

# Saint Valentine's Liquorice

*by Subversa*

Seventh-year Hermione has been sexually acting-out all over the castle. What reason will she give the Potions master during her detention? A sizzling little one-shot PWP.

## One-Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This is not your typical Subversa story. Please consider yourself warned. This is seventh-year student/teacher PWP.

Let's call it my own personal "Challenge." This is how it happened: In a moment of insanity, I promised my very dear **hunnybunch** that if she was a good girl and revised and passed her recent oral exam, I would write her a PWP to order. So she passed (good girl!) and presented me with her list of "demands".

- 1) Detention
- 2) Pickled newts
- 3) Chocolate icing/frosting
- 4) Severus has a codpiece
- 5) Draco walks in on them

For **hunnybunch**, who earned it

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Hermione stuck her hand back in the barrel of pickled newts and resignedly blew a strand of unruly hair out of her face. She had put it up at the back, with a quill stuck through it, but her hair was never very cooperative at the best of times and she wasn't about to touch it when she had pickled newt juice all over her hands! It wasn't the kind of detention she had hoped for, but one could not have everything well, not on a schedule, anyway. She smiled to herself.

"Do you find this activity amusing, Miss Granger?"

She started. Where had he come from? He had stalked out of the room and slammed the door behind him as he went she had been sure he was gone for the duration.

"No, sir," she answered obediently, sorting the newts by size as he had instructed.

She could not see him, but she could feel his eyes boring into that spot between her shoulder blades. It made her itch! But she would not scratch, not with him watching her. She threw her shoulders back to try and relieve the discomfort and continued to sort pickled newts.

"How long will this behaviour continue, Miss Granger?" the dangerous voice purred.

Hermione debated. If she asked what behaviour, she might trip him right over the threshold of rage, which would be counterproductive. Perhaps it was time to be completely frank with him.

"I suppose it will continue until I give up, Professor or until I get what I want. But I should perhaps mention that I am very perseverant."

There was a sound was it a snort of laughter? from him. Then he cleared his throat in a threatening manner.

"I should perhaps mention that I am quite intransigent on some subjects, Miss Granger."

Now it was her turn to choke back laughter.

"I have amused you?" he inquired silkily.

"I beg your pardon, sir. But if you are so intransigent, why have you not turned me in to the Headmaster? Or to Professor McGonagall?"

She felt him sweep up behind her in one of his panther-like moves. "Would you like for me to do so, Miss Granger? They are just a Floo away..."

"No!"

"I beg your pardon?"

He was standing so closely behind her that each word stirred the tendrils of hair at the back of her neck.

"No, sir, I meant. Please don't."

Hermione's heart was beating so fast that she felt a touch of nausea; her knees had turned to jelly, and her hands, buried up to the wrist in pickled newts, were shaking enough to disturb the fluid in which the dead creatures floated. She lifted her hands free of the briny solution and rested her wrists on the edge of the cask, trying to take a deep and calming breath.

Suddenly, from behind her, a cloth was thrust into her hands.

"For Merlin's sake, girl, sit down before you fall down."

Gratefully wiping the pickling solution from her hands, Hermione lurched to the nearest chair and sat down, muttering a cleansing spell over her trembling hands. Was he finally going to ask her?

"Perhaps you would care to elucidate for me the reasoning behind your recent course of action?"

Hermione gulped and twisted the towel in her hands. She had so wanted to tell him exactly what she wanted him to know, but now that he was asking she wasn't sure she could control her voice well enough to speak to him. Why did she have to be so nervous around him?

"Perhaps I could begin for you," the professor said, helpfully. "On 9th, January I found you on the Astronomy Tower in a snow storm, I might add with Seamus Finnigan. He had one hand down your skirt and one hand up your blouse and was slobbering on your neck; you appeared to be working out how long it would take the balustrade to be completely covered at the current rate of snowfall."

Hermione bit her lip.

"I sent Finnigan to Mr. Filch for a week's detention, and you spent one week scrubbing cauldrons without magic."

Hermione nodded her head, keeping her eyes on her clenched hands.

"On 17th, January, the night after your detention ended, I found you in the Room of Requirement with Dean Thomas and Neville Longbottom. They each had one hand up your jumper and were slobbering on opposite sides of your neck. You, on the other hand, were studying the map on the wall, which designated the locations of the battles of the Goblin Rebellion of 1784 which just happened to be the topic of the test Professor Binns was giving next day in History of Magic N.E.W.T.-level class." His voice seemed to tremble on the edge of amusement. Hermione switched to biting the inside of her cheek to keep from giggling. "I have heard of unorthodox study methods, but that was one of the most unusual I have ever encountered." She squeezed her eyes shut to hold back the giggles. "I believe the Muggles call it multi-tasking."

