

Severus Snape and The Claiming of Sleeping Hermione

by Pearle

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Chapter Four: There's No Place Like Home

Lost In An Unusual Book

Chapter 1 of 4

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Chapter One: Lost In An Unusual Book

He slogged through the Forest, his mood matching the gathering storm clouds. He'd have quite a few things to say when he found the little chit.

"Severus, she left the castle hours ago. I know Dobby said he packed her a picnic lunch, but she should have returned by now. Anything could have happened to her. Please, as a favour to me, would you go out and look for her?" Minerva was known for the steel that was her backbone, but something in her eyes said that her fears for the girl were not imagined. *They would have to discuss that thought later, after he found her.*

Severus sighed, his gait slowing a bit. He pulled his collar closer, the wind snapping at his cloak. A glance at the sky showed the storm coming nearer. He only hoped he could find Granger before they were both soaked to the skin.

Granger.

It's not that he hated the girl.

"She's not a child, Severus. At twenty-five, Hermione Granger is a well-accomplished young woman, and more than able to handle the workload. I understand you feel she would be an 'intrusion' on your solitude. She may feel quite the same as you do. I'm sure you can manage to avoid each other, if you put your minds to it. She's the new Charms instructor, and that is my final word on the matter."

He'd been able to work around Albus on more than one occasion, but Minerva was another story. Albus, the damn fool; he still missed him. Life was just not what it used to be.

He didn't hate Granger, but he wasn't exactly fond of her, either. He had learnt to tolerate the witch when they'd been forced to work together. Actually, she surprised him with her ready belief in his 'innocence' and forced participation in the events that had initially led to his status as 'the most hated wizard in the wizarding world,' even topping Voldemort in a poll in *The Quibbler* at the time. He supposed it hadn't hurt that Minerva knew the truth. Her word had carried great weight with both the Order and the Wizengamot. The discovery of Albus's Pensieve was something else he hadn't counted on.

Voldemort's discovery of his duplicity and true loyalties should have ended his miserable existence. If the chit had only come along an hour later, he could have died and finally found some peace. Instead, he was trudging through the Forbidden Forest, looking for the young woman who had saved his life, and cursing both their continued existences.

He scanned the landscape looking for some sign of Granger. A dash of bright colours mixed into the foliage caught his eye. He could just make out the sleeping form of the witch alongside the picnic basket Dobby had mentioned, a stack of books sitting next to it. Books? Severus shook his head; only Granger would disappear into the Forbidden Forest to sit and read.

His wand at the ready, in case it was trap, he approached the still figure. He found it hard to believe it could be something other than Granger asleep over one of those dry Ancient Runes texts she favoured, but he hadn't lived this long without exercising a modicum of care.

It was as he thought. Granger lay sleeping, a book in her hand. Wondering what it was she was reading this time, he bent forward to read the title *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*. Surprised, Severus glanced at the other books lying haphazardly next to the basket. His cock hardened as he read the titles: *The Story of O* and *The Master's Handbook*. Who knew the quiet, conservative bookworm had such an interest in kinky erotica?

Hermione shifted in her sleep, startling the already surprised wizard. Her leg connected with both of his, knocking the already off-balanced wizard over. Severus put his hands out to break the fall. At the angle he was dropping, it was a sure bet he would flatten Granger. His hand landed on hers, the book still held in her open grip.

"Fuck!" he hissed, his knee thumping hard against the ground.

A blinding light shot out from the book, encompassing them both.

"Shite," thought Hermione, coming awake as the light finally faded. She tried to look around, but found her movements limited by some invisible force. As far as she could tell, she was lying in a dusty, four-poster bed, the windows closed against the midday sun. A sound in the hallway drew her attention. She watched as the door opened, admitting Severus Snape dressed as a nobleman. She tried to call out, but her voice had been silenced.

Severus stood by the side of the bed, enjoying the quiet but dreading what he thought might have happened to them. "It would seem, Granger, we've been drawn into the book you were reading."

He waited for her to speak, but no sound was forthcoming.

Severus frowned. "You can't speak?"

Hermione blinked rapidly, trying to convey an answer.

"Do you know what this is about?"

Again, she blinked rapidly.

"Stop. Let's try this. Blink once for yes and twice for no. Do you know what this is about?" he asked.

Deliberately, she blinked once.

