouth.

Her tongue swirled around the head, darting around the tiny slit before laving the underside seam where the head met the shaft. His hand tightened in her hair as she began to slowly massage his sac before wholly engulfing the length of him in her mouth.

He moaned at the warm, wet and wanton feel of her. Hermione let the sensitive tip slide against the firm ridges at the top of her mouth before moving down, the tip of his cock just pressing at the back of her throat.

Wispy, curly bits of her hair brushed against his fevered skin as her mouth moved down the length of him. Severus tried to find a rhythm with her, flexing his hips so he could push deeper into her throat and take command. Hermione would hold him there, her throat contracting all around his cock until he groaned with pleasure before she'd pull back up for a breath, never varying from the slow pace she had started.

Occasionally, Hermione would pause, licking around the sensitive spot just below the head of his cock and along the underside ride. Her fingers would tease his balls, pulling and caressing them before feeling the weight of them in the palm of her hand.

With a bold, assertive move, Hermione pressed her index finger against his anus. Severus gasped in reaction, his left hand reaching up to her head, his fingers tangling in her unruly curls. Arching his hips up, he roughly thrust his cock deeply into her mouth.

That faint trace of dominance caused Hermione to moan. The warmth of her mouth hummed all around his cock with the reverberations of her pleasure. Severus's muscles strained; he could feel his scrotum tightening as his body prepared for an orgasm, but he fought to control himself. As much as he wanted to force Hermione faster, this was her show, and he'd continue to let her set the pace.

She shifted her body between his legs, giving her limbs more freedom. Her hands worked in tandem with her mouth, moving up and down in a slow pattern over the length of his cock. Severus's dream self watched as she looked up the length of his body her eyes on his as she swallowed him as deeply as she dared.

He groaned in pleasure.

She kept watching him as she sucked on his cock, pausing every once in awhile, her body poised just in such a way that he could watch the tip of his cock twitch against her lips before she swallowed him down again.

Fisting both hands into the curls of her hair, he urged her on, bucking his hips up as she increase her tempo. He made a small, animalistic sound as she pushed his cock as far down her throat as she dared.

The feeling of her throat tight around his cock was too much. "Fuck," he roared as his orgasm hit.

His hips bucked off the bed as his body shuddered with a few hard jerks. Hermione kept her mouth on him, her throat moving to swallow everything that erupted into her mouth.

Breathing harshly, he released the tight grip he had on her hair. His eyes slid closed. His left hand fell listlessly to the mattress, his right dropped to his wet, cum streaked stomach. He drew in a shaky breath as his body still shuddered under the onslaught of his powerful orgasm. When he opened his eyes, he was alone on his room, his sheets all tangled around his limbs.

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Hermione bolted up in bed.

She'd just had a sex dream about Snape. *Severus Snape!*

Her jaw felt sore and out of place, her body languid and flushed with desire. She glanced at the clock above the fireplace mantel. It wasn't even midnight yet.

She dropped back down against her pillows. She obviously needed to get out more especially if she were fantasizing about the most unpleasant person in her life. He made her tenure as the Hogwarts librarian untenable with his overt demands and his sly innuendoes about her inability to do anything else.

She stretched out in her bed, her left hand pushing at the book Luna had insisted she obtain for the library. She must have fallen asleep while reading it. She lifted the book up. It wasn't her usual fare and indeed, she wouldn't even be reading it were it not for the stipulation that the Hogwarts librarian must read any book on the curriculum as well as pursuing those books the teachers wanted to add to help evaluate whether they were suitable or not.

She might respect Luna as a person, and would even admit that her teaching style for the Divination class was far more informative and useful than when she had to take it with Trelawney, but it was still her least favorite of all the taught subjects.

Not even thinking of Luna could cool her arousal.

She glanced at the clock once more it was only five minutes from when she had originally glanced at it. There was no way she'd be able to get to sleep not with her body keyed up as it was. She slipped out of bed and threw on her robe over her overlarge sleeping tee-shirt. The robe nearly covered her from head to toe.

Beside the bed were the strange, odd slippers Harry had purchased for her last birthday despite being God-awful ugly (as dinosaur feet could only be), they were oddly comfortable, so she slipped those on. She was respectable enough looking if she ran into any students doing extracurricular biology work in the darkened halls, but comfortable enough to be able to collapse into bed once she wore herself out.

