

Professor Snape, in the Bedroom, with the Chocolate Ice Cream

by melusin

Oh and there's a Blindfold - I forgot to mention the Blindfold!

Hermione's Fantasy

Chapter 1 of 2

Oh and there's a Blindfold - I forgot to mention the Blindfold!

Disclaimer: Everything you see belongs to JK Rowling. I write for pleasure not profit and as such am not making a Knut out of this venture.

Wanda Winters' Ladies' Lingerie and Marital Aids Store had caused quite a stir when it first opened its doors in Diagon Alley. In fact, the wizarding world had never seen anything quite like it. Mannequins in the window dressed in Muggle underwear promised a taste of the exotic for those who ventured inside. It had been a runaway success from day one.

Severus Snape had passed the shop on a number of occasions, but today he could no longer contain his curiosity. He was not in a relationship at the moment, but he lived in hope. One day, he told himself, he may need to buy something sexy for that special someone, and there was no harm in doing some market research beforehand.

Yeah, right.

Steeling himself, Severus took a deep breath and walked through the door. His eyes were met by racks and racks of ladies' undergarments in every size and colour imaginable, ranging from the conservatively sexy to the downright indecent. There were bras, knickers, corsets, suspenders, stockings and scraps of material that left nothing to the imagination. These, he discovered, were called thongs. Trying to look nonchalant, Severus gradually made his way to the back of the store where his attention was arrested by the fetish wear.

Oh, gods, leather.

He looked around the 'Playtime Section' in astonishment. Furry handcuffs, whips, gags and vibrators in all shapes and sizes. 'Guaranteed to satisfy the most demanding of witches,' claimed the notice.

I'll bet, he thought.

As most of the clientele were women, Severus had quickly attracted the attention of one of the shop assistants. She approached him.

'Can I help you, sir?'

Panicking slightly, Severus grabbed the first item he saw. It was a black silk blindfold.

'I'll take this,' he said.

'Certainly, sir,' said the girl. 'Would you like it gift-wrapped?'

'No,' Severus replied, 'a bag will do.'

* * *

In his haste on the way in, Severus had not noticed a certain bushy-haired ex-pupil browsing the bra and matching thong sets.

'Bloody Harry Potter,' Hermione muttered under her breath. 'Stupid blind dates.'

Much against her better judgement, Hermione had accepted an invitation to accompany Harry, Ginny and a visiting Russian Quidditch player to dinner that evening. Hermione had been virtually celibate since she and Ron had split up ten months previously, so she had not needed much persuading. There had been one or two men who had sparked her interest, but disappointingly, no relationships had developed.

Hermione was beginning to think her standards were too high and that she wanted the impossible in a man. Good looks were not high on her list of priorities, although intelligence and the ability to have a half-decent conversation that did not involve Quidditch was. However, she was now getting so desperate for a shag that she was prepared to consider anything.

May as well be prepared, she thought, looking at a lacy black ensemble.*If this Russian bloke's all Ginny reckons he's cracked up to be, I may just jump him.*

'I never imagined you to be the leopard skin underwear type, Miss Granger,' a silky voice said in her ear.

Hermione froze. *Oh, dear God. Not him. Not here.*

She turned around, hoping that she wasn't blushing quite as profusely as she thought, and smiled at her former teacher. 'So what type of underwear, exactly, have you imagined me wearing, Professor Snape?'

It was Severus' turn to blush, although it was barely discernable on his ashen cheeks.

He had spotted Hermione on his way out of the shop and decided to have a little fun. Her reaction, though, was not what he expected.

'I... I... um.'

Hermione felt a little flash of triumph but decided to take pity on him. She noticed the small bag in his hand.

'Bought anything nice?'

'I... a blindfold,' Severus replied, recovering his composure. 'I'm conducting experiments in wandless magic.' It was the best excuse he could come up with at short notice.

Severus Snape. Blindfold. Oh, God. Severus had unwittingly hit upon one of Hermione's all time favourite fantasies. She suddenly felt a bit light-headed.

'Are you all right, Miss Granger?' Severus asked. 'You look a bit pale.'

'I feel a little faint,' Hermione replied. 'I think I need some fresh air.'

'Let me escort you.' Severus offered her his arm.

'Okay, let me just pay for these first.' Hermione grabbed the nearest black bra and thong set, not looking at the size. She could always Transfigure them to fit later.

Hermione Granger. Black lacy underwear. Oh, gods.

Outside in the fresh air, Hermione recovered a little but did not let go of Severus' arm. He did not seem to mind.

'I should be going,' Hermione said, although it was the last thing she wanted to do.

'Nonsense,' Severus replied. 'You might Splinch yourself. I insist you at least have a cup of tea before you Disapparate.'

Hermione did not argue and allowed Severus to conduct her to a nearby café where he ordered a pot of tea for two. She was pleasantly surprised at the stimulating conversation that followed. Severus asked about her work, and she told him all about her research at St Mungo's. He asked all the right questions and gave her a few new ideas. Hermione quizzed him on one of the Potions articles he had recently published, and he answered her with enthusiasm. An hour had whizzed by without them even noticing it during which time Professor Snape and Miss Granger became Severus and Hermione.

Noticing the clock, Severus said reluctantly, 'I have to go. I promised Minerva I'd bring her back some Belgian chocolate ice cream from Florean Fortescue's, and it's nearly closing time.'

Severus Snape. Blindfold. Chocolate ice cream. Oh. My. God.

'Unless...' he began hesitantly.

'Yes?'

'Would you like to have dinner with me this evening?'

'I'd love to, Severus, but I have a prior engagement.'

'Oh,' he said dejectedly, 'another time then?'

Hermione weighed up her options. Severus Snape, blindfold, chocolate ice cream. Unknown Russian Quidditch player, Quidditch, more Quidditch.

'It's just a stupid blind date that Harry fixed me up with. It's probably not too late to cancel it.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes. I didn't really want to go in the first place. Harry means well, but Quidditch really isn't my thing. I don't even know if he speaks much English.'

At Severus' bemused expression, Hermione explained, 'He's Russian, and he plays Quidditch.'

'Oh, I see,' said Severus. 'Do you know his name?'

'Hmm... yes, Ginny did mention it. Oleg something or other...'

'Oleg Stravinski?' Severus asked in amazement.

'Yes. That's it. Have you heard of him?'

Heard of him? 'He's a famous international player, Hermione. Yes, I've heard of him.' *She'd rather go to dinner with me than Oleg Stravinski?*

'Oh, good,' Hermione said, 'he shouldn't have any problem finding another date then, should he?'

Severus was starting to believe his luck might be in. 'Where shall we meet? I assume you want to go home and change.' He tried not to think of the black lacy number he had seen earlier.