"Are we hexed?"

She blinked twice in rapid succession, and then stopped.

"Are we supposed to be here?"

She blinked once.

Severus groaned. "Please tell me this isn't one of those fantasy spell books that have become so popular."

Embarrassed, Hermione blinked once.

"I see," he said, looking around. "It would seem we're to play out the action."

His sudden grin turned feral as he eyed her velvet-draped body. One long finger traced the line of her collarbone to the top of her rounded breasts, a slow sensual caress that sent a rush of electricity racing through her body. She could feel herself getting wet and was helpless to do anything about it.

"May I assume 'fuck' was the trigger word?" His voice caressed the crude word, turning it to a promise of things to come.

Again, Hermione blinked.

Severus's voice dropped to a seductive whisper. "Interesting choice. Have you read this book before?"

If she could have died from embarrassment, she would've; instead, she blinked one time.

"Then you know what we have to do. What I have to do." Ignoring the sword on his hip, he drew his wand from an inner pocket of his trousers and slid it between her breasts. A whispered spell allowed the wand to slice through the dusty fabric without marring the skin below it. "Please remember, *Hermione*, you were the one reading the book that got us into this situation, though I intend to thoroughly enjoy myself in spite of the circumstances."

TBC

AA/N: For those that have never heard of, or not read *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* by Anne Rice, writing as A.N. Roquelaure, it is the traditional tale of Sleeping Beauty (according to the book blurb) with a new twist. The Prince awakens Beauty, not with a kiss, but with a sexual initiation. His reward for ending the hundred years of enchantment is Beauty's complete and total enslavement to him. I will warn you, Hermione is not as docile as Beauty is in that book. This is not that story, rather a blending of the three books mentioned. It even borrows a bit from an "X" rated version of *Sleeping Beauty* that I saw thirty years ago.

A grateful thank you to my beta, Nakhash, for her corrections, suggestions, and never-ending supply of commas; she is truly the best of the best. Another set of eyes is always helpful; the mistakes, however, are still mine.

The story is complete in four chapters, the next chapter to be posted by Friday.

Pearle

Challenge rules (most of which I imagine I won't meet):

Lost in a Book Challenge

Offered by Ladyofthemasque

Based upon the story "Lost in a (Not So) Good Book" by Bubblebunny (<http://ashwinder.sycophanthex.com/viewstory.php?sid=12466>)

Here's the Lost in A Book Challenge:

1. Hermione Granger and Severus Snape encounter a wizarding romance novel
2. They get sucked literally into the storyline, taking on the roles of the hero and heroine
3. They must complete the storyline of the novel in order to escape the book and return to the real world
4. They must fall in love with each other during the course of their adventure, though they don't have to start out that way, if you don't want. The main genre will therefore be Romance.
5. The sub-genre of the novel can be any category--Western, Sci-Fi, Fantasy, Regency, Contemporary, Horror, Medieval, Prehistorical, and so forth...but the MAIN category must remain focused on building some sort of romance between SS/HG (mildly romantic or downright smutty or some combination thereof).
6. The number of "chapters" should be at least five, though the chapters can be as short as 100 words, or as long as 10,000. (There shall be no limit to the size of the story, but it would be really, really nice if you finished it, and didn't abandon it...)
7. Severus and Hermione must kiss at least 3 times, though it doesn't have to be voluntarily at first. Greater levels of passion are at the author's discretion, but nothing lesser will be accepted.
8. The Deadline for this Challenge (submitting the *first* chapter) will be February 17th, 2007, because it's my birthday, and I want to read some nice prezzies from all the fine writers here at WIKTT. If there's lots of enthusiasm, I'll definitely consider extending the deadline.
9. Feel free to use other HP characters to fill out the various supporting cast roles. CAVEAT: If you decide to place this into a specific genre, such as the Anita Blake series (by Laurell K. Hamilton...mmm, Severus as Jean-Claude...), please be mindful that some fanfic sites do not allow crossover-fics to be posted on their boards (for example, Ashwinder or RestrictedSection.org).
10. Suggested (but not required) phrases to be included in the story:

Since I don't believe I will be using any of the phrases, I have not listed them here. If you are interested in reading them, may I suggest looking up *Luscious Red Riding Hood* by Ladyofthemasque, here on The Petulant Poetess, for the phrases and a great read!

