

A Polyjuiced Meeting

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: A huge thanks to FreeSpiritSeeker, Krissy, and crazyredhead0317 for being my awesome team of alphas and betas. This was written for the Potions Challenge at HP Dark Arts on LJ. This started off dark, but it took a completely different direction than I had originally thought. I'm very pleased with it, so I hope you all enjoy!

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A Polyjuiced Meeting

Hermione peered into her cauldron, checking the potion. It looked like thick, dark mud that was bubbling slowly ... just as she remembered it from her second year. She just needed to add the final ingredient.

She reached into her robe pocket and pulled out a small vial that contained a brown hair she had stolen from a Muggle earlier that day.

Before placing that hair in the Polyjuice Potion, she paused to think about what she was doing. Was she really going to pretend to be someone else just so she could sleep with him? The answer was yes. At this point, Hermione was willing to do anything to get him. Her desire and lust for the man had become unbearable.

Severus Snape.

Hermione worked with the surly man at Hogwarts. She was the Muggle Studies professor, and he was still the Potions professor. After recovering from Nagini's bite, Snape returned to Hogwarts to teach. He kept to himself mostly, only appearing occasionally for dinners and staff meetings.

She didn't know when her desire for him started, but she realized it about two months ago. Hermione wanted him. Oh, she wanted him desperately. She had tried speaking to him, only to be shot down. He made it quite clear that he wanted nothing to do with her, and that only made her want him more. Every cold and condescending look he gave her made her wet with desire. Just thinking about him was enough to get her blood boiling.

So she devised this plan. She knew that Snape liked to spend his Friday nights at the Three Broomsticks. He'd sit in the corner and drink by himself. Hermione would drink the Polyjuice and change her appearance. Once she changed her appearance, she would make her move. If he refused, Hermione had a small vial of lust potion that would help... persuade his mind.

A part of Hermione knew that what she was doing was wrong, but it couldn't be helped. She was beyond resisting Snape.

Hermione checked her watch and knew it was time. Snape was just arriving at the Three Broomsticks, so she had better get moving.

Walking towards her potion, Hermione dropped the hair in and watched as the potion turned colors. It became a light greyish-pink. It didn't look too bad...

She ladled some of the potion into a cup and lifted it to her mouth. She cringed ... it smelled horrible. Taking a deep breath, Hermione quickly drank the potion. She coughed as she finished, her stomach churning. She did everything she could to hold the vomit back.

Within seconds, she could feel the Polyjuice taking effect. Her skin began to bubble as she morphed into someone else. She grew a bit taller as her body filled out more. Her hair grew longer and turned auburn.

When the transformation was complete, Hermione moved towards the mirror. She checked herself, turning this way and that to make sure it was perfect. When she deemed herself acceptable, Hermione got dressed.

She wore a jumper and sweater underneath her robes. She grabbed her things, including additional doses of Polyjuice Potion, and then quickly headed towards the Three Broomsticks.

Hermione ordered two glasses and a bottle of Firewhisky. Looking around, she noticed that Snape was sitting in his usual corner and that he had just run out of his drink. She headed over, ready to make her move.

"Hello," she greeted, flashing him a smile as she sat down.

Snape arched his brow. "I don't recall inviting you to join me."

Hermione blushed. "Well, I noticed that you were sitting by yourself and thought I would join you." She motioned to the Firewhisky and glasses.

"Come now, please?" Hermione asked, batting her lashes at him. "You mustn't deny me the pleasure of your company."

Snape scowled. "I am not a pleasant man, and I'm positive that I've never given any indication of wishing for company."

Madam Rosmerta walked by at that moment. "Oh, come on, Severus. Just have a drink with the pretty girl."

Snape's scowl deepened. "Very well, since you are both so insistent..."

Hermione beamed. "Wonderful," she purred, pouring him a glass and handing it to him. She did the same for herself. After taking a sip, she glanced at Snape. "So, what brings you here?"

He snorted. "You must know who I am. Is it so hard to believe that I'd like some peace and quiet?"