'Depends where we're going,' Hermione replied. 'We can discuss it on the way to Florean's. I think I might treat myself to some ice cream as well.'

* * *

Dinner went swimmingly. Hermione had gone for understated and sexy in her attire. Severus wore black. The food was good, and Severus spared no expense on the wine. Hermione had no intention of getting drunk and losing all her inhibitions, but the couple of glasses she had were enough to loosen her up a bit.

At the end of the meal, Severus asked hopefully, 'Would you like to come back to my chambers for some coffee?' There was no harm in asking; although, he fully expected her to refuse.

Now Hermione was basically a nice middleclass girl at heart. Her rational brain was telling her to politely decline his offer and say maybe next time. Her heart was telling her that if she wanted more than a one-night stand, going back to his rooms was a really bad idea. Her inner sex-goddess, however, was chanting, *shag him, shag him, shag him*.

Hermione smiled at him. 'I'd really like that.'

Severus Snape. Blindfold. Chocolate ice cream. Chambers. Thank you, God!

* * *

Severus was nervous. He had never intended things to go so far this evening. He felt unprepared for a seduction; fortunately, he'd had the presence of mind to change his underpants, for which he was thankful. Hermione was sitting on his sofa, obviously expecting him to make a move. Severus handed her a cup of coffee and sat on the sofa, keeping a respectful distance from her.

So far, so good, Hermione thought, stirring her coffee. They drank in silence.

In for a Knut... thought Severus as he took her empty cup and put it on the table. He sat back down closer than before. *Gods, she looks edible*. He put his arm around the back of the sofa and edged even closer; then he tilted his head to one side and moved in to kiss her.

Severus was somewhat taken aback when Hermione put the tip of her index finger on his lips to stop him.

'I thought you wanted...' he said, sounding hurt. He straightened up. 'I will not be trifled with, Miss Granger.'

'I do want you to kiss me, Severus, but not yet.'

Severus looked confused.

Hermione ran her hand down his arm, sending delightful shivers down his spine. 'I was just wondering if you would indulge me in a longstanding fantasy or two that I have.'

'That depends,' Severus said, not wanting to commit himself. 'Tell me more.'

'The first one is quite simple.' Hermione began, dragging her hand up his arm again. 'I have always thought that kissing, I mean, you know *snogging* is very intimate, perhaps even more so than, um, sex itself.'

Severus raised an eyebrow. 'Go on.'

'So, I've often imagined what it would be like to leave it until... last.' She looked for a reaction, but his face was giving nothing away. 'You may kiss me anywhere you like except the lips.'

Severus' mouth went very dry. 'Like here, for instance.' He leaned in and kissed her cheek. 'Or here.' He kissed the tip of her nose.

'Oh, yes, I think you've got the idea.'

Severus pushed her hair back off her face and began to plant soft kisses on her neck. 'What about here?'

Hermione whimpered. 'Would you like to hear my all time favourite fantasy?' she asked breathlessly.

'I'm all ears,' Severus replied, beginning to kiss his way down her cleavage.

'It involves you and a blindfold.'

Severus stopped and looked up at her. 'You have fantasies about *me*?' he asked incredulously.

'Yes, lots,' Hermione replied, 'but this is a one time only fantasy. The others can wait.'

Severus swallowed. 'And this fantasy involves...' His voice sounded a bit higher than he would have liked.

She stroked the side of his face. 'Men are very *visual* creatures. Would you agree?'

'You mean we like to look?'

'Yes, exactly. I'd like to take that sense away from you, temporarily of course, hence the blindfold.'

'And then...?' he asked weakly.

'And then you, uh, get to know me better by touch and taste as I see fit.' She let him consider the implications. 'So. Are you up for it?'

Severus had been sporting an impressive erection for most of the afternoon. Hermione's fantasy, however, was now making it throb painfully in anticipation.

I think I'd better take an Endurance Potion. He smirked. 'Excuse me one moment.'

* * *

Severus looked around his bathroom quickly after taking the potion. Nothing on the floor, clean towels, toilet seat and lid down, no lingering smells. Good. He cast a quick breath freshening charm. Sniffing his armpits, he cast a cleansing charm to be on the safe side. He walked into his bedroom and gave it a cursory inspection. Bed made, clean sheets, no dirty socks lying about. Severus lowered the candlelight to a more intimate level and nodded in approval. The scene was set.

He glanced at his bedside table. *Shit. The Photograph.* He hurriedly stuffed it in the drawer and heaved a sigh of relief. *That could have been embarrassing.*

In his absence, Hermione checked the ice cream she had bought earlier to make sure the stasis charm was still intact. Satisfied, she popped the tub into her clutch bag together with one of Severus' teaspoons. She spotted the bag with the blindfold in it. Fed up with waiting, she picked it up and walked determinedly to the bedroom.

* * *

Severus turned around to see Hermione leaning against the doorjamb.

'Knock, knock,' she said. 'May I come in?'

Hermione Granger. Black Lacy Underwear. My Bedroom. Oh, Merlin.

Feeling totally out of control of the situation, Severus decided to redress the balance. He moved towards her.

'I should warn you, Miss Granger, that once you step inside this room, you will not leave until I am completely... sated.'

A jolt of electricity ran down her spine and ignited her cervix. Hermione looked him straight in the eye and, very deliberately, stepped over the threshold. Severus raised his hand imperceptibly, and the door closed behind her. She felt the wards go up.

'Now,' Severus said, 'you may begin.'

* * *

Hermione began to tremble as she took the blindfold out of the bag. Despite her bravado, she had never done anything like this and was wondering if she could actually pull it off. She was in Severus Snape's inner sanctum, and this time it wasn't a dream. It was for real. Hermione didn't want to make a fool of herself in front of this much older, much more experienced man. She had to at least act like she knew what she was doing.

She looked at him. 'Your boots. Take them off. And your socks.'

Severus sat on the bed and did as he was told. While he was doing this, Hermione put the blindfold over her own eyes to make sure it was truly opaque.

Oh, yes, your turn will come; you can be sure of that.

Hermione walked over to the bed. 'Ready?' she asked.

Severus nodded.

'Lift your hair out of the way.' She tied the blindfold around his head and smoothed his hair back down, running her fingers through it. He shivered. Hermione raked her nails over his scalp.

'Like that?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Good. Stand up and keep your hands to yourself unless I tell you otherwise.'

Severus stood. Hermione looked at the man in front of her, wondering where on earth to begin. She decided to start by removing his robe and reached up to unfasten it. He did not try to stop her, so she continued. Once opened, she pushed it off his shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Underneath, Severus was wearing a simple white linen shirt and black wool trousers. Hermione took a good look at his slim figure for the first time and was pleased with what she saw.