Events Unfold

Chapter 2 of 4

The spell is broken, and both Severus and Hermione enjoy their interlude.

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Chapter Two: Events Unfold

Hermione's eyes slipped closed as she relaxed and enjoyed Severus's talented touch. Mentally, the witch shrugged; there wasn't anything she could do about their circumstances, frozen as she was, why not just enjoy the sensations? The fact that she had found the dour man sexy in his own way didn't hurt, either.

Severus folded back the halves of Hermione's dress, his thumbs trailing across her pert breasts as he did so, her exposed nipples pebbled in the open air. His eyes widened in surprise as he admired the thatch of curly auburn hair that covered her mons. The hair had been trimmed into an interesting heart shape. "Hermione, you're just full of surprises."

Slowly, he traced the outline of the heart's edges, his hand stopping at the apex of her sex. His thumb gently slid lower, teasing the hard nub of her clit. He could feel the heat radiating from her sex. "Do you trust me, Hermione?" he asked, his tone casual as he continued to explore her body.

He watched her eyes for her answer. She blinked once.

His hand slid lower, one long finger gently probing between her nether lips, pleased at the moisture he found there. "It would seem you're enjoying our predicament. Let's get you undressed so I can awaken you properly."

Raising her shoulders, he slid the remains of the dress down her arms. Lowering her back to the bed, he bent forward, reaching under the small of her back to pull the dress out from under her. His nose came even with one hardened nipple; moving up, he captured the tantalising pink bud softly between his teeth. He took extra care to lave and suck it into a state of arousal, all the while rolling and pulling on the nipple of her other breast. Severus pulled back, the nipple leaving his mouth with a wet pop. "I wouldn't want to be accused of not tending to your needs, my dear." He offered the same treatment to her other breast, before licking and sucking his way to her sex.

While 'frozen silent,' Hermione could still feel what Severus did to her body. Had she had the power of speech and movement, she would have been a writhing, moaning mass that was verging on one of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever experienced.

Pulling the remainder of the dress out from under her, he stepped back to admire her body while shedding his own clothing. "You really have a lovely figure. The robes you wear don't do it justice. I know the Prince stayed fully clothed in the book, but really, I'd prefer to feel your silky skin against mine. I assume the spell allows for deviations since my wand works in here."

Severus spread Hermione's legs apart and settled himself between her thighs. His cock was rock hard, aching with need from the start of this little adventure. It was all he could do to stop himself from plunging forcibly into her welcome heat. Hesitating, he eyed the still witch. A forcefully blink on Hermione's part answered his silent question. Teasingly, he slid his hardened member along her wet slit before positioning the head of his cock at her entrance and slowly sliding in.

"You are...unbelievably...tight. Please tell me you're not a virgin." Severus's head dropped as his breathing grew ragged. He was doing everything he could not to brutally take Hermione and worry about the consequences later. It had been far too long since he had partaken of the pleasures of the flesh with someone else, even if that someone else couldn't respond properly.

"I'm not. Please...don't stop." His cock, breaching her channel, had broken the enchantment. Hermione arched into him, her hips lifting to meet his thrusts; one hand was on his arse, urging him on. Her other hand was snaked across his shoulder, pulling him down for a searing kiss.

It was all the encouragement Severus needed. He pounded into the witch while ravishing her mouth, her moans of pleasure driving him on. He could feel the sudden tightening of her muscles signalling her release. The feel of her muscles milking him, her pounding pulse surrounding him, her moan as she shattered around his shaft pushed him over the edge. His balls pulled up, his cock ramming home one last time to spill his seed deep within the enticing witch.

Bracing himself on his forearms, his eyes closed, Severus tried to still his breathing. He wondered if Hermione would be upset, but it was her book that had dragged them into this mess. His eyes snapped open at the feel of her fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. His questioning gaze was met by the smiling countenance of one Hermione Granger.

"Thank you for waking me up, in more ways than one. You don't rent yourself out as an alarm clock, do you? I would much rather be woken up like this in the morning than that obnoxious ring my alarm has."

Severus laughed, leaning down to capture her lips in another earth-shattering kiss.

He moved to the side, pulling Hermione against him as he stretched out. "Care to tell me what's going on here?"

