

Where the Night Will Lead

by dirtysecret

A peak into the lives of Severus and Hermione. PWP lemon

Nighttime

Chapter 1 of 1

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Standard Disclaimer: JKR owns Harry Potter. If you don't know that, I fear for your sanity.

Hermione stood staring at the shelf of books in the restricted section when suddenly she felt a hand on her bare shoulder. His hot breath tingled on her neck as he leaned forward to whisper something into her ear.

"Remember I asked you to come to me, tonight?" his voice sounded desire laden and so silky. "I want to hear you scream my name tonight. I want to feel you withering underneath me."

Hermione didn't dare turn and face Severus. Goose bumps formed on her skin, and she jumped for a moment at the sound of a book being dropped in the part of the library.

Severus quickly dropped his hand from her shoulder to her waist and subconsciously pulled her closer to him.

"You don't have to say yes. I will turn and leave if you want me to."

"No." she cut him off - maybe a little too fast, but he didn't care. Their eyes met as she turned her head to look at him, their eyes mirroring the same passion. Filled with desire and need, their gaze locked for what seemed like an eternity for both of them.

"Come to me soon."

"I want you too - tonight."

His answer wasn't more than a breath, but she understood every word crystal clear. Her heart had started pounding faster and faster and was about to burst when his grip on her waist tightened and he pulled her even closer to him. She felt his hardness rub up against her back, and knew in her heart, she never wanted to leave his arms.

"Come to my chambers?"

"In thirty minutes." Hermione whispered before she hurried away.

Severus watched her as she made her way back through the restricted section, and gathering her bag to leave. Not to raise any suspicions, he picked up a book and informed Madam Pince, that he was taking it from the library.

Severus opened the door when he heard a soft knock on the door. She had changed out of her school uniform and into a pair of hip hugger jeans and a tight green shirt.

"You look beautiful," he told her as her lips closed over his in a tender and gentle kiss. It didn't last long as Severus pulled back and lifted his hand to pick up hers and guide her into his rooms.

"Do you want me to maybe run a bath for you?" He asked smoothly, and was rewarded with bright smile from Hermione's face.

"Yes, that sounds wonderful; it has been a long day."

About few minutes later - she heard him calling from inside the bathroom that the tub was ready waiting for her.

Entering the bathroom, she was immediately greeted by the vanilla emanating from the water in the tub. The tub was a beautiful thing, large enough to fit at least four and deep enough to immerse yourself up to the shoulders.

Water streamed from jets suited among the rounded contour of the tub. Two candles flickered in the room, adding a little bit of romance to the atmosphere, and the fragrant scent of vanilla saturated her senses.

They quickly shed their clothes and climbed into the tub, she settled tight against him sitting on his lap. He picked up a flannel and started to wash her.

He slowly washed her, making sure to hit every erogenous zone, till she was squirming with need.

The sponge glided upwards along her thighs, dipping between them - but he didn't stroke her intimately as she expected. In fact, it seemed as though he was deliberately avoiding doing that.

He continued to pamper her, gently scrubbing her belly, then past her heavy, sensitive breasts to her chest, her collarbone, and her arms. Although he'd diligently evaded all the places that ached for his touch, he'd managed to arouse her to a breathless pitch of need.

"Enjoying that?"

She shivered at the husky tone in his voice, and blinked her eyes open, meeting his dark black gaze that told her he was just as affected as she was. She smiled, and made an attempt for the flannel which he relinquished with ease.

A shudder coursed through him, and his breathing grew shallow - the only indication that he was affected at all by her ministrations; the only indication she could see. A satisfied smile crossed her lips when she felt his body tense under the movements the flannel made. Emboldened by a sexual confidence she'd never felt before, and wanting to see how far he'd allow her to go right there in the tub, she cruised her flattened palms along his lean sides, and stole around to his chest. Her fingers stroked slowly, provocatively, over his erect nipples, and awareness sizzled. She rubbed her bare breasts against his back, and widened her thighs to slip closer.

His body tensed, and she closed her eyes and grew bolder. Her splayed hands roamed south, and then her fingertips grazed his fierce erection. With a low, vivid curse, he grabbed her wrists and turned around, nearly pulling her under water with his abrupt move. He caught her just in time with one hand behind her back and the other grasping her bottom, and she instinctively curled her legs around his to keep her from sliding lower. Two loud gasps echoed in the formerly silent bathroom when their bodies came into direct, intimate contact.

His gaze darkened, but the gold around his irises glittered with the bright flame of desire.

"I think you're enjoying yourself a little too much." he murmured.

She flashed him a sassy smile while attempting to regain her composure.

"Wasn't that the purpose of why we came here? Why you asked me to spend the night with you?"

Without warning, he grasped her hips in his large hands, lifted her out of the bath and perched her bottom on the tilted rim.