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Hermione had just come around the corner to the hall of portraits when she ran into a solid wall.

"Granger," he snarled.

"Severus," she squeaked.

He narrowed his eyes, letting his gaze wander down the length of her body. "What are you doing? And what is that ridiculousness you're wearing?" He sneered at her slippers.

"Patrolling, not that it's any of *your* business."

"It's not your night," he told her in a haughty tone. "I suggest you be on your way." He swept past her, his shoulder bouncing against hers.

As soon as he touched her, it was as if his body had a mind of its own. He pushed her up against the wall, anchoring her arms over her head with one of his forearms.

Hermione's body arched against him, straining to get closer. She licked her lower lip, trying to slow down the thrum of arousal that spiked as he manhandled her. "This is insane," she whispered.

Severus pulled back, releasing her arms so he could look into her eyes. He could see her confusion as well as her desire. "What have you done to me?" he hissed.

"Me?" she practically screeched, her fingers trailing down the dark material of his robe. "I'm not the one who grabbed you and slammed you against the wall!"

"It has to be your fault," he accused her desperately as his fingers dug into the fleshy part of her hips, pulling her against him. "This needs to stop!"

Hermione bit her lower lip for a moment. "Do we really want to?"

"At this exact moment?" he asked, slipping his left hand around to the small of her back. "Not fucking likely." His right hand stroked down her thigh to her knee. He lifted her awkwardly against the wall, juggling her weight as if she weighed nothing. He bent her knee and inserted himself between her thighs. Hermione could feel the hard length of him though the layers of both their clothing.

The hand under her knee traced a path up her thigh, pushing the material of her outer robe up until it bunched at her waist. Hermione sighed, her eyes drifting closed.

"We should stop," he whispered as his fingertips grazed the edge of her knickers.

Hermione peeked at him through her eyelashes. She bit her lip again and let her head fall back against the wall. "Don't want to," she mumbled in a barely audible tone.

Severus gripped her chin and growled at her, "Look at me, damn it! We can stop."

Defiantly, she met his gaze. "I don't want to stop," she hissed. She pulled at his robes with her fingers. "I want..." She broke off, not daring to say more.

Bracing her solidly against the wall, he tore at his clothing. He pulled at her knickers, ripping the material from her as he anchored her hips with both hands.

"Tell me," he urged her. She shook her head.

He reached up and twisted his fingers into the hair at the nape of her neck. He pulled her head back slightly, exposing the long expanse of her neck. Leaning in, he nibbled at the tender spot where her shoulder met her neck. "Tell me," he whispered just before nipping the lobe of her ear with his teeth.

"Can't," she gasped.

"Is it this?" he whispered against her neck as he rocked his hips against hers.

"Fuck," she sighed as he fumbled to pull open his robes, his trousers pooled around his ankles.

"Do you want this?" he asked in a guttural voice as he positioned his cock.

"Gods, yes," she moaned as he rocked against her, fully thrusting his cock completely into her. He rocked against her, moving with small shallow strokes.

"More," she demanded, arching her back and wrapping her arms around his neck. She dropped her forehead to his shoulder. "I won't break."

He swiveled his hips, thrusting home again. He could feel her teeth sink into his shoulder through the material of his robes, her finger digging into his back. Every slight moan or grunt she made only fueled his fire to fuck her as hard and as deeply as he dared. Hermione arched her back to take him deeper, fighting to meet his harsh, frantic pace.

With every thrust, it felt as if he lodged himself deeper into her.

Her legs started to shudder, her whole body growing tight as he pushed her higher, trying to wring that clashing orgasm out of her. And when it came, the waves rocking her until she cried out a deep, desperate wail, he kept his pace, riding out her body's lovely surrender.

As her body clenched around him in a vice-like grip, her hoarse gasp filling his ears, he followed her over that cliff. He dropped his head to the hollow of her throat as he slowed his movements, allowing them both to wind down until their breathing grew even again.

"This was an aberration," he told her coldly as he released her. "It can't won't happen again."