Hermione gave up and snorted giggles into her lap, then clapped both hands over her mouth to make herself stop, daring to peek at him.

But he had moved behind her again. How did he move so quietly?

"Mr. Thomas and Mr. Longbottom spent an instructive week with Hagrid and the Blast-Ended Skrewts. You spent a week dissecting polecats and removing their scent glands."

"25th, January was Mr. Michael Corner in the Transfiguration classroom. I believe that you were practicing your Transfiguration homework behind his back while he groped your breasts under your jumper, but I cannot be certain, as you pretended to be moaning when I entered the classroom."

"Mr. Corner was sent to his dormitory with my sincere sympathies and a fifty-point deduction from Ravenclaw. You spent the next two weeks marking first- through third-year potions essays."

"9th, February passed with no sign of you in any of your favoured haunts, and I thought that perhaps you were deterred."

Hermione shook her head, staring now at her feet.

"Then came tonight St. Valentine's Day, it should be noted and you were back in the Room of Requirement, with Mr. Finnigan, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Longbottom and THIS."

Hermione nearly fell out of her seat as a long-fingered hand lunged past her and grabbed the white plastic tub from her book bag. It had a garish printed label upon it; it was chocolate frosting from a Muggle shop.

He was bending over her again, holding the tub of frosting within her line of sight.

"What were you meaning to do with the icing, Miss Granger?"

His warm breath was upon the nape of her neck. She felt her body respond to the nearness, her nipples hardening almost to the point of pain, and the familiar ache began low in her belly.

"N-nothing, sir," she stammered.

The plastic tub was allowed to drop from his hand into her lap. The fingers now came up underneath her chin, forcing her face up until she was looking into the glittering black eyes, which both destroyed her and terrified her.

"Let me rephrase my question, Miss Granger," he hissed into her face. She could smell his breath he smelled of toothpaste and peppermints. How strange.

"What did you *tell* them you were going to do with the cake icing?"

Hermione's heart turned over in her chest, and she looked into his face. She had never been this close to him before, and she wanted to memorize every line, every pore.

His hair was shiny and soft it looked as if he had just washed it. The strands hung down on either side of his pale, gaunt cheeks. His lips were pressed tightly in a grim line; she could not help but notice how full they were. How had she ever thought his lips were thin? Jutting above his lips was the ridiculously large, hooked nose. Just above his nose was that crease between his eyes. How many times had she thought of running her tongue through that groove?

The grasp on her chin tightened. "Miss Granger," he said threateningly.

"I said I would lick it off them," she said, all in a rush.

"Did you, now?" His thumb was just beneath her chin, where the bone ended and the soft flesh beckoned; the pad of the thumb began to stroke her skin.

Unwilling to interrupt the action of the thumb, Hermione assented with a slow blink of her eyes.

"Good girl; I think that was the truth," he purred.

Now the palm of his hand covered her throat and stroked down her neck to the collar of her blouse and back up again.

"Let's see if you can do it again." The fingers imprisoned her chin, holding her face so that she could not turn away from him. "Why are you engaging in all of these ridiculously staged activities all of which take place in the corridors and areas which I patrol?"

"I wanted you to find me," she whispered. She was trembling now from her head to her feet and filled with mortification. Unable to turn her head, she compromised and averted her eyes.

"You wanted me to find you in compromising positions with young men," he mused.

"Yes," she whispered, not trusting her voice to speak more loudly.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you, Miss Granger," he said quietly.

Lulled by the non-threatening tone, Hermione looked back into his face.

"Tell me why." He spoke more quietly still.

Hermione looked straight into his dark chocolate eyes and said, "I wanted to make you jealous."

"And why would I be jealous of a school girl?" The hand had released the grip on her face and was once again stroking her throat. Hermione felt the touch in the pit of her stomach, and the warmth spread lower, to the heat of her sex.

"You threw Ron out of my room over Christmas break at Headquarters," she said. "You shouted at him. It seemed personal."

"Did it?" Now he was whispering, and the errant hand moved to the back of her head where he pulled the quill from the bun and let the heavy mass drop down her back.

"Yes," she breathed, leaning back into the hand that now cupped the back of her neck.

"But I thought I made myself clear before we left London," he said.