She shook her head. "I don't know who you are, actually. I don't follow the papers. Are you someone important then?"

"No, I'm not."

"Then why does it matter?" Hermione questioned him.

"What's your name?"

"Paula," Hermione lied. "My name is Paula. I'm just passing through."

"Paula," he repeated. Snape poured himself another glass of whiskey after finishing off the first. "What a mundane name."

She shrugged. "And what's your name?"

Snape sneered.

"Awh, come on," Hermione pressed. "What's your name? A good-looking man like yourself must have a name."

"Good-looking?" Snape scoffed at her words. "Listen, *Paula*, I don't know who you are or what you're trying to accomplish, but I won't have any of it. I've been through far too much to allow some chit to play games with me."

"But I'm not!" Hermione pressed. "Honestly, I'm not. I just saw you when I walked in and thought you could use some company." She cast her eyes downward. "I was lonely and figured you looked lonely too."

"So you want to use me, is that it?" Snape questioned.

Hermione had the decency to blush. She was already starting to feel guilty about deceiving Snape. He had been through a lot and didn't deserve to be used this way. But she had come too far and would never have an opportunity like this again.

"I won't be a part of your plans," Snape stated firmly. His dark eyes peered at her intently.

Hermione bit her lip. "Just one more drink, please? And then I'll leave you alone... I swear."

Snape glanced at her warily before pouring himself one last drink. He drank it in one shot before slamming the glass on the table. He went to get up but stopped, his face growing pale.

She held her breath as she waited for the lust potion to kick in. The Firewhisky had been spiked. The liquor's strong aroma hid the smell so Snape wasn't able to detect it.

"Snape?" she whispered, tilting her head to the side as she leant closer. "Snape, are you all right?"

His eyes met hers in a smouldering gaze. "Do you have a room?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

Hermione felt chills run down her spine. "Yes, I do. Right upstairs."

"Let's go," Snape said, standing.

Hermione stood as well and led him up the stairs to her room. "I'm just going to run to the bathroom," she explained. Snape nodded, sitting down on the bed.

Once Hermione was in the bathroom, she quickly freshened up. She took another dose of the Polyjuice Potion and then brushed her teeth.

Walking outside, she was shocked to see Snape lying completely bare on the bed. His hand was gripping his cock tightly as he pleased himself. His eyes burned with lust as he saw her. "About time," he said, his voice low and seductive.

Hermione shivered. "Starting without me?" She moved towards the bed, removing her clothing as she did so. When she was naked, she sat on the edge of the bed. Snape's eyes followed her every movement. She blushed. "Are you sure that you want this?"

His hands reached out and touched her bare skin. "Yes, Paula, I do want you."

She closed her eyes at that name, desperately wishing that this was real. But it wasn't... It would never be.

"I want you too," she murmured, pushing down the guilt. She laid down on the bed next to him. Her hand reached out and touched his chest. Sparse black hairs covered it, hiding some of the many scars he had. She assumed he must have gotten them during the war. Hermione ran her hand along his chest, down towards his cock. Coarse, black hairs also covered his lower abdomen, just as she imagined they would.

Knowing the Polyjuice Potion wouldn't last forever, Hermione made her move. Her hand gripped the base of his cock, causing Snape to let out a small moan. Gently, she slid her hand up and down his shaft as her other hand gently caressed his sac. She continued her ministrations for a few moments, enjoying the way Snape began to pant even more. Every huff of breath made her body tingle in excitement.

After all this time, she would finally have him. She got the sudden urge to taste him. Hermione moved her body so she was now near his cock. Without warning, she took the hardened member into her mouth causing Snape to let out a strangled groan. Spurred on, Hermione began to suck and lick his cock with an increased passion. He tasted salty, just as she thought he would. There was something about him that was distinctly Snape and she loved it.

"If you keep that up, I won't last much longer," Snape panted, tangling his hands in hair that wasn't ~~hers~~. "Paula."