Hermione looked down at her feet, still encased in the stupid dinosaur slippers Harry had purchased for her. "Of course," she said hoarsely. "It's... rather ridiculous... isn't it? This... whatever this was." She pulled her outer robe around her body and crossed her arms. "It was a moment of insanity."

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"I thought you said this would work!"

"It does!"

"Then why does the bastard look so smug?"

"How should I know?"

"Then something must be wrong; he's supposed to be suffering!"

"All right, all right... I'll try it again."

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Hermione was just exiting the staff bathroom when she literally ran into Snape. Again, it was as though she had no control over her own body. She pulled him into the bathroom, nearly slamming him into the closing door as she kissed him deeply.

He returned her kiss, allowing his hands to grip her waist.

"This is irrational," she muttered against his lips as she ran her hands down the front of his torso. "I can't seem to get enough of you." She tugged at his robes, feeling them pop open at her rough treatment. Her nimble fingers quickly unbuttoned his trousers, and then she pushed the material down his hips to his thighs. Severus groaned into her mouth, letting his tongue slide against hers as she tried to use her right leg and foot to pull the material of his trousers the rest of the way down.

"We need to hurry," Snape told her as he grabbed the material of her robes and pulled it up to her waist.

"I can't believe we're doing this again," she whispered, using his shoulder to keep balance as she stepped one leg out of her knickers.

He crushed his mouth against hers; his hands hauled her up against his body so he supported her weight. Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck, and together they

stumbled over to the counter. Hermione squeaked as the coldness contacted her bare skin.

With deft fingers, he unbuttoned her upper robe, exposing her lacy bra. With an impatient move, he pulled the bra up so that her breasts fell free underneath the confining material. Hermione groaned in pleasure as he cupped them in his callused hands. She nipped his lower lip as he firmly pinched her nipples.

Snape backed up slightly and allowed his right hand to trail down the length of her torso. His fingers teased the hair of her mons before slipping lower. Hermione was already wet for him.

He gripped the base of his cock and slowly let it trace up and down the length of her vagina before slowly letting the tip push inside. Hermione hummed in pleasure.

Hermione wrapped her legs around him as he thrust fully into her. His left hand continued to tease her taut nipple as he started to slowly move inside of her.

"Harder," Hermione moaned, running her fingers through his hair. He thrust harder, quickening his pace.

Hermione's breath caught in her throat, her legs shaking as she hooked them around Snape. She dug her fingers into his shoulders and pulled him to her, needing him hard and deep as her body thrummed with the tremors of a small orgasm.

Snape growled, thrusting himself deeply into her and then held himself still reveling in the feel of her clenching and quaking all around his cock. He dropped his forehead on hers, trying to control his body's reaction to her orgasm.

"Turn around and brace yourself against the counter," he told her, pulling out of her.

Hermione slipped off the counter and braced her forearms against the cold marble. He pulled her robes back up over her arse and aligned himself behind her. She could see every movement he made behind her in the mirror. She watched as he stooped slightly and couldn't hold back her gasp as she felt him enter her again. His eyes closed in pleasure as he moved slowly into her, sinking in as deep as he could go.

"Watch," he commanded as he started to pull back, the tip of his cock barely inside of her. He gripped her hips, holding her steady until her gaze in the mirror met his. Watching her, he pulled her backwards as he plunged forward, fast and forcefully, a small grunt escaping his throat as he began to fuck her.

"Oh," Hermione gasped, gripping the edge of the counter to keep herself steady. She inhaled a sharp breath as he continued to pull her against him in time with each of his thrusts. The bathroom filled with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh.

Snape slipped a hand to her front, his clever fingers sliding down until he could tease her clit. With each thrust he'd let his index finger slowly slide again against her clit. Hermione dropped her head down and bit her lip.

A low, growling sound came from her throat as another, forceful orgasm hit her. Snape wrapped his arms around her, pulling her tight against him as he too went over the edge, thrusting deep one last time as he came deep inside of her.

"Damn," Hermione groaned a few seconds later as her breathing started to get back to normal. She watched Snape as he pulled back from her, releasing her robes so they fell back down over her hips. He quickly adjusted his clothing and then muttered a cleaning spell. Hermione shivered as the force of the spell washed over her.

She stood there just looking at him, her cheeks still flushed with arousal, mortified at what she... they had just done... and in the middle of the work day too. "I need to go," she muttered, moving towards the doorway. Snape opened his mouth to say something, but she slipped out the door before he could get a word out.