TBC

A/N: Here you are, the next chapter as promised. I hope to upload chapter three Sunday. Unfortunately, I have limited Internet access at the moment. I ended up in the hospital yesterday with Sinusitis and a Staph infection. I have my laptop with me (I have to do something for entertainment other than watch my IV drip), but only a dial-up, intermittent connection. I was hoping for an overnight stay when the first four doses of my antibiotic were done, then home on a PICC line for two weeks. Now they seem to think I'll be here for a minimum of four days for a new regime of drugs they want to try.

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Still Lost

Severus and Hermione continue to enjoy their adventure in the castle.

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Chapter Three: Still Lost

Hermione averted her eyes, her cheeks reddening with her sudden blush. "Well, you seem to have assessed the situation properly before. We've been drawn into the book I was reading. I thought there was an emergency escape phrase, but I can't seem to remember it right now."

His hand travelled idly along her arm, tracing nonsensical patterns as he moved. "And having the greasy git 'claiming' you isn't upsetting to you?"

If possible, her blush deepened. "No, I'm fine. What about you?"

"Being drawn into this mess, or having coupled with you?"

"Coupled? Prince Charming you're not. All right, both counts, being drawn into the book and having a go with me."

"Well, considering the setting, I can't say I mind either at the moment." The irony of having called himself the Half-Blood Prince in school, only to be thrust into a book where he was the Prince, was not lost on Severus. "I know the Prince insisted Beauty call him Prince throughout the book, but I'll settle for Severus. Or Master, if you like."

Hermione found his smile disarming. "You've read *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*?"

"Yes, why does that surprise you?"

"You read Muggle literature?"

Severus chuckled. "I'm not sure that qualifies as literature. Though I suppose some erotica might. In any event, Rice isn't a Muggle."

Hermione shook her head. "Erotica? What do you...?" Voices in the hall interrupted her question.

"Alright, my Beauty, ready to play?" A quick spell redressed Severus in the clothes he'd been wearing. "I wonder who the King will be?" he said thoughtfully.

Hermione clutched the sheet to her chest. "You're not going to make me stand naked while they come in, are you?" she asked in horror.

"I should; it's your bloody book, after all," he said with a smirk. "Just stay where you are. I'll take care of the others."

The voices had reached the door. They could hear several people talking at once. A heavy knock sounded in the quiet room. "Beauty, are you all right? Whomever you are, open this door immediately by order of the King."

Severus strode confidently to door and threw it open. "Your Highness, have a nice nap?"

Arthur Weasley stood decked out in full royal dress, servants and guards behind him in the hallway. "Who are you, sir, and what are you doing in my daughter's bedchambers?"

"I am the Prince from the next kingdom." Severus rolled his eyes as he continued, hoping they could bypass some of the lesser scenes and get back to the action. Not surprisingly, the sight of a nude Hermione, especially after their first encounter, was playing havoc with his libido. "I have broken the enchantment on your castle and claim Beauty as my own."

"I see." The King glanced at Hermione, and then quickly looked away. "She is my only child, sir, surely there must be another way to repay your kindness?"

Severus snorted; evidently, they were going to play out the entire scene. "You have your life back and your lands. Beauty will be returned to you, all the better for her service. Beauty, come here and serve your Master."

"You're not serious." Hermione glared at him, pulling the sheet closer to her body.

"You see the disservice you have visited upon the girl? When her training is complete, she will truly understand her role in life." He turned to Arthur. "I should like dinner delivered to this room in one hour. We will leave in the morning."

"Yes, my Lord." He glanced furtively at Hermione before ordering those in the hall to carry out the Prince's orders. "Please be gentle with her; she's led a sheltered life."

"Actually, I think she prefers it rough," Severus mumbled. "Go, and leave us alone. Beauty must pay for her disobedience to me," he commanded, shutting the door in the King's face.

"Okay, this has gone far enough. *Finite Incantatem*." Hermione shouted, looking around wildly. "*Finite Incantatem!* Why isn't it working?"

Severus leaned casually against the doorframe, watching the witch. "I believe we have to act out the sequence of events in the book, Granger." He pushed off the frame, walking deliberately towards Hermione. "And now, my Beauty, you must be punished for your disobedience."

One hand clutched the sheet to her nude body, the other was held defensively in front of her as she backed up against the headboard. "Okay, just stop right there. If you think I'm going to run around naked in front of everyone, you've got another thing coming. Stay where you are; I'm not letting you sp..."