Hermione pulled away, releasing his cock from her mouth with a small pop. She crawled up so she was now straddling him. "You are so sexy," she purred seductively, running her hands up and down her chest. "Do you want this? Do you want me?"

"Oh, Merlin, yes," Snape growled, gripping her hips tightly. His eyes glowed, showing the effects of the potion. "Ride me, witch," he hissed between clenched teeth.

She lifted herself up and positioned herself just so. Hermione knew that she was more than turned on for him. She was ready for his cock. Slowly, she sank down onto his cock. He filled her perfectly ... as if they were made for each other.

"So tight," Snape hissed. His eyes were screwed shut as his panting laboured. "Move, now," he commanded.

"With pleasure," Hermione responded. Slowly, she pulled herself up before sinking back down on his cock. Her body tingled in pleasure with every movement, and she could feel herself grow closer to her climax. Hermione knew it wouldn't take long before she would be crying out his name in ecstasy.

This was her fantasy lived out. She knew she would never get another chance at this, so she took her time, committing every little detail to memory. Hermione wanted to remember the way Snape's Adam's apple bobbed when he swallowed. She wanted to remember the way his long, thin fingers gripped her hips tight enough to leave marks. She wanted to remember the pure lust in his dark black eyes as he peered up at her as she rode him. She would remember every little thing.

"Fuck," Snape cursed. "You feel wonderful."

Hermione smirked. "I take it you don't get much?" she asked, swivelling her hips, grinding herself against him. She moaned at the sensations.

"No, I don't," he replied. "I don't desire to either."

She arched her brow. That was a bit strange but it didn't stop her. She continued to move against him, the fire building within her.

"I'm an old man," Snape panted as he explained. "I don't have the time or energy for beautiful, young witches like yourself."

Blushing, Hermione wished Snape could see the real her. She wished it could be the two of them making love in his bedroom down in the dungeons.

But that would never happen, so Hermione would have to make do. And, sweet Merlin, was she making do.

She increased her speed, riding him roughly as she dug her nails into his chest. Her eyes fluttered closed as she felt the waves of pleasure wash over her. She rode him as she cried out, lowering her head to his neck. She kissed and bit him, thrusting against him continuously.

Snape moaned as he felt her walls shudder around him. He felt his balls tighten as his own orgasm approached. He came with a grunt; his eyes shutting closed as she nibbled at his neck.

Eventually, the two came down from their high. Hermione rolled off of him and lay by his side. "Thank you," she murmured, brushing some hair out of her face. She was a sweaty, tired mess, but it was completely worth it. "Best sex I ever had," she praised him.

Snape mumbled something incoherent.

Hermione arched her brow. Glancing at him, she saw that he had fallen asleep. *Just as well*, she thought. Her Polyjuice was going to wear off soon, and she needed to be out of Hogsmeade and back in Hogwarts before that happened. She silently thanked Merlin that the twins had shown her the different passages into the school.

Gathering her clothes, Hermione dressed. She knew he'd sleep the night away, but when he woke up, he'd remember everything. After wiping all traces of herself from the room, she headed down the stairs to leave.

Hermione slipped out of the Three Broomsticks, a sated smile on her face. She stealthily headed back to Hogwarts.

Monday morning found Hermione sitting at the Head's Table eating breakfast. Snape took his seat, a scowl on his face.

"Good morning, Severus," Hermione greeted him as she usually did. Her stomach twisted with nerves.

"Leave me be," he growled angrily as he prepared himself a cup of tea.

"Severus, why the curt attitude?" Minerva asked. "You're not usually this acerbic. Did you have a bad weekend?"

Snape growled something incomprehensible. He began to read the paper, ignoring everyone's questioning looks.

Hermione, however, smirked to herself. She had herself a pretty great weekend. She could only imagine that Snape wasn't too happy to wake up alone in a strange room to find out that he had been drugged. A part of her wished she had stayed so she could have found out.

But that wouldn't have worked, she reminded herself. She returned her attention to her breakfast, happily eating her sausage and eggs. Who knows, perhaps she'd get another chance with Snape someday.

She smiled at that thought.