She walked around to the back of him, kicking his robe out of the way. Standing behind him, Hermione put her hands on his broad shoulders. Severus flinched at the sudden contact but quickly relaxed. She ran her hands down his back and over his buttocks. Severus inhaled sharply.

'Lovely,' Hermione said. 'A perfect triangle.'

'What?'

'This,' she replied. 'Broad shoulders,' she ran her hands over them, 'narrow hips,' she dragged her hands down his sides, 'and a nice pert bum.' She squeezed his bottom playfully.

Severus chuckled.

Hermione walked around to the front again and began to unbutton his shirt. Suddenly wary, Severus stayed her hand.

'I have scars.'

'I saw your open wounds on the battlefield, Severus. I won't be put off. I promise you.'

Severus put his hands down at his side.

Hermione gently pulled his shirt out of his trousers and continued with the buttons. Once undone, she opened the shirt fully and drank in the sight of his bare chest. Although thin, Severus was no weed. Hermione was pleasantly surprised to see well-defined muscles under that pale skin and couldn't help but gasp a little. Severus took this for revulsion at the sight of his scars. He tried to cover himself up.

'I knew you would be repulsed,' he said sharply.

'What? I'm not...'

'Don't lie. I heard you.'

'Severus, I was admiring you. Relax, please.' Hermione put her hands on his arms and pushed them to his side again. Opening his shirt once more, she looked at his scars for the first time. Most of them had faded to thin silvery lines, but there were still a couple that were red and angry looking. One in particular bisected his torso from his collarbone almost to his navel. Starting at the top, she began to kiss her way along it.

Severus had been waiting for her to say or do something, but he hadn't expected that. He sucked in his breath.

'You don't have to do this.'

'I know, but I want to. Now, no more talking for a while. Just feel.'

Hermione walked behind him again and pulled his shirt off. He had a very nice back. Hermione kissed along his shoulders and down his spine. Severus' breathing started to speed up a little. Deciding she was a bit overdressed, Hermione took off her robe.

Severus heard the rustle of fabric and guessed correctly what she was doing.

Hermione Granger is standing in her underwear in my bedroom.

Severus felt two arms snake around his waist before Hermione pressed her body against his back.

'Can you guess what I'm wearing?' she asked.

'Not very much,' was his reply.

She giggled. 'Would you like a feel?'

'Yes, I would.'

'Okay then.' Hermione unhooked her bra and draped it over his shoulder. 'Be my guest.'

Severus held the flimsy piece of fabric. Lace. As he thought.

'Did you buy this earlier?' he asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

'Yes.'

Hermione Granger is standing behind me wearing a black lace thong. Oh, fuck.

Hermione pressed her body against his back once more. Severus moaned at the contact of her bare breasts against him. He desperately wanted to touch her. Severus felt nimble fingers run around the waistband of his trousers and stop at his fly. He held his breath.

Hermione hoped his trouser fastenings weren't too complicated as she undid the top button. She proceeded cautiously, trying to avoid his erection, much to Severus' frustration. She undid the final button and pushed his trousers down to his ankles. Severus managed to step out of them without falling over.

Hermione walked around to face him again and gazed at the man of her dreams, clad only in his boxer shorts.

'You have incredibly sexy legs.'

'Thank you.'

'I think you deserve a little treat now,' said Hermione, opening her bag. Severus stood still and listened, trying to fathom out what she was up to.

Hermione took the stasis charm off the ice cream and softened it slightly. She scooped some on the spoon.

'Open your mouth.'

Severus complied and felt something very cold on his tongue. *What the fuck? Oh, ice cream.*

'Nice?'

'Hm, not bad.'

'Good. How about this?' Hermione pressed the back of the cold spoon against one of his nipples.

'FUCK! What are you doing, woman!'

Hermione fogged her hot breath over the nipple before swirling her tongue around it. 'Sorry. Would you like me to stop?'

Severus groaned, so she fed him some more ice cream and gave the other nipple the same treatment. Severus wanted more contact now; all this teasing was starting to drive him crazy. It took all of his self-control not to throw Hermione on the bed, rip her thong off, and fuck her until she screamed for mercy.

Hermione could see she was getting to him. She hoped she would have the staying power to finish this as she had planned. There was still a long way to go.

She quietly took off her thong and rubbed one of her thighs against his.

'Now can you guess what I'm wearing?'

'Stockings?' he asked hoarsely, 'and a... a thong.'

'Half right. Here, take this.' Hermione put the thong in his hand. She watched as realisation dawned, and he slowly brought the skimpy undergarment up to his face. He inhaled her scent and groaned.

'Gods, Hermione, I can't take much more of this.'

'Just a little longer, Severus. Be patient.'

'Please let me touch you.'

'Soon, I promise.' Hermione moved to the back of him again. Taking a deep breath, she hooked her thumbs inside Severus' boxers and pulled them over his hips. They fell to the floor. She put her arms around him and pressed her naked body against his.

'Do you like the feel of my skin against you, Severus?'

'Yes, you feel wonderful.' *Smooth, so smooth.*

Hermione ran her hands over his hipbones, and he groaned again. She wanted to touch his cock but held back as she didn't want to make him come just yet. She moved to his side and rubbed her crotch against his thigh, taking her first real look at his erection as she did so. She was not disappointed.

'I'm very wet, Severus. Feel.'

'Oh, gods.' *Smooth, so... Hairless?*

'Like that, do you?'

Hermione Granger. Stockings. Shaved pussy. There is a God.

Severus touched the damp patch on his thigh and brought his fingers up to his mouth to taste it.

Seeing the look of desperation on his face, Hermione decided to be merciful. She turned around and pressed her back against him. Severus was startled to feel her bottom press against his erection. Holding both his hands, Hermione put them on her breasts.

'You may touch me.'

Severus did not need to be asked twice. He began his exploration of her body by gently massaging her breasts. There was no sound except the heavy breathing of two people lost in the sensation of touch. He moved one hand lower, stroking her abdomen, while the other squeezed a nipple. Hermione arched her back, put her hands behind his neck, and leant her head against his shoulder. Turning her head towards him, she sucked his neck softly.

Severus tried to commit the contours of her body to memory as, with the lightest of touches, he ran his hands along the dip of her waist and over the swell of her hips. Sweeping them back up, he felt his way along her ribs before fondling her breasts again.

Perfect, he thought as he brushed his thumbs over her nipples *A nice handful*.

'That feels so good, Severus.' Hermione revelled in the knowledge that the hands she had watched for so many years processing potions ingredients with such care and precision were now paying similar attention to her body. She could hardly believe it was happening.