Severus chuckled at Hermione's obvious discomfort. "I don't believe I need your approval, but I think this might go easier if you did comply willingly. Really, I could stay in here indefinitely." Without waiting for an answer, Severus sat on the edge of the bed, reached out, and grabbed Hermione's outstretched hand. A quick tug pulled the angry witch over his lap. One arm encircled her waist, holding her firmly in place. He gently caressed the rounded globes of her arse before raising his hand and striking her

firmly four times in quick succession.

Hermione shrieked in disbelief. "Let me go!"

Severus admired her reddening buttocks. "God, I've wanted to do that for years. Can someone tell me why we ever did away with corporal punishment in the school system?" He ignored her protests, swatting her lightly several more times for effect.

Tears streamed freely down her cheeks, more from the humiliation of being laid bare over the Potions master's knee, than the actual force of the spanking. Something odd had happened during the last few swats. She could feel herself growing wet, her bottom rising to meet his hand then dropping to grind herself against his knee as he warmed her arse.

Severus had felt her move against him, his cock was impossibly hard again. He stroked the heated flesh of her arse, tracing warm, rosy skin in quite a few places. His fingers dipped between her thighs, the smell of her arousal evident as she spread her legs for him. One long finger, then two, dipped into her wet sex. "It would seem you enjoyed that more than you let on."

Hermione slid off his lap to stand shakily next to the bed. Her hands rubbed the tender skin of her arse, but it was the heat gathering between her legs that surprised the witch. Severus reached out and palmed her sex, pulling her forward. Hermione stumbled at the sudden stimulation.

Effortlessly, he picked Hermione up and laid her on the bed. Delving between her open thighs, he ran his tongue along her nether lips, tasting the fragrant musk gathering there.

Hermione clutched the sheets, lost in the pleasure Severus provided. She felt him shift; once again his fingers filled her, curving to find that sweet spot in her body. She groaned as he licked and sucked her clit, pulling the sensitive bundle of nerves into his mouth. She gave herself over to the sensations, her orgasm building in intensity.

Once again, a whispered spell divested him of his clothing. He moved up the bed to claim what was his and thrust forward, Hermione's hips rising off the bed to meet him.

"Mine," he growled, pinning her hands to the bed. "I claim you. You...are...mine." Each word was followed by a forward thrust. Flesh, slick with sweat, sliding across flesh, his pubic bone grinding against her as she met him, thrust for thrust. He claimed her mouth, swallowing her moan as she came. It took little more for him to follow her, his own climax claiming him mere moments later.

They lay forehead to forehead, both trying to catch their breath. He tried to move off her, but she held him in place, comforted by his weight.

"Hermione, maybe after..."

A knock at the door interrupted his comment. Their dinner had arrived.

TBC

A/N: Thank you all for your well wishes. I'm home from the hospital, but still have twenty days of medication left on a home PICC line, however, here is the chapter I promised.

One more chapter to go - the final chapter will be posted on Tuesday.

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There's No Place Like Home

Chapter 4 of 4

Severus and Hermione have a last interlude before finding their way back to reality. *Now completed in four chapters.

Summary: He didn't hate Granger, but he wasn't exactly fond of her, either. So it was with great annoyance that Severus found himself pressed into service by Headmistress McGonagall to find the lost witch. Had anyone told him he would be enjoying the ample 'favours' of the not-so-bookish know-it-all by the end of the day in an effort to get back to their reality, he would have promptly committed them to St Mungo's. But reality has a way of turning on you, and magic can have many different meanings.

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Chapter Four: There's No Place Like Home

The serving wench was Millicent Bulstrode. Hermione remained in the bed with the sheet covering her body until the girl left.

Severus sat at the table the girl had brought in. "You know you can't remain in that bed forever. The Prince paraded Beauty nude everywhere he went." He was pleased to see her blush covered the upper half of her torso.

Hermione grabbed a pillow off the bed and placed it on the chair. The sheet and pillowcases were clean; there was no telling when the chair had been cleaned last. "If you think I'm walking around nude, you've got another...hey, I was going to eat that!"

Severus batted her hand away from the food. "And you shall eat, my Beauty, what I feed you. Just like in the book," he said with a smirk.

