

# Best Two Out Of Three

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PWP. There are ways of winning when you lose.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

PWP. There are ways of winning when you lose.

This is a PWP that I wrote a year and a half to two years ago. I've never uploaded it here, and decided to correct that mistake. It's one I'd like to re-write eventually, but here it is in all its glory. I hope you enjoy. I did. \*big grin\*

Snape walked wearily down a short flight of shallow steps, his footsteps echoing in the darkness of the dungeon of Hogwarts' Castle.

Was he getting older, or were the students getting younger? And more stupid?

The answer to the latter question was undoubtedly yes, but the former question still hung wearily in his mind as he lowered himself into a soft, plush chair, his hand automatically reaching out for the snifter of brandy that always awaited him at this time of night.

The students were still the same age as they had always been, he decided, leaning his head against the high back of the chair. The children were a constant, they were something that would always remain. They would always join the school when they were eleven, and at the age of eighteen, inevitably, they would leave.

"Rough day?" a voice behind him asked even as hands came snaking around his neck, unbuttoning the high collar of his teaching robe.

"What would we do if we didn't teach here?" he asked her, holding her hands still.

Hermione walked around the chair and sat on his lap. "Make love all day?"

Snape smiled. He could tell that she was in a sex-now-talk-later mood. Unfortunately, he was in a talk-now-not-in-the-mood-for-sex-because-I-feel-old mood.

"What are you doing with a man like me, Hermione? You could have gone on to greatness had you not decided to take the Charms Professor position here. You could have done so much more with your life."

Hermione sighed and held him close. "I almost prefer the old meanie you used to be compared to this sentimental old fool you turn into at the beginning of each term."

"There was a time I would have taken you to task for that remark," he mumbled dully.

"You should. A big, mean Slytherin such as yourself should never be subjected to snark at the hands of a Gryffindor. You've gone soft, Severus. Admit it."

Snape felt something twinge inside of him at her remark. Gone soft? "I'll have you know that even though Professor Granger has been known to cause a tear or two to be shed in her class, that Professor Snape is still the most feared teacher in Hogwarts."

"I don't know what rumors you've been hearing lately, Severus, but that's not the word on the street. The children think that Professor Weasley is more frightening than

you, but it's mostly because she fought against Voldemort."

"I was fighting the Dark Lord since before Ginevra was even born. Besides, my lectures are legendary."

"Legendarily boring. Look, if you're not up to playing tonight, I'm just going to grade some papers..." Hermione began to extract herself from Snape's lap, but his arms held her there firmly.

"I am more than *up* to playing tonight, I assure you."

Hermione gave him an innocent look. "Oh? I must have misread your signs, then. You generally only feel randy when you're not wallowing in self-pity."

Snape could feel his temper rising. "I am not feeling sorry for myself, and I most certainly do NOT wallow!"

He stood up quickly, but his clever girl anticipated his movements as she always did, and sprang to her feet with enviable agility. She grabbed his hands and started pulling him towards the bedroom.

"Perhaps we ought to do this fast?" she said, a concerned look on her face. "Men your age generally don't have much in the stamina department."

Growling, Snape picked her up over his shoulder, ignoring her shriek, and threw her rather unceremoniously onto the bed.

"I can last longer than you can," he promised, removing his robe.

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Prove it."

Raising his wand, he muttered "*divesto*" under his breath, and she lay before him naked. The cold air of the dungeon immediately hardened her nipples, and she arched her back against a frigid caress of air.

Throwing his clothes next to hers on the floor and removing his boots, he joined her on the bed, warming her nipples with his mouth before kissing her passionately. His saliva caused her nipples to grow even harder, and he pressed his chest against hers, feeling her hard coldness tease against his warm skin.

"You're wet already," he mused, rubbing a finger into her labia. "Been touching yourself again?"

Hermione opened her legs wider to his touch and nodded. "I thought of you the entire time, but it just wasn't the same."

Snape smiled. Good. "Did you touch your G-spot?"

"I can never find it without you."

Snape inserted a finger into her vagina and felt for the small spot of spongy flesh that marked her most sensitive area. He pushed against it, thrusting his fingertip against it aggressively. She arched her back and ground against him.

"Has anyone but me ever been able to find it?"

