

Three Strikes, You're In

by Ladymage Samiko

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bad things, it was said, came in threes. In Severus's experience, bad things came in thirteens over the course of forty-eight hours. Three was a positive holiday. So he accepted Wednesday's trio of mishaps with relative *relative*, mind you *equanimity*.

Friday's were a different kettle of fish.

A botched potion scorched his hair to an impossible two inches.

A student dropped her broom; he tripped and landed nose first in Professor Granger's cleavage.

Peeves swept through the halls with a set of knives *knives!* leaving him standing red-faced in front of Granger with a mere scrap to salvage his dignity.

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Hermione's Arithmantic horoscope had predicted a day of surprises. This being Hogwarts, she heightened her defensive spells to avert probable disasters, like a blazing desk.

She didn't expect a chestful of Snape.

Nor had she envisaged a nearly naked Headmaster.

She *certainly* hadn't foreseen anywhere in her wildest dreams that she would find him *fanciable*.

Really, *really* fanciable.

Yet here he was, obviously humiliated. Any chance her fancies might have had went out the window with lead weights on.

Well, what the hell, she could at least even things up a bit.

She dropped her own robes to the floor.

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Granger had incredible tits.

He'd gotten that impression earlier, but Muggle lingerie in black lace really brought the idea home.

Pattering footsteps broke his dazed contemplation, and he catapulted both of them into a nearby classroom or closet. Something with a door, anyway.

His 'mere scrap' disappeared along the way; Granger's knickers were doing double duty, maintaining what was left of her modesty *and* his, pressed against him as she was.

"Is that a wand in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" she grinned.

"Idiot witch, I don't *have* it" The knut dropped; he was staring again.

He stood very, very still.

She *Ö* didn't.

His Adam's apple bobbed violently. "And *Ö* if I said *Ö* happy?" he asked carefully.

"Then I would say *Ö* 'There's a chair; share the rapture.'"

Severus still couldn't quite wrap his mind around what was happening. He dimly remembered the term 'sexual revolution' from his Muggle-bound youth; was this the result? When had Granger become a brazen hussy?

She was watching him, waiting. His heart pounded fit for a bass drum. Could she see the fine tremors in his hands? They unhooked her bra's front clasp.

For the moment, at least, the gods were good.

Hermione preened under his gaze. Most men were intimidated by her brains and therefore ignored her physical assets; Severus, it would seem, was appreciative of both. That felt *very* nice.

She took a half step back so she could reciprocate.

Oh.

Oh, my.

Does he know how to use it, too? If not, I do. And he's got brains.

And then she looked into his eyes. Hesitation. Uncertainty.

She smiled reassurance, touched his hand, felt his shudder. "No withholding," she said softly. "No regrets. We respect each other in the morning." Her smile tweaked with humour.

"No regrets," he echoed.

She was soft *Ö* and welcoming *Ö* and ego-strokingly responsive.

Didn't hurt that she was stroking his cock, too. Someone must have mentioned to her *ö* or, his mind growled, was it *practical* experience? *ö* that wizards were good for several rounds. For the first, she pressed him against the wall, her hand squeezing and tugging while her honey trickled down his thigh.

Second, she sprawled across the desk and magically bound her breasts for him to fuck. He lost it when she tongued his slit.

The third *Ö* The third, she watched him slide into her, and that was the most incredible of all.

Mmm Ö Hermione's whole being vibrated on that one wavelength, feeling Severus thrust and retreat. He certainly did know how to use what he had, though content to let her lead initially. Then he'd plied clever fingers over nipples and belly and thighs and *Ö* Even her scars tingled, sensitized.

He was watching her narrowly, and dimly she noticed that he was making minute changes every time he thrust, hunting for that perfect *Ö*!

There. Oh, yes, there. Right there. Again! Hermione didn't hear her own voice babbling, groaning when he slowed, chanting his name when he pounded fiercely and they both came.

There was an intermission somewhere in the middle; Hermione, more than a little wobbly, proposed a bed, lest they be found in the morning by *Ö* just about anyone. Severus, visualizing the options the universe might choose, agreed. He mentioned the different dungeon rooms with things like manacles, ropes, and whipping posts as they ran past *ö* and took note of when her eyes flashed.

Perhaps this might continue *Ö*? Even he couldn't manage *all* of those rooms in one night. Though there were a few spells *Ö*

Then they reached *his* bedroom *ö* and bed *ö* and theory vanished in the face of practical application.

Morning, and Severus felt like he was dying. He rolled his eyes *ö* one of the few bits that didn't hurt *ö* and ascertained that Hermione felt the same way.

Oh, but if he ever had a choice, this was the way he'd want to go.

"Hermione?" he ventured, neutral.

"Severus?"

"Would you care to do this again?"

"Fuck, yes." Damn, that fervour did his ego good. "But not tonight," she added.

"Hot date?" he sneered. It was Saturday night.

"Gods, no. I just want to be able to *walk*."

Severus smiled smugly. Perhaps opportunities came in threes, too. Maybe even thirteens.

A/Ns: Written for the GS100 'batches of three' challenge. Hope you enjoyed!