Hermione pouted but took the proffered grape gently between her lips. She kept her hands in her lap, eating and drinking only what he fed her. Softly she sucked at his fingers, hers eyes fluttering close. The scene was erotic, and one Severus was starting to regret as he felt his body respond to the visual stimuli.

They managed to make it through dinner without Severus throwing Hermione down on the table and taking her again.

It'd been a long day. Hermione sank gratefully into the bed. Removing his clothes, Severus joined her, once again pulling her lush body against his. After much discussion, they decided the people around them were not the people they knew.

"Thank God, I'd never be able to face anyone again. I'd hate to think all those people are going to see me nude and remember what I look like."

"Or recall the lovely handprints you've been sporting on your backside." A quick swat accompanied the statement. "Your mind must be populating the story with people you know," he said, feeling the comforting weight of Hermione lying on his shoulder. He pressed a soft kiss to her temple. "We need to talk when we get out of here."

"Mmm, I agree." The statement was muffled. The stress and events of the day had exhausted the witch. Sleep overtook her almost immediately.

Severus watched the gentle rise and fall of her chest. *What would* happen when they left the book? After the physical relationship they'd shared here, even if it wasn't real, he didn't think he could go back to being indifferent where she was concerned. If he were really going to be honest with himself, he'd been admiring the young woman for sometime now. She had more than lived up to Minerva's expectations of her teaching abilities. The students liked her and, more importantly, learned from her. They'd had a few interesting discussions in the staff room when he found out she still subscribed to *Potions Today*. He had to admit, her mind was as sharp as it had ever been.

And now this.

What would happen to them when they left this world?

.xx.

"Severus, wake up. Where are we?"

Severus looked around the room. Their surroundings had definitely changed. The dusty, disintegrating opulence of the palace had been replaced with a kind of solid country look. The four-poster was gone. Instead, they were sleeping in a simple bed without a headboard. The tiled floor was replaced with a wood one. Even the walls were bare, the draperies plain fabric instead of the decaying silk swags he had noticed. "Well, we're not in Kansas anymore, that's for sure."

"*The Wizard of Oz*, you're quoting *The Wizard of Oz* to me?" Hermione looked at him questioningly. "How do you know *The Wizard of Oz*? Don't tell me Frank Baum was really a wizard?"

Severus shook his head. "No, but you knew Albus. Did you really think he would've passed up the chance to show the staff a movie about what Muggles think of witches? He told us it would better help us understand the prejudices we'd face when talking to the parents of Muggle-borns."

Hermione laughed. She could just imagine them gathered in the staff room, Albus spelling a projector to show on the walls. "Did he let you have popcorn? It's a good movie, and maybe not so far off target."

Severus rose and moved to the window. "Frank Baum somehow stumbled into a Quidditch game. I'm not sure how he came up with his good witch/bad witch theory; maybe it had something to do with the colours of the uniforms. He was Obliviated and returned to his home."

"But a green witch?"

Severus shrugged "Most likely someone dyed their skin in support of the Kenmare Kestrels that year. Probably the Memory Charm scrambled a few things in his brain. They do have a tendency to backfire from time to time. Well, from the looks of things, we're at the Inn. The spell must have taken pity on you and decided you didn't have to walk nude out of the castle."

Hermione scrambled over to the window. A quiet country road ran alongside the building they were in. "How do we get out of here?"

"Through the door." Severus smiled. "Let's go, my Beauty."

Hermione turned around. Severus was dressed in traditional clothes of the era. His cape wasn't too different from the one he usually wore at Hogwarts, with the exception that this one wasn't black. "Can't you transfigure something for me to wear? I don't seem to have my wand with me. Or a place to put it."

Severus ran his hands slowly up and down the smooth skin of Hermione's arms. His voice was low, mesmerising. "No one is real here, except me. This is a fantasy, taking place in your mind. Let yourself go. When we get out of here, the people you think you've seen will have no idea what you're talking about. They're not experiencing this, you are." Gently he turned her toward the door. "Go."

As if in a trance, Hermione walked out the door and down the stairs. She barely saw the people in the Inn, her eyes on the road outside the door, instead.

"Your Highness, the horses are ready for our return trip."

Hermione stopped suddenly and balked. A bored-looking Ron Weasley stood holding the bridle of Severus's horse.

"Not real," he whispered in her ear. Severus smiled as Hermione reluctantly nodded. "Thank you, soldier. Hold the lead steady while Beauty and I mount her."