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"Why isn't it working?"

"Maybe he's not human, you think?"

"I don't know! From everything I've read, it should. He should be in a constant, uncomfortable state of arousal that never goes away unless..."

"Unless what?"

"But that would be impossible!"

"Unless *what*... Don't leave it hanging."

"Well... it's a breeding spell for horses, and, well, I've read about when it's been used on humans, and the only thing that makes the ... well... blue balls go away is to... have sex with the chosen mate."

*Snort.*

"I know, like *anyone* would have sex with *him*."

"So what do we do?"

"Dunno."

"I think you should just call the whole thing off... It was an idiotic plan to begin with."

"That's because you're a girl you never think that sort of thing is important."

"I thought it was important enough to help! You weren't the only one caught, you know."

Nearly Headless Nick floated to the far dark corner where the three were conversing. "I think I've heard enough," he said ominously. "You will cancel that spell immediately, and then all three of you will report to the headmistress's office." He hovered over them, giving them a menacing look. "If you aren't at that office in 15 minutes, it shan't bode well for any of you."

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"Why are you here?" he asked her, ushering her into his rooms.

"I ...I read up on the spell they used," she said quietly. She bit her lower lip as she watched him process that information.

"And you're here to tell me what a horrible bastard I am for taking advantage?"

"What? No! If anything I should be the one ashamed."

"Hardly," he snorted.

"According to the spell, I had the choice of following through or not. And... well... I..." Hermione broke off and looked down at her toes. "I didn't stop it, now did I?"

"So, what? Now you're sorry you shagged the ugly old git?" he spit out. "Or was it *acharity* fuck? *Poor old Snape* needs a right tugging where he can get it."

Hermione glared at him. "No!" she practically shouted.

"Then why are you here?" he aggressively asked again, crowding into her space.

"Because I *want* you," she hissed. "And I think you want me too. So I'm here to get what I want without that stupid spell to guide my compulsions."

"And what makes you think I *want* to have any part of this?" He sneered at her.

Hermione straightened her spine. "Because that spell only compels people to act on the desires that are already there."

"You think I desire you?"

"I know you do," she growled, reaching forward. She grabbed him by his robes and made a fist, pulling him towards her. She leaned up on her tippy toes and lightly brushed her mouth across his.

He didn't move. A small shard of trepidation speared her gut. What if she'd been wrong? What if she was just compounding one bad situation with another?

She pulled back, disappointed with herself. "I should go," she said softly.

"Coward."

"What?"

"You say you want this, but you give up so easily."

"What else am I to think?"

"Perhaps I have terms I wish to convey."

"I don't understand."

"Consider this a test... You're to do as I say tonight. In fact, why don't you choose a safe word, something... Something you'd never ordinarily use to let me know that this has gone too far. Everything will stop and we shan't do it again."

"So to prove that I want you, I have to give you control?"

"For tonight."

Hermione bit at her lower lip. She wanted this she wanted *him*... but she'd always been in control. Her hear skipped a beat. He was asking for all all or nothing. If she said no or god forbid failed, it would all be over and she'd never have another chance.

Snape dipped his head down and breathed, "Having second thoughts?" in her ear. His breath was hot against her skin, and she could feel the faint trace of his lips brushing against her earlobe as he spoke. She closed her eyes, absorbing the sensations.

"Well?"

Hermione's eyes snapped open. He was watching her with a predatory gleam in his eye. "Yes," she whispered.

"And you have a safe word?" Snape asked.

Hermione nodded as he reached for her robe; his gaze never wavered from her face.

"I do need to know it," he said in a wry tone, his fingers slowly pulling her outer robe open.

"Crookshanks."

"Crookshanks? Really?" She nodded. "Fine. Crookshanks it is. From this moment on, you answer only when spoken to. Do you understand, Hermione?"

"Yes."

His fingers quickly worked to unbutton her blouse. He let the material hang loose from her shoulders as his gaze roamed down her body. His thumb just lightly brushed over her bra-clad nipple as he palmed the weight of her breasts with his hands. With a flick of his wrist, the blouse fell from her shoulders. He reached around and unclasped her bra. That too ended up somewhere on the floor.