Hermione's lip quivered. "Why did you throw me out of your room?" she asked.

The hand tightened on her nape as his face moved towards hers. "Because it is wrong for a teacher to desire his student," he said hoarsely.

"Do you?"

The crushing of his lips to hers was the only answer she received. When she immediately opened her mouth to him, he jerked her up from her chair, pulling her against him so tightly that she dimly wondered if she would be permitted to breathe. Then she did not care.

With all of his considerable power of concentration, he kissed her. One hand tangled in her impossible jumble of curls while the other was situated just above her bum, clasping her to him so closely that she could feel each button of his coat through his robes. In the first moment of the kiss, Hermione was passive in his arms, opened to him but unmoving, only clutching the front of his robes in two desperate fists.

It was happening that thing she had lived, breathed, slept for nearly two months. Severus Snape was violently holding her, passionately kissing her, plundering her mouth as if the essence of life might be found there, so diligently did he search with his tongue, and demand with his lips.

At last he released her mouth, pulling his head away long enough to look into her eyes. His mouth pulled into an ugly sneer as he looked down into her face, at her kiss-bruised lips and out-of-focus eyes.

"Stupid girl," he snarled, releasing the hair at her nape and tenderly stroking the skin of her neck.

Hermione swayed on her feet, overcome by the sheer power of their chemistry. She tilted her head back and released his robes, reaching within them to wrap arms around his waist. "Stupid man," she answered, standing on tiptoe to place a kiss on his throat. For a moment he stood immobile until she let him feel her teeth. Then he growled and lunged for her lips, gently biting as he thrust his tongue into her mouth again.

Hermione slid her hands down, searching for the bottom of the coat, wanting to put her hands beneath it, questing for bare skin. Down, down, over his bum, her hands went. How long was his ridiculous coat? Dammit!

He left her lips, trailing kisses down her neck, a dark chuckle coming from him. "Looking for something, Miss Granger?" he asked, just before he took the lobe of her ear gently between his teeth.

"Oh," she groaned at the new sensation. "Yes, I'm looking for a way in!"

"Like this?" he asked, pulling the tail of her blouse from the waistband of her skirt and sliding a warm hand up her bare back.

"God, yes," she breathed, turning her face to find his lips again, pushing her tongue bravely into his mouth, wanting more.

Her aggression rattled Snape; the large hand on her back suddenly grasped tightly; the moan at the back of his throat encouraged her to abandon his back and to begin fumbling at the buttons on the front of the coat.

When he felt her fingers dangerously close to his straining erection, he grabbed her wrists. Hermione looked up at him; his eyes were so dilated that they were almost

entirely black, his nostrils were distended, and his sneer was pronounced.

"Do you know what you're doing?" he demanded dangerously.

"No," she gasped, struggling to reach the buttons again. "I have no idea but I want to feel your skin..."

With a snarl he grabbed her and tossed her over his shoulder, heading for a bookshelf at the back of the room.

"Severus!" she cried, finding herself hanging a bit upside-down on his back.

"Shut up, Hermione," he snapped. "Damned if I'll do this in a classroom."

A password was spoken, and the bookshelf moved aside, revealing a darkened sitting room. Snape strode through the sitting room and through another doorway. Hermione squeaked as he dumped her on a bed and spoke, "*Lumos*."

She scrambled upright near the end of the bed, sitting with her hair wildly flying in every direction, her shirt half-untucked, her skirt rucked up around her hips, and her uninteresting white cotton knickers on display.

She had no idea how enticing she was.

Snape made quick work of his buttons and threw the robes and the coat in the direction of an armchair. He stood at the foot of the bed, looking at Hermione; he bared his teeth in a travesty of a smile. "Run, little girl," he snarled. "Run now."

Hermione looked defiantly into his eyes, then looked at the white linen shirt, hanging loosely over the dark trousers, and she wanted him so much it was like a blow to the belly. She rose on her knees and began to unfasten the buttons on her school blouse. Snape watched her without breathing. When she had the buttons undone, she shrugged the shirt off and threw it on the floor. She put her hands behind her back to unfasten her bra and he was on her, hands up and down her torso as he kissed her throat.

"Skin," she gasped, thrusting her hands beneath his shirt. "Please..."

"Shrew," he murmured teasingly, nipping at her throat.

"Fair is fair," she answered him, falling back onto the bed again as he pulled the linen shirt over his head and let it fall upon the bed. He looked down at her as she lay sprawled on his bed in his bedroom; she was begging him. Begging to see him, to touch him ... the desire that welled up in him was staggering. He sagged down onto the duvet beside her and simply drank her in with his eyes.