More firmly this time, Severus dragged his hands down her sides to caress her hips.

No suspenders? 'How do these stay up?' he asked curiously, running his fingers over her stocking tops.

'Magic.'

Severus chuckled. He stilled a moment, catching his breath and building the anticipation, before stroking the inside of her thighs. Hermione wanted those fingers inside her, but Severus was suddenly in no hurry.

'Severus.' She said his name like a prayer. 'Please.' She moved her legs further apart in encouragement.

'Your turn to be patient, my sweet.' With almost unbearable slowness, Severus brought his right hand up to cup her smooth mound and squeezed gently.

Hermione whimpered.

He had to know. 'Did you do this just for me?'

'Hmm?' she replied, lifting her head slightly to nibble his earlobe, 'Oh, that, yes. I thought it would make the thong look nicer.'

Oh, gods.

Severus dipped two fingers into her wet cunt and then brought them up to his mouth to taste.

'Divine,' he said, licking his fingers. He returned his hand to her pussy and started to circle her clit, rubbing his erection against her bottom as he did so.

'Oh, Severus.' *So good...must stop...losing...control...*

Hermione was on the verge of giving in to the moment. Before all rational thought left her, she removed his hands and stepped away from him.

'What...?' Severus felt bereft at the loss of her warm body.

'Enough touching. Time for more tasting. Come.' Hermione took his hand and led him closer to the bed.

Stepping out of his boxers, Severus blindly followed. He heard his bed creak as Hermione sat down.

'Kneel,' she ordered.

Severus knelt.

'A bit closer.'

Severus scooted closer. Hermione placed a foot either side of his knees. Severus could smell her arousal and wanted nothing more at that point than to bury his face between her legs. He leant forward.

'Not yet,' said Hermione. 'Now, put your hands behind your back.'

Severus sighed in frustration but obeyed her instructions.

Hermione moved closer to the edge of the bed. She touched his face, tracing her fingers gently over his cheekbones, his nose and finally his lips. Severus opened his mouth slightly and flicked his tongue over her fingertips.

'Open your mouth a bit more. Good.' Hermione put one hand on the back of his head and held her left breast with the other. She guided his mouth towards the nipple.

Sucking, licking, nibbling, Severus attacked with gusto. He broke away, gasping for air after several minutes. Hermione offered him her other breast, which he devoured with equal relish. Sighing softly and cradling his head, she tried to ignore the growing ache in her belly as he sucked harder. When she couldn't bear it any longer, Hermione tore herself away and, lying back on the bed, pulled his head down between her legs.

'Enjoy.'

Still with his hands behind his back, Severus licked along her slit, his senses reeling from the smell and taste of essence of Hermione. Using his nose, he tried to part her labia in order to gain better access, all the while delving and probing with his talented tongue, but not quite touching her clit.

Severus Snape is... oh, gods. It was maddening. Hermione reached down and parted her lips for him.

'Please, Severus, I want to come,' Hermione pleaded.

So do I, Severus thought. If she asks me to fuck her after this, I won't last five seconds, Endurance Potion or no.

Hermione let out a shriek as Severus homed in on her clitoris. Alternately licking, sucking and nuzzling, he sensed Hermione was about to come when she grabbed him by the hair and pulled him closer. Pushing her hips up and grinding against his face, she gave one final thrust and came, convulsing violently. Severus kept sucking gently until her spasms subsided then he sat back on his heels.

'My turn?' he asked hopefully.

Recovering her breath, Hermione propped herself up on her elbows.

'Oh, yes. Most definitely.'

Hermione regarded the sight before her. Severus Snape kneeling naked on the floor, his mouth and chin glistening with her juices. She longed to taste herself on his lips but knew she would be lost if she did. She got up and helped herself to some ice cream instead.

'Stand up, Severus.'

Suddenly, Severus felt a cold mouth and tongue pressing kisses across his chest. He sucked in his breath as Hermione briefly teased his nipples before moving lower. Passing his navel, she detoured around to his right hip and kissed along the top of his thigh. Severus could feel her breath on his cock as Hermione stopped inches away from it. He swallowed hard and dug his nails into the palm of his hand, resisting the urge to pull her head towards him. It was then he felt her take one of his balls into her mouth.

Fuck fuck fuck.

Severus took ragged breaths as Hermione worked her magic over his balls and began to lick the length of his cock. He felt her tongue swirl around the tip before she started sucking, gently at first, and then with more pressure as her mouth engulfed him.

'Oh, gods, Hermione.' Panting, Severus put his hands behind his head to keep them from grabbing her.

Hermione continued to take more of him into her mouth. She was grateful she had learned how to do this without choking and had had plenty of practice.

How much more can she take?...Oh... fuuuck.

Hermione moved her head up and down as she took his full length into her mouth. Adding her hand, she worked his cock enthusiastically. Looking up at Severus, she saw him throw his head back with a look on his face that could either have been pure pleasure or absolute agony. She sincerely hoped it was the former.

Unable to resist the temptation any longer, Severus seized her head and pulled her towards his groin. Not wanting to hurt her, he managed to keep his thrusts fairly gentle as he fucked her mouth.

'C-coming,' he hissed between grunts.

Hermione kept sucking and gently squeezed his balls with her free hand. She heard Severus call out her name just before he flooded her mouth with his hot semen. Swallowing quickly, Hermione continued to lick his cock until she was satisfied she had cleaned up every precious drop.

Severus thought his legs were going to give out. Groping with his hands outstretched, he found the edge of the bed and sat down wearily.

'Can I take this off now?' he asked, indicating the blindfold.

'One second.' Hermione grabbed her wand. 'Okay, you can take it off.'

Severus removed the blindfold and rubbed his eyes. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he looked up to see Hermione standing in front of him fully clothed.

Before he had a chance to comment, Hermione held her arms out towards him.

'I thought you might like to undress me,' she said. 'I'm all yours now. Do as you please.'

'You should not say such things unless you mean them,' Severus said warningly. 'You may get more than you bargained for.'

Hermione had not said those words lightly. She wanted more than one night with him, and, short of physical violence, Hermione was prepared to try anything to achieve that goal.

'I mean it.'

'Really.' Severus raised an eyebrow and smirked. 'Very well.' He reclined back on the bed. 'Strip.'

Melusin's Notes: Many, many thanks go to Southern Witch for agreeing to beta this for me.

Southern's Notes: I think I'm going to head down and purchase some ice cream. Muahaha! Excellent story and progression!

Severus' Fantasy

Chapter 2 of 2

Oh and there's a Blindfold - I forgot to mention the Blindfold!