He then unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. Hooking his thumb through the belt loop, he tugged them down her legs. Her white cotton knickers soon followed, so within moments, Hermione stood completely naked while Snape was still fully clothed.

Snape dropped to his knees in front of her, putting him at the perfect level to touch and tease her breasts. He slowly caressed each one, his fingers teasing her right nipple until it tightened. He leaned forward and slowly licked the taut peak.

Hermione shivered in response, and he rewarded her by taking the nipple into his mouth and sucking hard.

"So responsive," he murmured as he shifted to her other breast. He grazed the tip with his teeth as he pulled her nipple into his mouth. Hermione tried to suppress her whimper of pleasure tried to obey the instructions not to speak. She closed her eyes, trying to calm herself down; she knew he was slowly building her up so that he could push her over the edge.

Snape pulled back from her breast, his breathing labored. Hermione opened her eyes and looked at him, her gaze traveling down his body until it reached the tented bulge of his robes. That was the all the proof she needed. He might not admit that he desired her, but his body couldn't lie.

He shifted, making himself comfortable. "Proud of yourself, Hermione? Think you've discovered what makes me tick simply because you've made my cock hard?" She could hear the slight edge of warning in his voice.

"Yes," she replied in a smug tone, telling herself that he'd asked a genuine question, so she had the right to answer.

"Hmmm," he murmured, sitting up. "You forget yourself. Spread your legs."

Hermione hesitated; for some perverse reason she felt the need to show just a bit of defiance which was irrational Snape wasn't someone you could normally push very far.

"Now."

She didn't hesitate this time; she moved her feet, bracing her legs apart. She bit her lip to keep from groaning as Snape leaned close to her privates and pressed his mouth between her legs. Hermione's knees buckled as his tongue slid against her flesh and one finger pressed into her. She placed her hands on his shoulders to steady herself as he began to move his finger, his tongue slowly brushing against her clit.

Her fingers dug into his shoulders as he teased her, winding her body up. Snape pulled back slightly and looked up her body towards her flushed face.

"You're not allowed to come until I say, Hermione," he commanded in a stern tone. Hermione couldn't miss the fact that his voice had deepened he was nearly as aroused as she was. He slowly added another finger into her, and she groaned. Her hips bucked towards him, her legs shaking with the effort to hold herself upright, and just when she was on the edge of her orgasm, Snape stopped.

"I think we should move this into the bedroom," he told her, standing up.

Hermione's legs trembled as though filled with jello, making it hard for her to walk as she followed him towards the bedroom. She paused at the door, noticing that Snape was already undressing. She watched, unable to turn away from the sight in front of her.

Dark hair trickled from his throat to where it broadened across his whole chest. It swirled around his male nipples before tapering down into a thin line over his flat, taut stomach before spreading out again over his privates and his thighs.

His cock jutted out from its nest of inky black hair. Hermione stared at it with unquenchable curiosity, unable to believe he'd been able to hide his asset underneath his teaching robes. She marveled at how long and thick it was she'd seen some in her time; hell, she'd camped with both Harry and Ron, so she was no stranger to what a cock looked like, but his... There were no words. It was truly a masterpiece, one that seemed grow thicker and longer the more she stared at it.

"Lie down with your arms above your head, palms up." She licked her lips and moved towards the bed. He pulled two long scarves from a drawer, and she hesitated just at the edge of the bed. Her gaze moved from the bed to Snape he stood there, patiently waiting as she made up her mind.

With a deep breath, she climbed into the bed and raised her arms over her head. Snape loosely tied the first scarf around her wrists, tugging the material so it was firm, yet still loose enough for her to get out of, if she desired. Then he wrapped the other scarf over her eyes, throwing Hermione into darkness.

She bit her lower lip with a little more force than normal as panic started to set in. Hermione didn't like not being able to see what was happening around her she was too much of a war veteran to be at ease in this state. Her pulse scrambled, and it felt as though her throat were closing up on her.

"Breathe," Snape whispered in her ear, his fingers slowly massaging her tense shoulder. "Give yourself a moment."

Hermione focused on the feel of his hand on her shoulder. She drew in a gulp of air and tried to calm herself as her other senses took over. The back of his fingers brushed the underside of her breast.