Yes, she definitely would.

A few days after the Polyjuice incident, Hermione found herself walking along the first floor corridor. She had just finished her rounds and was heading back to her quarters.

There were a few more essays she wanted to grade before bed.

Hermione thought about her nightly patrol as she walked. She had come across four different couples snogging in various spots throughout the castle. She assigned them each detention with Filch and took House Points. It wouldn't do for students to think such behavior was all right, because it certainly wasn't. She was firm as she reprimanded them and was positive that she wouldn't see any of those students in such positions again.

Lost in her thoughts, Hermione didn't hear the figure sneaking up on her. A hand clamped over her mouth and pulled her into a small alcove that was hidden by darkness. Her captor pushed her up against the stone wall, causing her to grimace.

"Miss Granger."

Hermione trembled when she heard his deep, smooth voice. Her breath hitched as she realized his body was pressed against hers. "Severus, what in Merlin's name are you doing?" she asked, although deep down she knew. She knew that he knew and was terrified. What would he do? Would he report her to the authorities? Would he extract revenge? She liked that particular idea, but decided to push such thoughts from her mind. She would play innocent for now.

"Did you think I wouldn't know?" he asked, leaning forward. His breath tickled her ear, causing her to shiver once more. "Did you think I wouldn't figure it out?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked, peering at him through the darkness. "Severus, this is very inappropriate behavior for a teacher."

Snape let out a dry laugh, but his hands around her wrists tightened. "Inappropriate behavior for a teacher? You're one to talk, Miss Granger."

"Severus," she whimpered as his grip tightened even more. She was sure he was leaving bruises on her pale, creamy flesh. The very idea titillated her. She could feel herself grow wet from the situation.

"I know it was you," he growled. "Drugging me... using Polyjuice... It was you."

"No," she said, shaking her head. "No, I don't know what you mean."

"Did you think it would escape my notice that you were brewing Polyjuice Potion, Miss Granger? Did you think I wouldn't notice the taste of a lust potion?" When Hermione didn't respond, Snape let out a deep growl. "Well, did you?"

Hermione suddenly felt daring. "If you noticed the taste of a lust potion, why did you continue to drink it?" She peered into his dark eyes as best she could, but it was dark so she couldn't see much.

He laughed once more, but this time it was hearty as it sent shivers down her spine. "I'm only a man, Miss Granger. I have needs, although I often deny myself. However, when you presented yourself, how could I resist?"

"Then why act all embarrassed at breakfast when you returned to the castle?"

"To keep up a charade," Snape responded. "I wanted to wait until you were alone so I could confront you."

Hermione bit her lip. "And here we are."

"Indeed," he replied. She could practically hear the smirk in his voice. "Now what shall I do with you?"

"Care for a repeat?" she asked.

"Of course not," Snape replied harshly. "You took advantage of me, Miss Granger."

"But you just said you knew what you were doing!" Hermione protested.

"Ah, but you see," he purred, lowering his lips to her ear. He gently nipped at her skin, causing Hermione to let out a soft moan. "You didn't know I was being consensual. You were going to have sex with me, Miss Granger, whether I wanted to or not. I think that's rape."

Hermione cringed at that crude word. She hated it but knew that he was right. She had taken advantage of him. She had drugged him and seduced him while betraying him. "I had no choice," she responded.

"No, I suppose not. But now that I have you, what shall I do with you?" He shifted, pressing his hips against her, allowing her to feel his hardened length against her.

Her eyes widened. Snape was aroused! Perhaps she would get her repeat performance of the other night, but this time, it would really be her. Her heart raced at the thought of it.

"Shall I press charges?" he asked, his voice caressing her. "Or shall I take revenge?" He paused, torturing her with his silence. "Choices, choices... Whatever shall I do?"

Hermione swallowed the lump in her throat. A small squeak erupted, which Snape immediately noticed.

"Oh, you've got something to say? Well, then, let's hear it." He laughed. "I'd love to hear what the know-it-all has to say. Did you ever expect that I'd figure you out?"