Disclaimer: It's all J K Rowling's. Nothing's mine never will be.

Warning for light bondage and anal sex.

Hermione hadn't planned on him saying that. She hesitated slightly before starting to unbutton her robe. Severus' eyes never left her. He kept his face impassive, although his heart was pounding in his chest. He gave nothing away as Hermione's robe pooled at her feet, although the sight of her in almost totally see-through underwear made his palms sweat.

Goddess.

Hermione thought his intense scrutiny was rather unnerving. *Perhaps he doesn't like my body,* she thought. *Maybe he thinks I'm too fat.* She decided to turn around to unfasten her bra, giving him a view of her bare buttocks. Severus managed to suppress the groan that threatened to escape. She discarded the garment and turned back to face him.

Still nothing.

He seemed to like my stockings. I think I'll leave them on.

Hermione untied the strings holding the thong together and let it fall to the floor.

Severus regarded her a moment longer before slowly getting off the bed and taking the few steps to where she stood. Although he was erect again, thanks to the potion, it was his black eyes that held her attention. She scanned his face, looking for some sign of emotion. There was none.

Gods, even stark naked with a raging hard-on, he can still look menacing.

Without saying a word, Severus picked Hermione up and carried her to his bed. He laid her down gently on the coverlet, carefully lifting her hair up and fanning it out over the pillows.

'You look like an angel,' Severus said, kneeling at the bottom of the bed, 'albeit a fallen one in those stockings.'

Hermione smiled. 'You can take them off if you like.'

'I fully intend to.'

With that he lifted one of her legs onto his shoulder, slowly rolled down the stocking and removed it. Holding her foot, Severus put her big toe in his mouth and sucked.

'Aargh. No. Gerroff, that tickles.' Hermione had very ticklish feet.

Severus smirked but continued, sucking each toe individually before putting them all in his mouth.

All Hermione could do was writhe on the bed. 'Stop. Please. That's bloody torture!'

'You did say I could do as I please.' Severus licked the sole of her foot making her squirm even more.

'Me and my big mouth.'

Severus laughed and continued his progress up her leg, stopping to kiss behind the knee before licking and nibbling up her inner thigh. At the top, he stopped, picked up her other leg and repeated the procedure. When he had finished, he sat back on his heels and gazed at the vision in front of him.

'Beautiful,' he said softly. 'Just how I always imagined.'

Imagined? He's imagined me lying naked on his bed?

As if reading her mind, Severus continued, 'You're not the only one who has fantasies, Hermione.'

'Tell me,' she demanded in amazement.

'Well,' he replied cautiously, 'I have one where you owe me a wizard's debt for saving your life. I ask that you spend the night with me in payment.'

'Go on.'

'I tell you that I won't force myself on you, but you will be begging me to take you before the night is over.'

'I see,' said Hermione, 'and do I beg, I mean?'

'Oh, yes. You put up a good fight, though.'

'So, what do you do... exactly?'

'Well,' he grinned, 'first I order you to strip.'

Hermione laughed. 'And then?'

'Then I carry you to my bed.'

'Here I am. What next?'

'I tell you to put your hands above your head.'

'Like this?' Hermione asked, reaching her hands out towards the bedposts.

'No, just above your head, wrists crossed.' He arranged her hands to his requirements and then sat back again. 'Are you sure about this, Hermione?'

'Yes, I'm sure.'

What the hell. She won't want to see me again after tonight. I may as well make the most of it.

'If you want me to stop, just say...'. He looked around for inspiration for a safe word. 'Thong.'

'Okay.'

At Severus' command silk ropes appeared, wrapped themselves around Hermione's wrists, and secured them to the headboard. Severus picked up the blindfold and covered Hermione's eyes.

Hermione waited for something to happen... and waited... and waited.

'Severus?'

'There has been a change of plan, Miss Granger.'

'Oh?'

Severus quietly summoned the tub of ice cream. There was a fair-sized scoop still left. He tipped the tub up and emptied the contents onto her chest.

'Arghhh, you could have warned me.'

'No more talking, Miss Granger, or I will have to gag you.'

'I can't beg if you gag me.'

'Quiet!'

Severus started to spread the ice cream over her breasts, down her body and between her legs.

'Oh, gods.'

'Open your mouth, Miss Granger.' Severus put his chocolate-covered fingers in her mouth. 'Suck.'

At the sight of Hermione sucking his fingers, bound and blindfolded on his bed, Severus allowed his normally stoic features to relax into a look of aching desire. When she had finished, Severus turned his attention to her breasts and started licking the chocolate off them.

Hermione's brain was struggling to cope with all the stimuli it was receiving. Unable to move or see, her skin's sensitivity seemed to increase a hundredfold. She could only whimper at the sensation of Severus' hot mouth on her chilled body as he continued his progress downwards.

She felt his hot breath on her clit.

'Are you ready to beg yet, Miss Granger?'

'No, never, Professor Snape.'

Oh, gods. 'You realise the longer you leave it, the worse it will get?'

'I won't beg.'

Severus merely chuckled. 'We'll see.'

Instead of licking her clit as she had expected, Severus kissed his way back up her body, latched onto a nipple and sucked hard. It was not exactly painful, but it served to fuel the burning ache at the centre of her being to be fucked by this man.

Hermione lifted her hips off the bed, searching for some contact where there was none. She could only squirm as Severus gave her other nipple his undivided attention.

'What would you like me to do, Miss Granger?'

'Touch me.'

'Where?'

'Between my legs.'

'Ask me nicely.'

'I'd really like you to touch me between the legs.'

Severus laughed quietly and kissed down the side of her body, over her hip and across her thigh. Putting his hands under her knees, he lifted her legs up and out to the side. Now that he could see what he was doing and had his hands free, the possibilities were endless. Severus wanted to give Hermione all the pleasure that was in his power to give. Fantasy was all very well, but the reality of her in his bed went beyond his wildest dreams. He lowered his head and prepared to dine on the feast laid out before him.

Hermione waited, trying to anticipate where his mouth would go. She could feel his hot breath again.

Why am I still cold? She thought, *I should have warmed up by now. He must have used a Cooling Charm.*

She felt Severus kissing around her newly shaved flesh.

Ooh, that's nice. No one's ever kissed me there before.

Severus was lost in the scent and taste of her again. He was finding it hard to keep his mind on his fantasy in fact, he was finding it hard to think at all. He sucked on her labia before pushing them apart with his thumbs. He circled her clit with his tongue, but did not touch it, making Hermione move her hips in frustration for more contact.

'Stop teasing.'

'Beg, Miss Granger,' Severus purred.

'Not in this lifetime, Professor Snape.'

'As you wish.'