A gasp of startled surprise caught in her throat, and the immediate contrast of warm water sluicing down her body to cool air washing over her damp skin caused her breasts to tighten and her nipples to pucker - which was exactly where Severus's gaze was fixed on. He remained in the tub, on his knees in front of her, with the water flowing around her.

"I am suddenly ravenous." he murmured huskily.

The look in his eyes was as hungry and primitive as his words implied, and her pulse leapt with excitement. In slow, mesmerizing degrees, he dragged her forward, until her knees bracketed his ribs and she could feel the raw, sexual heat emanating from him.

Lifting his hand, he drew a line down her throat and along the slope of her shoulder. His eyes lowered slumberous, his head bent toward her, and his lips parted for a taste of her delicate skin.

Heart pounding in anticipation, Hermione gripped the ledge of the tub and moaned at the first silken glide of his lips along her neck applying tiny butterfly kisses. A shiver trickled down her spine, and she all but melted at the light suction of his mouth as he savored the taste of her skin.

Sliding his hand into the damp hair on the back of his neck, she guided his mouth. He took his time, lavishing attention on her neck, her throat, her shoulder, until finally he skimmed his lips over the slope of her breast. He found her aching nipple, and tugged on the crest with his teeth, bit gently, then opened his mouth wide and suckled her deeply.

She whimpered as pure, jolting pleasure swamped her. His tongue swirled and laved, possessing her, and she felt that exquisite, coiling sensation all the way to that empty place deep inside her. Her back arched, and her thighs clenched together around his waist, wanting, needing... something that seemed just beyond her reach.

Hot, wet kisses trailed to her other breast, where he feasted just as greedily on that plump flesh and her stiff nipple, elevating her to a breathless, sensual daze. She felt his fingers glide along her abdomen and sketch something what felt like a heart. His mouth followed the lines he drew, his tongue occasionally dipping into her navel, while his hands moved on to grasp her hips and drag her closer so that her feminine softness rubbed erotically against his chest.

Her head tipped back, and her fingers tightened in his hair, needing something to hold on to. She felt wild. Out of control. Unable to help herself, she spread her legs and writhed against him, increasing the pressure building deep inside her, between her legs. More than anything she wanted to experience that mindless ecstasy no other man had ever given her before.

Then his hands left her, but only for seconds. As sudden as they had left from her stomach, she felt them on her inner thighs, the tips of his fingers gliding along her wet skin with long, sensual strokes that made her skin quiver, and made her moan shamelessly. Then came his lips, his tongue, and his teeth as he treated her to random bites on her sensitive flesh. His nips grew sensuous and indulgent as his mouth inched closer and closer to her intimate part.

And then he was there, his fingers caressing, his breath hot and illicit. Shock, excitement, and fear all warred within her. Somehow, somehow, he had wedged his shoulders between her legs to keep them spread, and she suddenly felt extremely vulnerable, and very apprehensive of the forbidden pleasure awaiting her.

The heaviness in her intensified, and demanded release. Witnessing the unbridled passion etching his features - the same need that trembled within her - she knew she'd forever regret this moment if she let it pass without experiencing this erotic thrill.

Relaxing her fierce grip on his thick hair, she let her hand rest at the nape of his neck, silently offering her surrender. With his hands still splayed to keep her open for him, he lowered his head and nuzzled the silky flesh of her inner thigh, starting his exploration with soft, generous, damp kisses designed to make her melt. With a shuddering

sigh, the tension and apprehension drained from her body, and was replaced by a decadent languor - until he turned impatient and greedy and pressed his open mouth against her feminine core. In one purposeful, scorching stroke, he glided his tongue upward.

She inhaled sharply, and before she could recover from that electrifying sensation, he took her intimately, thoroughly, deeply. With slow, deliberate laps of his tongue, combined with hot, suctioning swirls, he elevated her to that acute edge of desire.

Fearing the steep fall, her fingers dug into his shoulders for support. Her mind spun dizzily as delicious abandon took over her. A pulsing, throbbing heat settled low and deep, and then burst into a pleasure so erotic, so blazing, it completely consumed her. She heard him groan deep in his throat as her explosive climax hit, and then she was aware of nothing but her soft, ragged cry and the voluptuous contractions rushing through her entire body.

And in that indescribable moment, drugged by lush sensuality, she felt herself falling for Severus Snape - harder, faster and deeper than ever before.

Before she had a chance to recover her breath or her bearings from that incredible experience, he pulled her down into the warm water, and her knees automatically straddled his lap. She only had seconds to assimilate the hard pillar of his erection pressing between them before he tangled his hand into her hair and forced her gaze to meet his.

