

Veela Love Bite!

by articc621

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This lovely piece of work was written for the 2015 Valentine Veela Fest on LJ. Many thanks to JenniseiBlack, Kyrie, krazyredhead0317, and Araeofsomething for being my fabulous team of alphas/betas. I don't know where I'd be without all of your help, so thank you! I hope everyone reading enjoys!

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Veela Love Bite!

Hermione stood outside of the Great Hall. She held her breath as she waited for her partner. She held her breath in anticipation. Soon enough, Hermione heard his footsteps. He appeared around the corner, his black robes billowing behind him.

"Severus," Hermione greeted him, bringing him up short. "You don't have to come with me, you know."

"It's fine," he said with a wave of his hand. "You're not inconveniencing me. Besides, the Forbidden Forest can be dangerous at night. I do not think it would be very beneficial for my image if my apprentice disappeared the night before her practical."

Hermione smiled at his words. Tomorrow, she would take her practical exam and hopefully become a full-fledged Potions Mistress. "I won't be your apprentice after tomorrow."

"I'll try to contain my excitement," Snape said, a smirk on his face at her barely discernible blush at his words.

"You'll miss me," she teased him, her heart fluttering excitedly. Now that her apprenticeship was ending, Hermione was having difficulty containing the growing feelings she held for Severus. "Let's hurry along. The flower I need to collect will bloom soon, and I want to be in position."

Snape nodded curtly. "After you," he said, gesturing with his hands.

The two made their way deep into the Forbidden Forest to obtain a rare flower that Neville had told her about that only bloomed at midnight. The nectar could be used in a large variety of potions used in healing.

"Why don't we split up?" Hermione suggested. "I'll look in the next field over if you want to look here."

"That sounds fine," Snape agreed.

Hermione wandered off a bit and looked through the field by her wandlight. There were many grasses and trees, but she couldn't find the flower. She frowned in annoyance. The flower had to be around there somewhere.

As Hermione looked, she heard a small buzzing in her ear. Looking around, she saw a small pixie-like creature. "Oh, look at you. Aren't you cute?" The creature buzzed at her when she pointed her wand at it to see it better.

"Severus!" she called. "Do you know what type of creature this is? It looks like a pixie." It landed on her hand and gave her a ferocious glare.

Snape didn't bother to look up. "If it looks like a pixie, then it is most likely a pixie."

Hermione tilted her head and looked at it. The creature buzzed angrily. "It looks angry." She let out a small cry of pain as the creature bit her hand.

At Hermione's cry of pain, Snape glanced at her. His eyes widened in recognition when he saw there was a small pure-blooded Veela near her. "Hermione!" he shouted. He ran towards her and saw that she was cradling her hand. Using his wand, he sent the Veela away.

"Severus," she whispered, tears in her eyes.

"Did it bite you?" he asked with concern.

She held out her hand. "Yes, it did. What was that creature?" She felt a warmth race through her as he inspected her hand.

Snape looked at her and took a small step back. "It was a Veela. They are pixie-like creatures that can be quite vicious if you cross them during mating season. Judging by the way it attacked you, I'd say it is their mating season."

"What will happen to me?" Hermione asked. She bit her lip as a weird sensation started to spread throughout her body, making her tremble.

Snape took another step back. "Hermione, I think you should go to the Hospital Wing before it's too late."

She looked at Snape and immediately felt her body react to him. Chills broke across her skin, her palms grew sweaty, and her mouth was suddenly very dry. "Severus," she said languidly, his name rolling off her tongue perfectly.

His eyes widened. He knew it was too late. The venom was now coursing through her veins, and soon, she would be driven wild with lust. He knew that Hermione harbored romantic feelings for him—he could only imagine what the venom would do to her now. Did he dare respond to her the way he wished to?

Hermione watched as Snape's gaze darted around; he was obviously looking for escape, but Hermione couldn't let that happen. She knew the Veela venom was responsible for her heightened feelings, and she wanted to touch Snape. Now.