Hermione felt magic wash over her as Severus cast a Cleansing Charm. All the stickiness left over from the ice cream disappeared.

Severus resumed his explorations. Hermione dug her nails into the palms of her hands to stop from crying out as he sucked and licked and nibbled. Moving lower, she felt his tongue swirl around her entrance before dipping inside. Lower still and he was sucking her perineum. Lower...

*He's not going to... He can't... Oh, my God, he is...'*Don't... You mustn't... It... It's not nice...'

Severus paused. 'Not nice as in you don't like it, Miss Granger, or not nice as in you shouldn't like it.' He tongued her anus some more. 'Tell me you don't like it, and I'll stop.'

'Oh, gods.'

'I thought as much.' Severus knew he was on virgin territory here and didn't want to push too far. Satisfied that her brain had identified a new area of pleasure, he licked his way back up to her clit.

'Now, Miss Granger, I am going to make you come after which you will beg me to fuck you. You will tell me how badly you want my cock inside you and that you will do anything for it. Be creative.'

'Not a chance, Professor,' Hermione managed to gasp.

She felt one, then two fingers slip inside her very wet pussy. Severus hooked his fingers forward, located her G-spot and started to stroke it. At the same time, his little finger insinuated itself inside her anus. Hermione barely had time to register this before she felt his mouth descend on her clit. After what had seemed like hours of teasing and anticipation, the sudden onslaught of sensation from three very different sources of pleasure was overwhelming. Pulling on her restraints, she arched her back and thrust her hips up forcefully, grinding herself against Severus' face.

Severus looked up to watch Hermione writhing on the bed, admiring her taut body as she strained against the ropes, head thrown back and tits jutting skyward. The pressure in his balls was becoming unbearable. He hoped she'd break soon or he surely would.

'Oh, gods, Severus, that feels so good. Please don't stop.'

Severus had no intention of stopping. As Hermione's orgasm hit her, he kept sucking until the aftershocks subsided... and then sucked some more.

'Stop, stop. It's too sensitive.' Hermione wriggled, to get away from him.

Her pleas fell on deaf ears. Severus slowed down but did not stop. He held her hips down with his left arm and, against her screams of protest, sucked her clit until she came again. He kept going. Occasionally, he would ask Hermione if she was ready to beg, and she would manage to gasp, 'No.' After she had come for a third time, however, Hermione was ready to sell her soul to the Devil for a bag of Cockroach Clusters.

'No more. I can't stand it.'

'Beg.'

'All right. All right. Fuck me, oh, please fuck me, Professor. I want your cock so bad,' Hermione managed to plead between moans.

'How badly, Miss Granger?'

'Really, really badly, sir. I want to feel you inside me. I want you to fill me up with that big cock of yours and fuck me into the mattress.' She had had enough of this game now. 'And if you don't do it soon, I'll hex you six ways to Sunday when I get my hands free. *Professor.*'

'Tell me what you would do for it, Miss Granger,' Severus purred.

'Anything, anything.'

'Anything?' Severus lazily flicked his tongue over her clit, causing Hermione to shudder, and gently pushed the tip of his index finger inside her anus.

'Yes. Anything.' *He wants my arse*, she realised with shock.

'I shall hold you to that, Miss Granger.' He withdrew his finger. Severus wasted no more time. He sat back on his heels, raised her legs and positioned himself at her entrance. *At last. Oh, gods. At last...*

'Thong!'

Severus' lust-fogged brain registered the safe word. The restraints fell away immediately. Hermione removed the blindfold to see a devastated looking Severus.

'You want me to stop?'

'No, silly,' Hermione replied, 'I just want to hold you.'

He relaxed his face and smiled with relief. Hermione's heart went out to him.

'Please, Severus. I want you so much. Now. Please.'

Severus was too overcome with emotion to say anything. He pushed home with a few swift thrusts and stopped, savouring the sensation of her hot tight flesh around his cock. He leaned over her until their noses were touching.

'I want to kiss you.'

Severus kept still as Hermione ran her fingers through his hair and brushed her lips against his for their first tentative kiss. Such a small thing but it held so much promise. There had been very few women in Severus' life who had wanted to kiss him the women whose services he paid for certainly didn't and now here was this beautiful sweet girl running her tongue over his lips, seeking entrance. Who was he to deny her? Overcome with a feeling of tenderness he didn't know he possessed until that moment, Severus let her in. She was right. It was the most intimate thing he had done in years.

As they deepened the kiss, Severus began to move, quickly establishing a steady rhythm. Hermione put her legs around Severus' waist and hung on like a limpet. He felt like he was drowning, losing himself totally in the body of the woman beneath him. Hermione enveloped him with her body, cocooning him in an embrace that stripped his mind of all reason; her warm wet cunt lovingly surrounding his cock, her arms and legs cradling his body, her greedy mouth welcoming his tongue.

Safe. Cherished. Home.

For Hermione it was a feeling of completion. She had wanted this for so long, and it felt so right. This was where she belonged, in the arms of this man who was pounding into her body, stretching and filling her to the core. She ground against his pelvic bone and met him thrust for thrust. She relished his strength, his masculine scent, his sheer overwhelming presence, and sweet Circe, did he know how to kiss.

Protected. Desired. Whole.

As they both strained towards completion, every muscle and sinew in Severus' body protested as he tried to hold back, waiting for her. When Hermione cried out and broke apart around him, he let go, spilling his entire being into her, letting her convulsions milk the very soul out of him.

Severus collapsed on top of her, burying his face in the pillow next to her, and struggled to rein in his emotions. He knew he should say something. He didn't want to scare her off by telling her how much he loved her, but he had to say something meaningful. He couldn't think of anything so he just lay there. Hermione didn't want to push him off, but he was heavy, and he was squashing her. The dilemma was solved when Severus was seized by an excruciatingly painful leg cramp. He rolled off her rubbing his calf muscle in agony.

'Severus, what's the matter?'

'Cramp,' he replied through gritted teeth. 'Lotion in... bathroom.'

Hermione hurriedly summoned the lotion and worked the oily substance into his calf muscles. Feeling him start to relax, she asked, 'How often do you get these?'

'Every few weeks,' he replied. 'It's a long term effect of the Cruciatus Curse.'

'I'm sorry.' Hermione felt a wave of protectiveness towards him. She wanted to always be there to take his pain away.

'Don't be. You can stop now; it's over.'

'I rather like massaging you.' Hermione smiled, sniffing the bottle. 'This stuff has a lovely smell.'

'Let me return the favour.' He smirked. 'Lie down on your stomach.'

'Won't it be a bit strong for a normal massage?' Hermione asked, making herself comfortable.