Emboldened, Hermione placed her hands on his chest, running them down to his belly and back up again, marvelling at the lean grace of his unclothed form. "Oh, my God, you are so beautiful," she said, pressing herself up against him, her flesh to his. "Severus..." she breathed, overcome by the sensation of his skin on hers.

"Hermione ..." he said reverently. Beautiful? No one had ever called the great ugly git even passable, much less beautiful.

She leaned in to kiss him, her hands travelling over every inch of exposed skin, looking for a way in, wanting to merge into him and become one wanting him to finally touch all the places that were singing under his kisses and longing for completion.

"Fair is fair," he said, breaking the kiss and reaching around to unfasten her bra, pulling the straps down her arms. As her breasts came into view, he let the bra fall from his hands and pulled her into his arms, caressing her bare back as he kissed her, revelling in the feel of those full breasts crushed to his bare chest those breasts he had tried so hard not to notice ever since the night he had thrown Weasley out of her room at Grimmauld Place.

He had erupted into her room in a blaze of anger and hurled a blanket at her topless form as he harangued Weasley out into the corridor. Then he had spent weeks trying to forget what he had seen. Heavy breasts with pink nipples, barely a shade darker than the cream of her skin, large areolas in the weeks past he had been unable to put the memory out of his mind. Now he pulled back and feasted his eyes on her beautiful breasts, areolas now crinkled, the nipples like swollen buds, begging to be touched to be tongued to be sucked.

Hermione felt as if her eyes had rolled up in her head in ecstasy when he applied his thumbs gently and simultaneously to her nipples. Her moan elicited a "Good girl!" from him, and he stimulated her with his hands, watching her face until her writhing reached a level which was rewarded by his tongue and his lips applied to her aching peaks.

"Severus, Severus," she whimpered as she squirmed beneath him, trying to bring her throbbing centre into contact with any part of his anatomy. "Please," she breathed, her hands helplessly tangling his black hair.

He raised his head from her breasts and gave her a teasing smile. "You did say please," he commented, running one hand down to her leg, bare beneath the skirt. Bending his head back to tongue, then suck on her nipple, he slowly ran his hand up from her knee to her inner thigh, toward the crotch of her knickers. She was hot for him he could smell her and knew she would be wet when he finally touched her there. His cock jumped at the thought of that hot tightness waiting for him, and she wanted him, wanted Severus Snape, the man. Not for his influence with persons of importance, not for a desire to gain control over him but for the man he was in her eyes she wanted him.

Hermione wriggled, impatient with the hand travelling much too slowly up her leg. In desperation, she reached and ran a hand down his sparsely-thatched chest, following the rough hair down his belly to the waistband of his trousers. What her hand encountered surprised her into stopping.

"What are you wearing?" she said, groping around the fabric, not finding buttons or a zip, but were those fabric ties?

Struggling into a sitting position, she leaned over to inspect the front of his trousers. Cloth ties held the fly together, down to the sack of fabric that obviously strained to hold his distended penis and his balls.

"What is that?"

Snape lay on his side, supporting his cheek on one hand, gently caressing her breast with the other, and chuckled.

"In common parlance, those are my bits, silly girl," he said.

Hermione blushed crimson. "I know that, Severus I meant " She motioned at the front of his trousers.

"That is a codpiece, my dear. Made popular in the fifteenth century."

Daringly, she took the end of the first tie and tugged, unfastening it so that the very top portion of the top of his trousers lay over on itself, revealing a patch of skin and a further trail of the dark hair. She looked up at his face and reached for another tie, hearing the sharp intake of breath as the palm of her hand came into contact with the bulge. She gave him a wicked smile and said, "Do you have any clothes from this century?"

Then she pulled the next tie, and the trousers gapped open, save for the ties now holding the fabric over his cock. He watched her, unsmiling but intent, as she quickly untied the surrounding restraints and the fabric fell away as his erection sprang free.

Hermione now was the one to catch her breath as she stared at his engorged penis. Reaching out a tentative hand, she first grasped, then stroked the elongated shaft,

curious, as it was her nature to be. Moving closer, she studied him, then brought her hand around the head of his penis and moved the foreskin down, exposing the glistening glans.

"Oh!" she said, rubbing the palm of her hand over the moisture there and spreading it down with her hand. Her questing lips followed her hand, and her tongue swirled in the leaking pearly drops on the tip of his cock.

