

# Lunch Break

by emie554

A lunch time interlude. PWP lemon

## Interlude

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.

He sat at his desk watching her through a curtain of his hair, her hands graceful as she slowly stirred the potion. He felt himself growing harder; remembering what else those hands did so well. Getting up to make rounds of the classroom, he slid up behind Hermione and purred in her ear, "Perfect, as always."

He felt her shiver slightly at his words, a feeling of power flowed through him, knowing exactly how to make her respond. That this beautiful witch was his and no one else could touch her. Oh gods, he had to have her, not tonight, now.

As Potions class was winding down for the day, Professor Snape suddenly announced, "Miss Granger, I would like to see you in my office for a few moments, after class."

"Yes, Sir," she answered.

Trying her best to ignore the fleeing students, Hermione packed her things and strolled toward the front of the classroom.

Though she refused to meet his piercing gaze, Hermione knew that the Professor's eyes would never leave her back. As soon as the door was closed tightly behind them, Snape flung himself upon Hermione, intent on devouring her lips as his deft hands played over her body like a frantic hummingbird.

Then his hands slowly undid the buttons of her shirt, his mouth exploring each new skin that was exposed. When her shirt was all the way undone, he took her nipple in his mouth. His tongue slowly circled her rosy bud, licking the tip before sucking it hard, and his hands pinching the other nipple into a hard peak, through the lace of her bra. "Do you know what you do to me? How I sit through class, picturing myself throwing you over the desk and fucking you hard?"

"Oh Gods," she moaned, her hands threading through his hair as she held him firmly to her soft, warm body.

His hands reached around her and slowly undid the clasp of her bra. Then he pushed the straps down around her arms, removing his mouth from her nipple only long enough for the bra to slide to the floor. He moved his mouth to pay the same attention to the other nipple.

He slowly kissed his way back up to her mouth, reclaiming it possessively. His tongue moving in and out of her mouth mimicking what he wished his body could be doing to her.

Hands sneaked up her skirt and slipped under her knickers, slowly stroking her folds. He slipped two fingers into her, while his palm ground against her nub. "So hot, so wet." he moaned. "Who does this to you?"

"Oh, Merlin. Only you," she cried out in reply, as she came around his fingers.

Removing his hand from inside her after riding her orgasm out, his hands reached down to her thighs and lifted them, as she wrapped her legs around his waist. She could feel his hard length through the thin layer of her knickers; she ground herself against him. He moaned against her lips and pushed her against the wall harder.

"Oh, how I want you, Hermione," Severus groaned.

His hands reached down and ripped her knickers from her body, throwing them over his shoulder. He ground himself into her again, feeling her wetness through his pants.

She reached between them and undid the buttons of his pants, releasing his manhood to its full glory.

He slowly ground himself against her clitoris, causing her to moan his name.

He changed her position slightly, reaching between them to position himself at her opening.

"Tell me what you want, Hermione," he growled.

"Oh gods, Severus, I need you to fuck me. I want to feel you inside me, please!" she whimpered.

"I love it when you beg," he murmured as he entered her in one swift motion, filling her completely.

He rested for a moment as he stretched her tight passage. "So tight, so good," he moaned.

Slowly he began to thrust into her, "Oh yes!" she cried, "don't stop!"

With every thrust, he touched her sweet spot. Time seemed to stop completely, the universe the only witness to the dance between them. Slowly, Hermione felt her orgasm begin to build. Her body felt like it was on fire as his thrusts began to increase in tempo.

Her orgasm came suddenly, her muscles gripping and releasing deep inside her, as she called out his name. She watched his face as he came inside her, howling her name. He continued his slow thrusts, riding out their pleasure, as it flowed over them in wave upon wave.

He rested his head against her shoulder, as their breathing slowly came back to normal.

Hermione lowered her legs as Severus slipped out, kissing each delicate part with slow reverence.

He started to murmur a cleaning spell for her, when she stopped him. "I want to walk around with your come on me, my love. So every time you see me, you think about your come in my knickers."

"Oh Merlin, Hermione," he groaned as he rubbed his hardened length against her leg, "See what you do to me."

He cleaned her knickers with a flick of his wand. "Hermione, lunch will be over in ten minutes." Severus stated.

"Oh no!" Hermione cried, speeding up her attempt to adjust her mussed clothes.

"Come to me tonight, love," he murmured, pulling her in for one last kiss.

"Yes," moaned Hermione. "Yes, of course I will! How could I ever refuse?"

Without waiting for an answer, Hermione glided out the door of his office and off to Transfiguration, silently hoping that no one would notice her flushed face and changed demeanor.

A/N Please review my first fiction

Thanks to my Beta Dayanara