

# Tit for Tat

*by Celisnebula*

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## Tit for Tat

*Chapter 1 of 1*

What's good for the goose is always good for the gander.

"You're a bloody prat, you know that, right?" she huffed at Harry Potter, who was drunkenly slumped in the corner booth of the Hog's Head.

"Not," he slurred. "You're just stroppy because you lost." He picked a shot of firewhisky from the table in front of him and downed it in one gulp. "You're always so bloody sure you'll win."

"That's cause she does," Ron interjected.

"-that you never entertain the idea that you just might not," Harry continued as if Ron hadn't interrupted.

"Sides, you've been mooning over him practically *forever*." He drew the word forever out in a sibilant hiss. Ron nodded his head in agreement.

"I hate you both!" she exclaimed, grabbing her own shot of firewhisky. It burned pleasantly down her throat.

"Nut'un," Ron grunted. "You lub us!" He gave her his best Weasley glare. "Betcha had something planned to make me do for Lavender had I lost, huh?"

Hermione suddenly became interested in the facets of her cut glass. "What makes you say that?" she asked haughtily.

Harry snorted. "Cause you Mother both of us and don't think we don't know you've been managing things." He raised another shot glass in toast to her. "We ain't stupid."

"And Luna doesn't know how to keep her mouth shut."

"That too," Harry acknowledged. "But my wife has no secrets from me, unlike one of my best mates."

"Yeah, what he said," Ron slurred, resting his head on the table.

"And why are you so keen on this, Ronald Weasley? I thought you hated him."

"I'm not the one that wants to shag him," he muttered back. This time Harry snorted.

"Please don't," Harry gasped out. "My brain doesn't want to go there." Her watched Hermione toss back another shot. "Better not get too pissed, you know how the spell works if you don't do the dare in a timely manner," he cautioned.

"I know," Hermione grumbled. "I'm the one that created it to keep you two from cheating."

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He was so wholly engrossed in the restocking of the potions pantry shelves that he hadn't heard her enter his personal office space.

She bit at her bottom lip, her teeth grazing the plump flesh as she took in the sight before her. She'd never seen him in such a state of dishabille—he was normally so carefully composed; fully buttoned up. His shirt sleeves were rolled up his forearms, the collar of his shirt unbuttoned and loose she could see dark tendrils of curly chest hair peeking through the gap. She had the urge to run her fingers through that dark patch of hair.

She must've made some sort of sound because he whirled around; he speared her with a harsh glance. "What are you doing here?"

"I... ah..." She nervously licked her lips. She couldn't bloody well tell him that this was her penance for losing at truth or dare; her forfeit was to do something daring and bold and the alcohol in her system had fueled her insane desire to start with him. Her fingers tightened on the book she'd brought with her flimsy excuse to bring herself down into his domain.

"Come now." Gods his voice had always done unexplainable things to her body and tonight was no exception. "Don't tell me you're at a loss for words, Granger," he continued on, slowly stepping out of the darkened pantry door.

"I brought you this." Her voice sounded breathless to her own ears as she held up the book. How odd that she never noticed how his long hair curled near his collar. Her eyes honed in on a lock that brushed against the base of his neck; she wanted to run her tongue across that pulse point.

He arched an eyebrow. "You could've simply left word in my inbox, as Madam Pince used to do."

"Yes, well." Her fingers fiddled with the binding on the book. "Your research is important, and I—" She took a huge breath. "I wouldn't want to delay you," she said in a rush of words. She took a stumbling step forward, inwardly cursing herself for her inelegant display. She breached his personal space as she stepped closer to his desk; her fingers gripped the book tightly instead of setting it on his desk as she intended.

"What game are you playing at?" he asked hoarsely. Again she bit at her bottom lip; his eyes darkened at their reddened hue.

She shook her head. "No games, Severus." His name tasted sinful as it fell from her tongue. "I just..." She sighed. She placed the book on his desk and slowly turned to face him. Swallowing the lump of fear that started fighting with the alcohol in her system she placed her hand on his chest. It was so incredibly warm; she could feel him tense at her touch.

He smelled of exotic spices as she leaned in to softly brush her mouth against his. He could've been made of marble, he stood so perfectly still. Bloody pounded in her ears and frustration swamped her. Obviously he wasn't interested and she'd made a dreadful mistake. At least she fulfilled her end and wouldn't have *Snape's Tart* scrawled over her forehead for failing.

She pulled back only to find that he was watching her silently. Then before she taken another breath, his mouth came down on hers. His fingers tangled in her hair as his tongue darted against the lower lip she'd abused with her teeth earlier.