"Better?"

"Yes," she whispered.

She felt a finger slowly trace the tip of her nipple, and she shuddered. The bed dipped under the weight of Snape, and then suddenly he was beside her, the heat of his body pressing against her. He rolled her nipple between his fingers, and Hermione jolted, her hips arching off the bed.

The moment she moved, Snape removed his hand from her breast. "Don't move. In fact, no moving at all until I say you can."

As soon as she settled, Snape resumed his exploration of her body. Hermione could feel his fingers on her nipples, followed by his mouth. Every once in a while, his teeth would graze the tip of her nipple before he sucked it into his mouth. She could feel fingers trailing down her body as his mouth teased her nipple. Her body stiffened as he slipped a finger into her drenched folds, the tip just brushing against her clit.

"So wet," he muttered, pressing harder. Hermione gritted her teeth, trying to think of anything but the way his fingers were playing her. She felt the bed move as Snape rearranged himself, and then when his tongue traced the path his fingers had just been, Hermione groaned in appreciation.

With every little lick, every teasing touch, he pushed her closer to the edge, ratcheting up the pressure. Hermione's nails dug into the palms of her hands as she fought to control herself.

His tongue dominated her, swirling around until the muscles of her inner thighs shook from the effort of her control.

"Now, Hermione," he commanded, sliding his finger against her clit. She came with such a force that she bowed against Snape's mouth. He wrung every last bit of the orgasm from her until she collapsed against the mattress, panting.

She barely registered when he untied her hands, stroking his hands up and down her arms as she came down from her high. He tugged the blindfold off, and she blinked at being thrust back to sight.

"Ride me," he ordered, pulling her on top of his body. He nipped at her chin as he skimmed his hand down her back to her arse. Her sex pressed against his cock as she straddled him.

He reached up and cupped her breasts as she moved against him, the tip of his cock just at her entrance. Eyes half lidded in drowsy pleasure, Snape shifted his weight beneath her, and she slowly slid down on his cock.

His hands slid down her sides so he could grip her hips as she dropped her hands to his chest to give herself more leverage. Her hair tickled his chest as she started to move her hips against him.

Snape used his hand to guide her, slowly pulling her down against him so that she impaled him with a hard motion. Hermione moaned, raising her hips up again, only to feel Snape thrust up into her as she sank down on him again.

With every movement, Hermione could feel his cock flex inside of her, his hips grinding upwards to meet each of her downward arcs. Then his hands were on her breasts again, his fingers pinching and pulling at her nipples until she cried out in sheer pleasure.

Animal noises started coming from her throat as her movements became erratic. She could feel him thrusting up hard to meet her, fucking her hard as she exploded in a massive orgasm. Hermione twisted and thrust herself upon his cock, grunting and moaning in an effort to feel more of him at that moment, nothing existed but the feel of Snape inside of her and the desire to feel him tip over the edge.

Hermione dropped her head to his chest, and he wrapped his arms around her. Kissing her hard, he shifted them both until she was underneath him. Her arms wound around his neck, her legs wrapping around him as he grabbed her arse and pulled her up to meet his thrust.

Hermione's nails dug into his back as he moved, slowly rocking in and out of her with deliberate slowness. Each time his pelvis touched hers, he would stop for a moment and hold absolutely still.

"Please," Hermione pleaded. "I need... more. Please, Severus!"

At the sound of his name on her lips, he bucked, plunging his cock deep within her.

"Severus," she whimpered. In response, he began to fuck her with a deep, steady rhythm.

Their eyes met, Hermione shuddered and bit her lower lip, and suddenly, he started to move with a savage intensity. Her body instantly responded, tightening on the edge, squeezing all around his cock. His fingers gripped her hips, a harsh groan escaping as his orgasm hit.

He swiveled his hips against her, plunging deep as he rode out the orgasm, until Hermione peaked, screaming his name. He collapsed against her chest, breathing harshly.

"See?" She said smugly.

"Know-it-all," he responded gruffly.

Author's Note: Just the warped idea that my brain came up with when I received Reynardo's prompt: Art or Fic: Him. Her. A bottle of Slippery-Than-Wet magical oil. Your choice of art or fic :-). Would prefer HG/SS and NC-17.