Hermione opened her eyes and looked at him, her eyes looking glassy. "No one but you, my sly Slytherin."

Snape removed his finger and licked it thoughtfully. "Hmm...someone ate chips for lunch."

"You were there," she laughed, grabbing his hands and pulling him to her. "You saw what I ate."

"I did indeed. I rather liked how those chips looked, so long and thick, going into your mouth."

She smiled at him and kissed him gently. "Do you need more time to warm up? Or do you think that I'll come on my own, just looking at you here?"

He brought her hand to his penis. It was not as hard as it could be, but it was a decent erection. It would more than amply do the job for her, and win the contest for him.

"If I were to grade you on this, Mr. Snape, I would have to give you a Dismal."

He had heard that age did that to a man. Still, he was not about to give her the satisfaction. He looked down at her breasts and thought about how they felt whenever she caressed him with them, her softness enveloping his hardness, her nipples tickling his scrotum and thighs...

"Ooh...is that an Adequate I feel?" she goaded.

With a growl, he pulled her arms above her head and crashed his lips against her, sucking her tongue forcefully into his mouth. She arched up against him when he thrust aggressively inside her. She liked him to be rough sometimes, and he was always more than willing to comply. On this particular occasion, however, he did not wait for encouragement or instruction from her, but rather began to thrust into her animalistically, causing her body to convulse beneath him as hungry moans escaped her lips.

"Who else can do this to you?" he whispered in her ear, his free hand massaging her breasts.

"You're not even hitting my cervix," she said with a little acid in her voice. "The Severus Snape I know can do better. Perhaps you're just one of my students, using Polyjuice Potion?"

He made a reproachful noise and lifted her legs roughly so that her ankles rested on his shoulders, and then plunged into her more roughly than he had ever dared. They had always made love, their encounters were always deeper than merely satisfying each other's needs.

Tonight, they were fucking. It was a technique he had not practiced ever since their first encounter, feeling that it would be a disgrace to her honor to use her. Now in the middle of the act, he reflected briefly that there could be intimacy with fucking, but only with someone that one loves deeply.

Merlin, but he loved Hermione.

"Is that any better, master?"

"So sarcastic," she answered, pulling him closer to her, the angle of his penetration changing more and more until he was hitting her G-spot with every thrust. "Oh, much better," she said while arching her back against him, her breasts teasing him mercilessly.

"I'd give my performance an 'O'," he moaned into her ear.

"Unless you learn to go harder, you won't even reach Excellent."

Snape was much larger than Hermione on many levels, and thrusting harder concerned him. He had never hurt her, and he wanted to keep it that way. But if she was willing to let him go...

Abandoning chivalry completely, he upped his tempo considerably, the force of his movements making sweet music that reverberated through the high walls of his

bedroom. Wanting to go even farther, he pulled them both down to the lower end of the bed and used the footboard for leverage, his body now contacting ferociously with hers. He knew that she would be sore in the morning, but the thought made him happy instead of regretful. She would remember him all day long, any time she sat down, any time she stood up, any time she moved.

He could feel her beginning to climax, and he smiled. "I must be at an O by now," he chided.

Hermione only moaned her response in his ear as her hands came to hold her ankles steady, closer to her chest. Snape only smiled and continued to beat into her with all his might. He would be sore the next day as well.

"Don't stop," she pleaded, thrusting up to meet him.

Snape put his hand between them and found her clitoris with his fingers. She screamed in reply, her vaginal walls massaging his turgid erection. If she didn't finish soon, he would lose this little competition. Exerting more pressure on her nub, he leaned over and sucked on her neck, marking her further. She was his now, more than before.

"Yesss," she cried, her orgasm washing over her body and down his legs. He loved how wet she would get when he properly pleased her.

"I win," he told her as he released her legs from her hold and began to thrust into her again, seeking his own release as fire burned in his veins.

"You win," she conceded as his seed let loose in her womb.

He lay against her, panting, covered in sweat, and completely sated.

"Not too bad for an old man, eh?" he said playfully, lifting his head off her shoulder.

"As long as we make concessions for your age, then no. Not bad at all."

Snape snorted. "I highly doubt that my predecessors possessed even half the knowledge or skill that I do."

She turned in his arms and kissed him lightly. "You're always right, aren't you?"

"And I always win."

"Best two out of three?"

The End