She parted her lips, their tongues met in a carnal dance. Hermione clutched at his shirt, feeling dizzy and lightheaded; her fingers curled into his thick, dark hair.

A small moan escaped from her throat as she pressed against him; she felt as if she had no bones. His mouth demanded no quarter desire and hunger shot through her with a rough sensual joy.

His hands slid down her back; he pulled her roughly toward him. He couldn't get enough of her voluptuous curves melting against his body. His hands slid even further down her body as he hoisted her up, swinging her around until she was practically sitting on his desk.

She made soft mewling noises as he ravaged her mouth. He pulled back at stared at her face. Her lids were heavy lidded with desire; her lips red and bruised from his kiss. He felt a pulse of masculine satisfaction shudder through him he'd done this; made her lose all sense of herself with desire.

She bent her head and licked at his pulse point; it took all of his willpower not to toss up her robes then and there he wanted to be buried deep into her, have her screaming out his name as she writhed on his cock.

Hermione let her hand trail down his body; her hand cupped the erection so ferocious it strained against the fabric of his trousers. He sucked in a jagged breath.

He was still too buttoned up for her comfort.

With deliberate care, she slowly started unbuttoning his shirt from the bottom up.

His chest was an expanse of dark, curly hair she speared her fingers through it, delighted in the way the strands tickled her palm.

"Tit for tat," he growled out as her tongue darted out to lap his left nipple.

"Hmm?" she replied distractedly; his fingers pinching at her nipple through her shirt.

"I said 'tit for tat,'" he repeated; those long, lovely fingers unfastening her bra before she even realized her shirt was off. "Everything you do to me, I shall have to recompense.

"I want to bury my face in those lush breasts of yours; suck on those pert nipples until they're pebble hard." And then his mouth dear god, that luscious wicked mouth teased her right nipple until she thought she'd orgasm from that feeling alone.

Hermione's head fell back as she moaned, her fingers sliding up his shoulders and into his hair. Severus pressed between her legs, pressing her back against the desk as she tugged on his hair, pulling him closer to her.

"Don't stop," she whimpered, clinging to him. He raised his head from her breasts and caught her mouth in another forceful kiss.

In response, Severus stood and pulled his shirt the rest of the way off. His face was set with agonizing need as she pushed off the desk, his eyes darkening as she knelt before him. He gasped as her fingers slowly pulled his trousers off his cock at attention.

She pushed him back until he was nearly sitting on the desk this time, her fingers tracing a blazing path down his chest until it neared that lovely cock.

He groaned in appreciation as she ran her finger down the length of his shaft; he muttered a dark and guttural curse from deep within his throat as she curved her hand around him.

With a sultry glance, she bent forward and licked the very tip of him. He was thick, hot and silky. His body tensed as her tongue slowly rendered its way around the mushroom head, her palm sidling down the shaft so she could cup his testicles. She flicked the frenulum with her tongue as she moved her mouth to kiss and lick her way up and down his shaft.

She gently kissed the tip of his penis, then parted her lips to suck just the tip into her mouth, making circular motions with her tongue as she gently sucked. Her tongue flicked back and forth as she let her lips just hover over the tip, nipping and sucking gently then backing off.

This time his fingers clenched in her hair, yet he made no move to urge or force her on. He simply allowed her to set her own pace as she licked and laved her way along his cock. She could taste the saltiness of him as her tongue curled around the tip again. His breath hitched as she slowly swallowed as much of him as she could.

She shifted her body, allowing her fingers to gently tease and tug at his testicles; his cock seemed to swell even harder as she let her fingers play. His hips bucked up and he moaned as she tickled his taint with her index finger.

"Tit for tat," he groaned harshly, pulling from her insatiable mouth. Hermione sighed and sat back on her haunches.

"I wasn't done," she muttered.

He held out a hand and helped her to her feet. "Neither am I," he rasped, taking her mouth in a slow, gentle kiss.

Her robes fell to the floor, leaving her with just her knickers on as she wound her arms around his neck, pressing close. His chest hair tickled her breasts as he slowly sucked on her lower lip.

He dragged his mouth down her chin and along her throat. Hermione dropped her head back to give him more access and he nipped at her collarbone. His fingers trailed down her body to the flimsy cotton knickers she still wore. He peeled the material down as he dipped his tongue into the hollow of her throat.

Hermione's fingers dug into his shoulders as his mouth trailed over the upper swells of her plump breasts. She let out a low moan as he took one nipple into his mouth and suckled. His hands skimmed along her hip, pushing her knickers down her thighs until she could step out of them. He pressed her against the desk, allowing his fingers to trail over her body until it reached the apex of her mons.