Hermione turned to glare at the dour man when suddenly her world shifted. "Severus!"

He'd used the advantage of surprise to grab her around the waist and throw the witch over his shoulder. A quick swat to her exposed buttocks brought a quiet chuckle from the assembled. "Quiet, Beauty. We have far to go today, and I'll not listen to your tongue waggle the whole trip."

Hermione fought to keep a civil tongue in her mouth, knowing he would not hesitate to spank her again. "Yes *Master*."

Her shiver was real as he gently caressed her backside. "Good girl," he murmured.

A simple *Levitation Charm* allowed him to keep Hermione on his shoulder as he mounted the horse. They took off for the castle at a steady pace.

A short while later, they came to a wooded area with a fresh stream running through it; Severus ordered a rest stop for the horses and their riders. He walked his horse a bit deeper into the trees, casting a *Disillusionment Charm* and *Do Not Notice* on them and the area around them. Carefully, he slid Hermione off his shoulder and pulled her around to face him, her legs straddling his thighs as she sat backward in the saddle.

"Planning to have your wicked way with me again, Master?" She braced herself against his chest as she moved forward for a kiss.

"Something like that." He had to assume it was the spell. He'd had the witch twice, and he was hard again. Of course, the feel of her breasts bouncing against his back as he rode, and her constant squirming, hadn't helped the matter. "Any objections?"

Hermione reached forward to free his turgid member from its confines. "None that I can think of."

He pulled her up against him, positioning her over his cock as she moved and allowed gravity to take its course as she impaled herself on his member. His mouth plundered hers, one hand pulling at her nipples, his other seeking out her clit.

Hermione was a willing participant in their shared debauchery, one hand gently massaging his balls, the other gripping his shoulder, her nails digging through the soft silk of his shirt.

"Severus..."

"I know." They rode each other hard and fast, each reaching for their own completion as they felt their partner doing the same. Suddenly, the world around them streaked with light and went dark.

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Severus woke up first. They were back in the Forbidden Forest; from what he could tell, maybe twenty minutes had passed since he'd stumbled upon the witch. Fear and doubt tumbled through his mind. It wasn't real; he knew that, but they *had* shared something. And he thought he might have found something he'd lost a long time ago.

Would she be interested in pursuing a relationship with him? The sex had been mind-blowing, but there was something more there.

"Would you say something, anything?" Her quiet voice cut through his thoughts.

"We're back." He didn't know what to say. He did; there were a thousand things he wanted to tell her, but he didn't know where to begin. "Hermione, I..."

"Severus, I'm sorry. I didn't know you could drag someone with you into the book."

He shook his head. "It's all right."

A smile lit her face. "You don't mind?"

"Have you ordered any other titles from that company?"

"There are a few I've been looking at. Why? Would you consider another go round with me?" she asked.

"I believe that could be a definite possibility."

They both sat quietly for a moment, lost in thought. It was Severus who broke the silence. "I know the book isn't real, but I think we..." He stopped, not sure how to express his feelings.

Hermione's eyes sparkled. "We had a connection. I felt it too."

"Would you be interested in seeing if we have anything in common in the real world?"

"Besides the great sex? Yes, I think I'd like that."

Severus helped her pack up and shrink her belongings. "Whatever possessed you to purchase that thing?"

The witch shrugged. "When you're alone as often as I am, well, it seemed like a good idea at the time. Actually, considering the outcome, I'd say it was a great idea."

"And there is no one that interests you?"

"There is now. Severus, you said it yourself: I'm a know-it-all. What man wants to date a know-it-all and a hero of the war to boot?"

He held a hand out to her as they stood, pulling her into his embrace. "I can think of someone. Care to see the dungeons, my Beauty?"

"I thought you'd never ask...Master."

--The End --

A/N: Well, it seems I can write a PWP, even if a smidgen of plot did sneak in. I usually find it easier to write intimate scenes when they are part of a larger story and portray the characters changing feelings for each other.

I'm hope you've enjoyed the story, who knows, maybe they fall into another book sometime in the near future.

A grateful thank you to my beta, Nakhash, for her corrections, suggestions, and never-ending supply of commas; she is truly the best of the best. Another set of eyes is always helpful; the mistakes, however, are still mine.

Pearle