"Hmm," she purred, her tongue darting out for a firmer, longer lick. "Liquorice."

Then he bumped her over onto her back with a growl and tossed her skirt up over her belly.

"Fair is fair," he murmured, grasping the top of her knickers and tugging. She lifted her hips, and he skimmed them down to her ankles and off, resisting the urge to bury his nose in them and inhale the fragrance of her desire for him. Moving back up her legs, he unbuttoned the side fastening on her skirt, worked the zip, and it followed her knickers into the pile of abandoned clothing.

"Circe, girl, but you are lovely," he told her, kneeling at the foot of the bed and looking up the length of her body into her questioning eyes.

"Please, Severus," she said softly. He swiftly divested himself of the trousers and his socks, then stretched out beside her, kissing her and running his hand over her turgid nipples, down to the damp curls, where he cupped her mons and pressed gently. She pushed back, against the heel of his hand, and he parted her lips, gently caressing her clitoris. She cried out at the contact, sucking his tongue into her mouth and pushing her hips up, inviting him to slip a finger within.

Dear God, but she was slick. Ready for him, wanting him, begging him to take her. He kissed her more insistently, and she answered him in kind, reaching for his cock and caressing, pressing closer to him, angling for contact.

When he knew he could wait no longer, he pinned her wrists to the duvet and leaned over her, looking into her eyes.

"Hermione, if we do this, you will be mine. Do you understand me?"

She watched him, wanting him so badly, her breath hitching in her chest as she strained to unite with him.

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, please."

He squeezed her wrists, then twined the fingers of each hand with hers.

"Mine. No more sharing what belongs to me with any other man, Hermione. You'll be mine. Your body will be mine. If I take you now, there's no going back."

"Yes," she said, more fiercely than before. "I want you, Severus. Please make me yours I want to be yours I don't want anyone else."

He kissed her, plunging his tongue into her mouth as he positioned himself between her thighs. Slowly, exquisitely, he entered her, and she cried out again, rising to meet his thrust. He moved within her languorously, trying different angles, watching her face for reactions, occasionally touching a nipple, or reaching down to touch her clit. She arched her throat, giving herself completely over to the act of absolute union, settling at last into a steady rhythm with him.

He drove into her body, allowing himself to express the act of possession, even as he worshipped her. Each stroke was both testament and supplication, at the birthing of their nascent synthesis. *This is what I feel ... This is what I want ... This is what I need.* He communicated through action what he could not relate through words; her body was his medium of expression.

Hermione looked up at him as he fucked her, revelling in the ecstatic frenzy he did not even try to hide. How she had wanted him, wanted him to the edge of irrationality; unable to approach him as a peer, she resorted to the basest stratagems, willing to do anything everything to be here, as she was now.

Her movements quickened, and her eyes closed as the raw burning built within her, driving her toward the summit she did not fear to pass. Watching her with a ferocious intensity, Severus moved more quickly, pumping in and out of her as her fingernails dug into the spare flesh of his back. "Open your eyes, Hermione," he said, his voice low and resonant. She opened her eyes and looked into the forceful concentration of her lover as he venerated her body. "Look at me," he growled at her, his own climax nearing, brought closer and faster by the expressions moving over her face. "Come for me, come for me *now!*" he shouted, and she did, crying out, over and again, her orgasm washing over her in waves of completion, going on and on. Seeing her in the throes of the pleasure he had given her, Severus thrust harder into the tightness of her body, until he spilled his seed deeply in her womb, continuing to move and to whisper as it came to an end, "Mine. Mine. Mine."

Hermione was shivering, shaking from the emotional impact; Severus gathered her closer to him, rocking her gently as the tears came, tears of transcendence. It was not until she began to kiss them from his cheeks that he knew he had wept, too.

Wrapped around one another, they did not see Draco Malfoy as he stood in the doorway of the bedroom. It was unlike his godfather to leave the bookshelf doorway unwarded. When he saw Granger's bag in the classroom, he could not resist the urge to creep into Snape's quarters and the cries of passion had drawn him to the doorway. Now, as the soft murmurs of the lovers wove into the magic of the afterglow, Draco crept away from the doorway, all thoughts of Slytherin cunning far from his mind.

Some things were too sacred to exploit.

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A/N The codpiece is exciting both interest *and* confusion. Go to this site and look on the left side at the drawing of the trousers; that is the image upon which I based Severus' codpiece:

[http://www.thehendricks.net/codpiece\\_history.htm](http://www.thehendricks.net/codpiece_history.htm)