She threw herself at him, knocking them both to the forest floor. She needed to kiss him. Her body ached and throbbed with the need. Despite the impropriety of the situation, she couldn't stop herself. She crashed her lips against his roughly, ignoring the small jolt of pain she felt as their teeth gnashed. As first kisses go, it wouldn't win any awards, but Hermione was able to gentle her need to possess his mouth by wrapping her arms around his neck.

Snape tried to pry her off him. However, despite how much he pushed against her, he couldn't get the small witch off of him. She was attached to him as though with a Permanent Sticking Charm.

Hermione pulled back slightly and peered at him through half-lidded eyes. Her gaze was full of desire for the wizard in front of her. "Severus," she whispered, "why won't you kiss me back?"

"You know this isn't right," Snape replied, trying to reason with her. "I didn't want it to happen this way," he muttered. He knew, however, that reasoning was futile. The venom had certainly made its way throughout her body by now. There was no stopping her lust at this point. Not even magic could help.

"Please," she begged. "I know it's wrong, Severus, but I won't be your apprentice after tomorrow." When he didn't reply, she moved her hand down and stroked him through his trousers, feeling the bulge in his pants.

"Please." She bit her lip. "It hurts, Severus." Her whole body ached for his touch. She wanted to feel his hands roam across her over-sensitized flesh. At this point, her clit throbbed in time to the beat of her heart, a maddening itch that would not be ignored. She knew what she needed, and she knew that Snape had to be the one to give it to her. "Touch me," she mewled into his mouth as she swooped in for another kiss.

Snape couldn't take it anymore. He sighed in defeat and allowed all the feelings for his apprentice he had been pushing away to overtake him.

He grasped her body and rolled so he was now on top of her, kissing her with a rushed passion as he cupped her breast through her robes.

Hermione moaned in pleasure. She reached upward and tangled her hands into his hair, vaguely surprised to feel that it was silky and not greasy. She knew it often looked greasy from hovering over potions all day long. Any other thoughts of his hair were discarded when Severus's thumb brushed over her nipple, causing her to gasp.

"Like that?" he murmured, kissing his way down to her throat. He inhaled her deliciously sweet, light floral scent *It must be her perfume*, he mused and continued down her body, undoing her robes' buttons as he went. His agile hands smoothing, plucking, and teasing Hermione's body until she writhed.

"Severus," Hermione whimpered. "Please, fuck me." She reached between them and rubbed his erection through his trousers.

"Are you sure?" he asked, pulling away slightly. He saw that her eyes were dilated and she was panting heavily. The venom had surely spread completely by now.

"Of course I am, Severus," Hermione answered honestly. "And it's not just because of the Veela bite that I want you."

Snape frowned. "I can bring you to completion without penetration." He paused, watching the emotions on her face. "I can alleviate your need without actually having to..."

"Stop," Hermione interrupted him, panting. "You know I've desired you for a long time, Severus. I'm not just trying to use you to get off." She wriggled beneath him, desperately wishing the ache between her legs would dull. "Although, Severus, getting off sounds really great right now, so please." She bit her lip. "Unless you don't want to. I would never try to force you to do anything you didn't want to."

"You're positive?" he asked one last time. When she nodded her consent, he slid his hand beneath her skirt. Pushing her knickers aside, he rubbed her slit and found that she was more than ready for him. "Is this your first time?" he asked.

Hermione blushed before shaking her head no.

"Good," Snape growled. "Get on all fours."

His command caused her to tremble. She quickly obeyed and got on her shaking hands and knees. The scents of the forest filled her nostrils as she listened to Severus undo his trousers. "Please," she begged impatiently, wriggling her arse. She needed this. Him.

Snape let out a growl as he stroked his hardened member. With his free hand, he pushed her cloak and skirt up out of the way. He then pulled her knickers down and

groaned at the sight before him. She was *fucking* beautiful.