"Expect, no, but hoped, yes," Hermione answered honestly. "The entire time I wished it was really me with you." She paused, summoning her courage. "And I think you should punish me."

A slow smirk spread out across Snape's face. "You want me to punish you?" When Hermione trembled against him, he grinned. "Are you so desperate to feel my cock within you once more?"

"Yes," she whimpered in response. "Severus, please, I do want you. Take me here, right now."

"Right now? Up against this very wall?" Snape taunted. "You'd like that very much, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she moaned. "*Severus.*"

"You're a dirty, little slut, aren't you? Oh, Miss Granger, what would everyone say if they knew?" Snape asked. "What would they say if they knew you were a woman who drugged men and raped them, and then you asked that same man to take you up against the wall in a school?"

His words drove her wild with want and desire. "They'd probably say I was a pretty messed up person," Hermione told him. "But I'm not afraid to take what I want. Are you?" She pushed her hips forward, rubbing against his erection. "You obviously want me, Severus, so are you going to take me or not?" She paused, smirking. "Or are you too afraid?"

Snape let out a low growl. "I am not afraid, Miss Granger. It is you who should be afraid."

"I'm not," she answered quickly.

"Do you know what you're getting into? I'm not a tame man, Miss Granger. I will tear you apart."

Hermione peered at him through the darkness, desperately wishing she could see him. "Severus, you're doing all this talking but taking no action. I want you, you silly man. How many times must I tell you? I would assume that the lengths I went to have you would have attested to my desire."

His lips crashed to hers in a bruising kiss. His fingers tangled themselves in her curly hair, and he roughly pulled her head backwards so he could kiss her better. A small voice was in the back of his mind, warning him that this was a bad idea. It was a slippery slope, and if he fucked her now, he wouldn't be able to let her go. Despite his subconscious warning him, Snape couldn't find it in himself to care. He desired Hermione. He wanted to punish her... control her... possess her. She would be his.

Hermione desperately wished she could touch him, but he held her hands firmly. She whimpered into the kiss as she thrust her hips against his. "Snape," she murmured, breaking away from his lips to catch her breath. "Why don't we take this somewhere else?"

Snape glared at her, tightening his grip on her. "Do you think you deserve that?" He moved his lips to her neck, biting down on her sensitive skin. "Maybe I want to fuck you here against the wall?"

She felt her insides quiver at his words. The idea of him fucking her against the wall was a rather nice one... "Yes," she answered. "Oh, please, yes."

Whispering a charm, Snape secured her wrists above her head with invisible bonds. He then resumed kissing her as he slid his hand up her skirt. "Teachers shouldn't wear such short clothing," he chided her. "Such a slut."

Hermione whimpered, knowing that Snape had magically shortened her skirt. When his finger slipped between her folds, she let out a sigh. His long, nimble fingers quickly got to work, pleasuring her with every stroke. "Severus," she moaned his name.

"You like this, don't you? You like me pleasuring you in the halls where anyone could see us," Snape hissed. "Admit it, Hermione, you're a dirty slut."

She let out a cry as he bit down on the nape of her neck. His words rang in her ear, and she was elated to know that he had said her name... her first name. He had never said it before, and it filled her with desire to hear it.

"Like that, don't you?" Snape asked once.

"Yes!" Hermione cried out. "Severus, please," she begged him.

He quickly withdrew his fingers. "Perhaps that should be your punishment, then," Snape murmured. "You're rather close to your climax, aren't you? Perhaps I won't let you come." He paused, smirking. "Yes, that's your punishment for the other night, Hermione. I'll bring you to the brink, but won't allow you to come."

Hermione frowned, frustrated tears welling in her eyes. "Severus, please," she begged once more. "Let me come."

"No," he said harshly. "Not yet." He placed gentle kisses along her neck, and his hands caressed her body. They slid along her arms, legs, and stomach... everywhere but the one spot she wanted him to touch.

She bit her lip to keep from crying out. She could feel his breath on her body. His body heat wrapped around her as he brushed against her. His erection was straining against his trousers, and she wanted nothing more than to take him into her mouth.