'No,' Severus replied, pouring some of the oil onto his hands, 'your muscles will take only what they need. That is the beauty of this particular potion.'

Severus proceeded to give her a wonderful back massage. He worked all the knots and tension out of her muscles, leaving her feeling limp and languid. Hermione sighed. She would quite happily have gone to sleep at this point, more than satisfied with the night's proceedings, but Severus was hard again, and she had an idea where he was heading. He continued to work the oil over and between her buttocks, lightly stroking her anus. She tensed slightly.

'You did say anything, Miss Granger.'

'I'm sorry, Severus. I haven't done anything like this before.'

Severus lay down beside her. 'It's all right, Hermione. You don't have to do anything you don't want to.'

'I know,' she replied, 'but a bargain is a bargain. I can't promise to like it, but I won't know until I've tried now, will I?'

Severus stroked her bottom. Kissing her neck, he got her to lie on her side, facing away from him with her knees up to her chest.

'You are in control, Hermione. I will go at your pace. If you want me to stop at any time, I will. I promise I won't hurt you.'

Hermione closed her eyes and tuned into the voice richer and smoother than the darkest chocolate that was pouring words of comfort into her ear.

'Trust me. Relax. Let go of the fear,' it coaxed.

Hermione had known and obeyed instructions from that voice since she was eleven years old. This time was no different. Sighing in contentment, she gave herself over to Severus' caresses.

Slowly, and with infinite care, Severus inserted first one, then two slippery fingers inside her anus. Every time he felt her stiffen or tense, he stopped, asked if she was all right, and waited for her to relax again before proceeding further. His silky voice, the massage oil, and his skilful fingers were a heady combination.

Hermione had always balked at the idea of anal sex because she had always thought of it as a brutal, painful act. In all the time she had been with Ron, she had never allowed him to go this far. And yet now, her first and possibly only time with Severus, she was finding the idea both intimate and erotic. Hermione did not normally like taking a passive role, and yet she found the more she stilled and opened herself to his fingers, the more pleasurable it was. Severus had not hurt her, just as he had promised. There had been some discomfort at the start, but that had eased, and she was now enjoying the feeling, so much so that she had begun to push back against his fingers without realising it.

'Like that?' he whispered.

'Yes, very much.'

'More?'

'Please... and keep talking'

'What would you like me to say?'

'I don't care. Anything. You can recite the twelve uses of dragon's blood, if you like, just don't stop.'

She was rewarded with a low throaty chuckle that sent shivers down her spine. 'Like the sound of my voice, do you?'

'It's the sexiest damn voice on the planet, and you know it.'

This was news to Severus. 'What else do you find sexy about me?' he asked with genuine curiosity. 'If anything.'

Ohh, fishing for compliments, are we? All right then... 'Well, there's your hands, your eyes, the way you move, oh, and not forgetting your caustic wit. You're sex on legs, in fact.'

Severus laughed. 'You really think so?'

'Yes, I do,' Hermione replied. 'I wouldn't be allowing you such liberties with my bottom otherwise.'

He sucked her earlobe. 'And a very sexy bottom it is too.' *And I can't wait to feel it around my cock.* He withdrew his fingers. 'Are you ready?'

'I think so. Do you want me on my hands and knees?'

'No. I want you relaxed and comfortable. Just roll onto your back as you are.' He placed a pillow underneath her. 'Now, keep relaxing, let me do all the work, and please, don't look so worried. If it hurts, I will stop. I want to give you pleasure, not pain.' He moved into position.

Reassured, Hermione forced herself to relax as she felt the tip of his cock nudging her rear entrance. The pain she had been expecting never came. Instead, as he slipped inside, she felt a slight burning sensation as her body stretched to accommodate him, followed by an exquisite feeling of fullness. She could not help but inhale sharply.

He stopped immediately. 'Are you all right?'

Hermione nodded, still holding her breath.

'Breathe, Hermione.' He began to fuck her gently, rubbing her clit with his thumb as he did so.

Hermione let out the breath she had been holding.

'Do you want me to continue?'

She nodded again. 'Please...'

Severus lifted her legs onto his shoulders and inched his way in.

'There, how does that feel?' *So tight... so fucking tight.*

'Full... I feel full. And you feel so big... so *hot*.'

Severus leant over her and kissed her tenderly. 'Do you have any idea how beautiful and desirable you look right now?'

Hermione smiled up at him. She felt totally laid bare and exposed. Whether it was the taboo nature of the act or not, she didn't know. All she did know was that she was giving herself up to this man, submitting to his will entirely, and that he could do absolutely anything he liked with her. She just about managed to stop herself from blurting out that she loved him.

Severus started to move again. 'Touch yourself, Hermione. I want you to come.'

Shyly, Hermione put her hand on her clit and began to rub it. She had never masturbated in front of anyone before. She squeezed her muscles around his cock causing Severus to cry out.

'Don't.' He moaned.

'Sorry.'

Severus continued to fuck her slowly, gradually increasing the length of his strokes.

'Does that feel good?'

'Yes, oh, yes... Harder. Fuck me harder.'

Severus complied. 'Like that?'

'Oh, yes... like that... more.'

Deep inside, Hermione felt her orgasm starting to build. She knew it was going to be a big one, but it still took her by surprise. She screamed as her entire body shook with the intensity of it. Her muscles clamped down so hard on Severus' cock that he yelped in pain.

'Relax, Hermione,' he grunted between gritted teeth after her spasms had subsided. She was gripping the base of his cock so tightly he couldn't move. She eased off.

'That's it...' *Yes, oh, yes, oh, fuck, yes.* He started to move again as soon as she released him. Feeling the familiar tingling in his balls, Severus began to pound relentlessly into her, focusing on his own climax, all thought of her comfort momentarily forgotten.

Hermione watched, fascinated, as her former teacher came apart in front of her eyes. He was holding nothing back now. Slamming into her, Severus gave up all semblance of control, his face contorted in ecstasy, as with one last thrust he let out a guttural groan, threw his head back and spent himself inside her.

Severus withdrew and rolled off her, panting and sweating. He grabbed Hermione and pulled her to him. It was then he noticed she was trembling.

'Are you all right, Hermione?'

'Yes,' she replied in a small voice. 'Just hold me, please.' Hermione was trying to hold back the tears. She had found the whole experience overwhelming.

'I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?' Severus asked worriedly. 'Please don't cry.'

'It's all right,' she sniffed. 'That was... You were wonderful. Please don't let me go just yet.'

'I won't.' Severus held her tighter. *If I had my way, I'd never let you out of this bed again.* 'Here. Let me make you more comfortable.' He cast a Cleansing Charm over the two of them. 'Hush, now. Just rest. You deserve it.'