"Now," she whimpered. Her body was aching, and she felt like she would quickly lose it if he didn't enter her soon.

He guided his cock towards her entrance and slowly pushed in. Snape closed his eyes and sighed at the feeling of completeness. Her walls gripped him tightly as his cock made its way within her. Hermione dug her fingers into the earth below and groaned in joy.

"Fuck," Hermione cursed. He paused when he was buried completely inside, and Hermione knew that he was much larger than Ron. Not that Ron had been much to go on. When Severus began to move, another moan escaped her lips. Her body hummed with pleasure from every stroke.

Snape gripped Hermione's hips tightly as he thrust into her. She mewled in pleasure as she rocked back and forth on his cock. It had been some time since he had been with a woman, so Snape knew he wouldn't last very long.

"Severus," she moaned. "Harder, faster." He complied with her requests, thrusting into her roughly, repeatedly. She bit her lip hard enough to draw blood. There was something primal about the two of them fucking on the floor in the Forbidden Forest. It was wild... animalistic. She wanted more.

Snape leaned forward and covered her body with his. One hand braced itself on the ground as the other worked its way around her body. His fingers quickly found her clit; he rubbed her there as he thrust, knowing that they would both reach their orgasm soon.

Hermione closed her eyes, savoring the feel of him fucking her. His fingers felt like they were working magic on her body, and soon she felt herself tittering close to the proverbial edge.

"Come for me, Hermione," Snape growled, increasing his speed.

She let out a gasp, followed by, "Severus!" as her orgasm crashed over her. Her fingers dug further into the ground as she tried to grasp onto something to brace herself. Hermione's inner walls clenched around him, urging on his own orgasm. "Hermione," he ground out as he climaxed.

When they both came down from their highs, they collapsed forward onto the ground. Snape pushed himself up. "Are you alright, Hermione?"

She looked up at him, biting her lower lip. "I'm... not quite all right. I still want... you. Severus, please." She resisted the urge to cry. Despite just having sex, Hermione was still horny and desired Severus.

"I need more."

Snape reached down and took her hand. He helped her up and fixed both of their clothing. "I suspected as much. Come, I'll Apparate us to my rooms."

"You can Apparate inside Hogwarts?" Hermione asked, surprised at the revelation.

"Despite no longer being Headmaster, I still have some of the privileges. No one knows though, so keep my secret." A small smirk appeared on his face.

"Your secret is safe," she said with a smile. "Now, take me to your room and ravish me."

Snape pulled her into his arms and Apparated them both to his bedroom. Once there, Hermione captured his lips in a bruising kiss. Her hands pulled at his clothing as the two of them stumbled to his bed. They collapsed onto the silky sheets.

Hermione couldn't get enough of him. She pulled roughly on his frock, causing buttons to go flying. "I'll fix it later," she murmured. Her fingers hastily tried to unbutton his undershirt.

"Enough," Snape growled, pulling away from her. He pulled out his wand and vanished both of their clothing.

"Touch me," Hermione pleaded.

Snape's hands trailed up her body, stopping at her breasts. He cupped them before giving them a light squeeze. "Exquisite." He gently nipped at her neck.

"What is?" Hermione asked, breathless from the sensations his hands were causing.

"You are," Snape responded. He kissed his way from her neck to her breasts, capturing a nipple in his mouth and sucking it gently while his other hand caressed the other breast.

Hermione moaned as her eyes fluttered closed. She tangled her fingers into Snape's hair and tugged slightly, loving the small noise of surprise he made.

Snape left her breast and began to kiss his way down her body. "I need to taste you."

Hermione felt herself grow wet at his words. He wanted to taste her? No one had ever done that to her before. She had read about it, of course, but reading and experiencing were two totally different things.

He settled himself between her legs, gently spreading them wider. Without any hesitation, he licked her up and down. He pressed his thumb against her clit, causing her to gasp, and felt his cock grow hard once more.