Her skin was so smooth; hot yet damp. He allowed his fingers to slide over her mons until he reached curls. She was so, so wet. He slowly trailed his index finger around the sensitive flesh of her core.

Hermione gasped in pure wonder; her breath turning to short pants as he stroked, long and slow, increasing the pressure.

Pressing her even further back on the desk, his fingers and thumb pinching and pressing with tiny loops as he wedged himself between her thighs. His clever fingers taunted her with alternating soft and the firm strokes as he trailed his lips over her stomach, licking and nipping at her flesh as he progressed to her navel.

She moaned again as he circle her navel with his tongue, darting it around the flesh that suddenly became unbearably sensitive. He inched father down until she could feel his breath against the apex of her thighs.

Her fingers threaded through his long dark hair as his tongue laved against the folds of her. Her fingers tightened in his hair as he skillfully used his tongue to dart around her clitoris. Hermione's shoulders rolled forward as her body arched in response to the way he nibbled, nipped and drew her in with his mouth and fingers, until she was fairly crying out in response, her body clenching around his probing fingers.

Then he was rising over her, pushing her thighs further apart. He took a deep breath and the slowly allowed his cock to slide over her glistening flesh. For some reason he was exerting tremendous self-controlteasing her with just his tip when all she wanted was for him to surge in as deep as possible.

He braced his arms on the desk, looming over her as he slowly slid his cock into her entrance. Hermione could feel the tip of him just there, and wiggled her hips, but he stubbornly refused to move.

He nudged forward just a bit more; Hermione watched as his pupils dilated, then he dipped his head so strands of hair brushed against her face. Tentatively, she tilted her hips again and felt the thick length of him come into her bit more.

"Please," she whispered, arching her hips up while pulling him down upon her at the same moment, seating him fully within the softness of her body.

"Fuck," he muttered, his body surging into motion.

"Yes," Hermione gasped, her body clenching around him as he started a forceful rhythmurgent and hard.

Her arms curled around his neck, her legs curving around his hips. She dropped her head back against the desk, letting go with a soft scream. Her fingernails dug into the muscles of his shoulders as the first shock of the orgasm hit her.

Dimly she heard him grunt as he pumped again, pressing so far into her, it felt as if he were hitting her cervix. He opened his mouth against her neck, nipping at the flesh of her collarbone again. He started moving again. His weight pushed her legs so wide it sent exquisite sensations through her limbs.

His hands trailed down her legs, pulling her up and closer as he surged in. Hermione leaned forward and caught his mouth with hers, sliding her tongue between his lips as he slid his cock into her cunt.

She uttered a harsh cry that was swallowed by his kiss. She let her hands trail down his chest and she pinched at his nipples.

"Oh, Gods," he growled, his hips staring to pump erratically, driving her higher and higher into incoherence.

This time she bucked up against him when she came. Her body jerked uncontrollably, the guttural sounds of ecstasy escaping her lips. Severus could only groan in reply, his body thrusting faster into her moist heat.

Hermione could feel him deep and hard inside of her; she squeezed her muscles, determined to have him as lost in pleasure as she.

She writhed against him, as Severus took her mouth with a hot, wet kiss, his body trembling hard with the onslaught of his own orgasm.

He rolled his hips against hers; his thrust grew even fiercerthe feeling of his cock swelling inside sending her past the brink of another orgasm. She convulsed around him as he thrust once more, as deeply as possible into her; his fingers digging into the flesh of her hips as he came.

It was raw and blissful.

He dropped his forehead on hers, his breath ragged and uneven.

When he withdrew, neither said a word. He dropped beside her on the desk and pulled her close.

"Next time," he muttered as she tucked into his shoulder. "We really should use a bed. I think I'm getting a bit too old for the desk."

"But this is so much more fun," Hermione countered.

"Hmph," he grunted.

"Besides, if we moved to a bed, I'd have to admitthey were right. They'd both start taking credit for our relationship."

"Potter's insufferable enough as it is, no need to swell that head any larger."

Hermione grinned. "True. Next thing you know, you'll admit you actually *like* him."

"I think bloody well not."

Hermione laughed. "Although, you do have a point, a bed might be more comfortable."

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Thank you, Monkeyman/Furby! You were just what I needed to break through the brain block.

As always, any mistakes are wholly mine. Thank you again, Lori Anne for being the super beta extraordinaire you are! \*Sighs\* I need some Droxy cosplay time. When's the next con?