* * *

Hermione was very quiet. Even Severus knew that this was not normal.

'Are you sure you're all right, Hermione?' he asked for what seemed like the hundredth time. *She hates me. I pushed her too far, too soon.*

'Yes, I'm fine. Really.' *What now? He must think I'm really childish, blubbing like that. He probably wants me to leave.*

Silence.

In an attempt to lighten the mood, Hermione eventually asked, 'So, Severus, did reality measure up to your fantasy?'

'Measured up and exceeded, my dear.' He kissed her forehead fondly and smiled.

She smiled back. 'Do you have any other fantasies about me?'

Severus hesitated. 'Y-ess, but I don't know if I should tell you.'

'Oh, go on. I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours. I promise I won't make fun of you.'

Severus thought a moment. 'Well... all right, if you insist. There's a silly one where, due to a new law, all Muggle-borns have to marry a pureblood or a half-blood. In order to save you from the clutches of Lucius Malfoy, Dumbledore orders me to marry you. Of course, you're not very happy about it.'

'I can imagine,' said Hermione. 'I'd be chaining myself to the railings outside the Ministry.'

'Quite. I told you it was silly.'

'What's my dress like?' Hermione asked somewhat dreamily.

'What?'

'My wedding dress. What's it like?'

'Oh. Um ... well, to tell the truth, I usually skip to the wedding night.'

Hermione giggled. 'Any others?'

I used to have one where you're captured by Voldemort, and he orders me to rape you and take your virgin blood.'

'Good God.'

'I do rescue you afterwards,' he added quickly.

'I'm glad to hear it. Do you have any less violent ones?'

'There's the one where I sneak up on you in the Potions classroom, throw your robe over your head and take you from behind. I don't say anything, and you never know who it is.'

Hermione burst out laughing. 'You have a detention fantasy about me, Professor Snape?'

Severus pulled away from her and sat up on the edge of the bed. 'I shouldn't have told you,' he said, embarrassed.

'I'm sorry, Severus. I didn't mean to mock you. I have one where you take me from behind in the Potions classroom, too, only I know who it is, and I positively encourage you.'

'You do?'

'Yes.' She paused. 'Severus, I can't help but notice that your fantasies all seem to involve taking me against my will. Why is that?'

'Because I couldn't think of any situation where you would be willing.' He hung his head and turned his back on her.

'Oh, Severus.' Hermione sat up and put her arms around him. 'All you ever had to do was *ask*.'

He turned to look at her. There was nothing but sincerity in her eyes.

Severus was silent for a moment. 'Hermione, when you were a first year, you used to annoy the hell out of me with your incessant hand waving and inquisitive nature, but in spite of that, I would have been a fool not to have noticed your ability and your potential. I watched you realise that potential over the years and grow into the beautiful witch that you are now.' He searched her face again before continuing. 'When Voldemort returned, you represented everything that he detested, but your brilliance showed up his doctrine for the racist propaganda that it was. You gave me a glimpse of what our world could and should be like.' He hesitated a moment, then leaned over to his bedside table and opened the drawer. He took out the photograph and showed it to Hermione.

She gasped. 'A photo of me?' It was an official photograph taken at the ceremony when she'd received her Order of Merlin. Her image smiled, waved to her and gave her the thumbs up.

'Yes, normally I keep it here.' Severus stood the photo frame on the table. 'You are the first thing I see in the morning and the last thing I see at night. You remind me daily that the world we live in was worth fighting for.'

Hermione was too stunned to say anything. She hadn't expected a declaration of love from Severus Snape that night, but this was pretty damn close. She shook her head in disbelief.

Severus took that as a sign he had gone too far. *There's no fool like an old fool*, he thought as his defensive barriers automatically slammed into place. This was the part where she carved his heart out with a spoon. Time to throw her out. 'You can leave now, Hermione, and tell all your friends that the bat of the dungeons carries a torch for you. No doubt you will all have a good laugh about it.' He brought the wards down on the door.

'I would never do that, Severus,' she kissed his cheek, 'and you're not the only torch bearer in this room.'

He stared at her.

Hermione sighed. 'When I arrived at Hogwarts, everything about the wizarding world was all so new and exciting. I wanted to learn everything I could about being a witch, and I wanted to make an impression on all the teachers.'

'You certainly did that.'

'All except you. You were the one who always set the highest standards in your classes, and you were the teacher I wanted to impress the most. Yet the more I tried, the more you ignored me. I always respected you though. I suppose I must have been nearly seventeen when I realised I had a crush on you. Then, when I learned what you did for the Order, my respect for you grew even more. After the battle, I saw you lying so still and pale on the ground with Madam Pomfrey frantically trying to heal you. I was convinced you were going to die. I knelt in the mud and prayed to any deity that might be listening to spare you, and I cried when I learned you were out of danger. Since then, I've had to be content with the occasional glimpse of you. I look forward to the yearly ball at the Ministry. I go out and buy myself a new robe, get my hair done and spend hours in front of the mirror, hoping that this is the year you are going to ask me to dance, knowing full well that you will only turn up to show your face and leave as soon as possible.'

'Hermione, I...'

'It's all right, Severus. I don't expect you to say anything.' She touched the side of his face. 'This evening has been wonderful. I will always cherish the memory, but if you want me to leave, I will.'

Severus leaned his face into her hand. 'I don't want you to leave, Hermione.' And by way of demonstration, he pushed her back onto the bed and kissed her until she was breathless.

'And as for the Ministry ball,' he said, coming up for air, 'I leave early each year because I can't bear to see you dancing in the arms of another man.' He kissed her again. 'Please don't go.'

'Hmm...' She pretended to think about it. 'Okay, I'll stay. Corny as it is, I would like you to be the last thing I see at night and the first thing I see in the morning, too. Besides,' she dragged her nails lightly up his erection, 'you don't look sated to me yet.' She grinned. 'That's some potion. Did you invent it?'

'Naturally.'

'How long before it wears off?'

Severus smirked. 'About an hour.'

'Well, I seem to remember a mutual fantasy involving me being taken from behind.' She got onto all fours and wiggled her bottom at him. 'How about it... Professor?'

* * *

MUCH LATER

'So, Severus,' Hermione asked sleepily, 'are you sated yet?'

'No,' Severus replied, pulling her closer to him.

'No?'

'No, not quite. Ask me again in about... oh, say, a hundred years.'

~ ~ END ~ ~

A/N This story started life as a lemon writing exercise for an entirely different story but went off in its own direction. Hope you enjoyed my first attempt at sustained smut writing!

Huge thanks once again to Southern Witch for the loan of her expert beta-ing skills.