"What would you like?" he inquired. "Be honest, Hermione."

Trembling, Hermione wished she could cast a Lumos charm so she could see him better. "I want you to touch me, Severus."

Snape slipped his fingers into her knickers. He leaned forward and gently brushed his lips against hers. Hermione cried out as he brushed his thumb over her clit. Snape quickly inserted two fingers into her wet heat and resumed his rhythm from earlier. In... Out... In... Out... With occasional brushes on her clit.

"You wish you could see me, don't you?" Snape teased. "You wish you could see my eyes as I pleasure you."

"Yes," Hermione begged. "Please, Severus."

"Say sorry," he commanded. "Apologize for what you did."

Hermione bit her lip, torn. Another flick of her clit had her trembling even more. She didn't know how much more her body could take. "Please," she begged.

"No," Snape said harshly. "You can't come until you apologize."

She let out a frustrated cry. Her body arched and her thighs tensed as he continued to tease her.

"Please," Hermione begged.

"No," Snape said, smirking into the darkness. His hand slowed its pace, causing Hermione to let out a growl.

"Please, Severus."

"Apologize."

"I won't," Hermione snapped angrily. "I don't care how wrong it was ... it was the best night of my life. I would do it again if it meant I could have you."

Apparently, Snape was satisfied with her answer as he pressed his thumb hard against her clit. Hermione's hips bucked and her orgasm crashed into her. She cried out something incoherent, not caring that they were in the hallway.

As she rode out her orgasm, Snape made quick work of undoing his trousers and dropping them. He gripped her waist and pulled her upward, positioning Hermione's body so he could fuck her.

Hermione, realizing what Snape was doing, tried to help. She lifted her hips and tried her best to help him position herself. Soon, she felt his tip pressed against her entrance before he thrust into her completely. She let out a moan at the feeling of him filling her.

"You're mine," Snape growled possessively, thrusting into her. She felt perfect, her walls gripping him effortlessly. "No man will ever touch you."

"I'm yours," Hermione panted, feeling as if this was truly a dream come true. "Anything you want, it's yours, Severus."

"Good," he said, closing his eyes and savoring the sensations. He moved his lips forward and sucked hard on the side of her neck. Hermione let out a whimper that caused his bollocks to tighten as he felt his orgasm approaching.

"Severus," she said. "Oh, Severus, harder."

"With pleasure," he growled, increasing his tempo. He thrust into her roughly, knowing that with every thrust, her back was scraping against the castle wall. The thought only turned him on ... knowing that he was leaving marks on her.

"Bite me," Hermione commanded, wanting him to roughen her up. She was so pleased that she had found someone who enjoyed it rough as much as she did.

Snape sank his teeth into her neck, hard enough to draw blood. The sharp pain triggered Hermione's second orgasm, and she came with a cry. She tipped over the edge, white lights exploding behind her eyes.

Snape continued to thrust into her, the taste of blood filling his mouth. Within moments, his orgasm wracked his body, and he frantically bucked his hips against her. He released the magical bonds that held Hermione in place and her hands immediately went to his shoulders. She gripped him roughly, crying out his name repeatedly.

Eventually, the two of them stopped moving and caught their breaths. Snape gently lowered Hermione to the floor where she swayed unsteadily on her feet.

"Are you all right?" Snape asked, summoning his wand and producing a Lumos charm. He took in her sweaty and flustered appearance. He saw the dried blood on her neck and immediately felt his cock harden once more.

Hermione stared at Snape as well. He look thoroughly fucked, which left a pleased sensation in her. She saw the lust and content in his eyes and smiled. He had enjoyed it just like she had.

"Are you all right?" Snape asked once more.

"Yes," Hermione replied, nodding.

"Good, because I'm far from done with you." He scooped her into his arms and cast a Disillusionment charm on them both. "I think you need a spanking for your wanton behavior."

Hermione smirked. "Yes, please."

Without another word, Snape carried her to the dungeons where he showed her just what type of lover he was.