"Severus, more," Hermione begged. She wriggled her hips against his face.

Snape pressed his tongue inside her, tasting her sweet yet tangy juices. In and out, in and out. He was relentless, teasing her. He brought her to the edge before abruptly stopping.

"Severus!" Hermione cried, tears of frustration welling in her eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked, his gaze smoldering as he looked at her. "Tell me, Hermione."

She trembled. "I want to come, Severus." She closed her eyes and tried to move her hips against him, but his strong arms held her still.

"Beg," he murmured softly. "I want to hear you *beg*, Hermione."

"Please!" she cried. "Oh, please, Severus! Please, please, *please*!"

Snape pressed his tongue against her once more. She tangled her hands back into his hair and pulled roughly.

"Oh, yes!" she cried passionately. "Right there, Severus!" She let out a groan. The pleasure of him licking her was unlike anything in the world. She could now see why so many people enjoyed it. "More!"

Snape continued to fuck her with his tongue. Within moments, Hermione let out a muffled scream that sounded somewhat like his name. He pulled away, his hand fisting his cock. He was more than ready for her now.

Hermione peered up at him, desire in her eyes. "Fuck me, Severus."

Positioning himself between her legs, he slowly pushed in. Snape paused for a moment, allowing her body to adjust to him. When she let out a growl, he began to move. His thrusts were quick and rough as he pounded into her.

"Severus!"

"You like that?" Snape asked, watching as her eyes screwed shut in pleasure. Her hands tightened their grip on his silken bed sheets. "Fuck, Hermione."

Hermione let out a breathy whimper when he reached down and roughly grasped her breasts. She enjoyed it rough, and it seemed that Snape was the same. He let out a low growl as he slapped her breast. She moaned in pleasure.

"You like it rough?"

She opened her eyes and nodded. "Yes, please." He increased his speed even more, causing her body to jerk with each thrust. "Bite me."

He arched his brow.

"Bite me, Severus." She looked at him pleadingly. "Please."

Snape bent down, shifting his position slightly so he could kiss her but still fuck her. Their bodies were pressed tightly against each and every movement felt like heaven.

His lips moved to her neck, where he kissed her a few times gently before biting her roughly. The taste of blood filled his mouth causing his balls to tighten. He knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Hermione let out a shout as she came, thrusting her hips upwards as she rode out her orgasm.

Snape grunted as he came. He thrust into her until he was finished. With a sigh, he pulled out of her and collapsed onto the bed. He was utterly spent.

Sitting up, Hermione smiled. "Severus, I never knew you liked it rough."

"When the mood is right," he responded.

"I think the mood might be right now." She looked at him, her eyes full of lust.

Snape knew they were far from done.

After two more bouts of sex, including once in the shower, the two of them now lay cuddled in bed.

"Are you feeling all right now, Hermione?" Snape inquired.

She smiled at him. "Yes." Turning over, she snuggled deeper into his side. "Promise me that you won't regret it? I know the Veela venom has run its course, but will you promise that you won't regret it?"

Snape closed his eyes and sighed. "Seeing as you will not be my apprentice after tomorrow, I see no reason to regret what's happened between us."

Hermione's smile widened. "Do you think we could do it again sometime? You know, when I'm not driven mad with lust from a Veela bite?"

Snape smirked. "What if it's not from a Veela bite?"

"My lust?" He nodded. "I suppose that would be up to you, Severus, but I'm quite confident you could find ways to manage my lust."

Snape let out a small growl. "No more talking, Hermione, because I am too spent for another round of sex."

"Old man," she teased. Although to be honest, she was quite exhausted herself. She knew that she would ache terribly later.

Snape shook his head. "You seem to be forgetting that today is a big day for you. You need your rest, Hermione."

Hermione gave him a quick kiss. "I suppose you are right, Severus. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Hermione."

Years later, Headmaster Snape and Professor Granger would give thanks to the Veela bite that began it all including their happy marriage.