His eyes were dark, his features taut with admirable restraint. His lips were damp from his intimate assault on her. Greedily, he licked his lips, drawing in the last remains of her immense climax before he drew her mouth to his.

She moaned at the eroticism of his gesture, the kiss he was giving her so soulful, so generous and selfless, she wanted to cry. Powerful emotions took over, and she told herself it was just the aftereffects of the wondrous climax he'd given her. But she didn't completely believe the convenient excuse, because for as satiated as she felt physically, she felt empty deep inside, and restless in a way she'd never before experienced.

Not wanting to analyze the sentiments stealing into her heart and what they meant, she concentrated on the pleasure of his kiss. Sliding her hands along his shoulders, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed closer to his hard and firmly muscled body. She shivered at the slow, lazy rhythm he set with his lips and tongue, and wondered if he made love in the same exquisite manner.

And just like that, the undeniable ache of wanting him spread through her like a reignited wildfire, from her breasts to her stomach, and settling once again between her thighs. His arousal strained against her still sensitive fletch, and though he wasn't making any demands, wasn't asking for more than she was willing to give, she suddenly wanted to surrender to the passion and desire he'd merely shown her a glimpse of.

Heart pounding, she lifted her lips from his, and with a soft growl of protest, he let her go, though he still held her close, making her feel safe and protected in his embrace. She moved her mouth along his jaw, towards his ear, and before she changed her mind, came to her senses, she expressed her greatest need.

"Make love to me, Severus. Right here and right now." she whispered.

Her face was tucked against his neck, her labored breathing warm across his flesh. He tried not to think about the prefect fit of their position, his throbbing arousal, and how easy it would be to give in to temptation and satisfy them both. Her body remained tense as she waited for his answer to her request.

She shuddered at the sensation of cold air on her wet skin when she stepped out of the tub and extended her hand for Severus to follow her. For a moment, he just looked at her, his eyes still burning with desire and unconditional love for her. Then he took her hand and rose out of the warm into the chilly air.

A light shade of red flushed his cheeks, finally being aware of just how big his reaction towards Hermione and what he had done to her had been. She flashed him a warm and acknowledging smile before she guided him back into the bedroom. Naked as God had created them, and slippery wet from the bath, they stood in front of the huge, four poster bed.

This time, he would let her set the pace, be at her mercy, let her do with him whatever she wanted to do. Starting at his neck and traveling south, she explored his hard, hot skin with the glide of her palms, her soft lips, and the wet warmth of her tongue until his breathing grew ragged, his body throbbed with need, and his control and restraint teetered on the verge of snapping. He had to stop her, or he wasn't going to last any longer.

"Hermione..." he groaned her name, and threading his fingers through her silky hair, he drew her up against his body and slanted his mouth across hers, tasting the salty, musky essence of him on her tongue. As one kiss inevitably, enticingly melted into another, she guided them closer to the bed, until the backs of her thighs met the mattress.

A raw, primitive hunger shot straight to his groin, and he finally gave in to the instinctive need ragged within him. Hooking his fingers beneath her knees, he dragged her down to where he keeled on the bed so she lay flat on the mattress and her spread thighs draped over his, the tip of his erection teasing her glistening slick folds.

At that moment, he looked into her chocolate brown eyes, and the acceptance he saw there arrested him, made his heartbeat quicken and his chest fill with a multitude of emotions that humbled him, and made him wonder, for a split second, if there was anything he could say to make her his forever.

Unable to deny either one of them what they both wanted, he settled his body over hers until they were face to face, guided himself into the hot, liquid center of her, and filled her with one fluid thrust. She gasped sharply, and he groaned deep in his throat at the sweet, tight clenching of her body.

He'd primed her well, yet she was incredibly snug, and the erotic rush of it nearly had him unraveling. With effort, their labored breaths mingling, he moved his hips, withdrawing and surging back into her slowly, feeling her soften around him, beneath him. As she adjusted to the fit of him, her expression turned rapturous. He savored the languorous drift of her hands down his spine, the instinctive way she lifted her hips and wrapped her legs around the back of his thighs to allow him deeper inside.

Burying himself to the hilt in one long, smooth stroke, he stilled over her, his pulse racing erratically. He tangled his fingers into the hair at the side of her face, making sure that he had her complete and total attention. She gazed up at him, a sultry smile on her lips, her eyes hazy with passion.

"I love you, Hermione," he whispered, his voice unmistakably clear.

"I love you, too."

With a gentleness that belied his body's need for release, he lowered his head and kissed her, and she responded with a greed and urgency that shot his plan for tenderness to hell.

A sense of desperation cloaked her, made her as wild and tempestuous as a summer storm - and all he could do was ride the intense waves of pleasure consuming them both. She reached the crest with a shattering cry, and he followed, surrendering to the hot, carnal flames of his own explosive climax.