

Ferveo Vestis!

by *PlaidPooka*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: I just couldn't get my mind off WIKTT's 'Passionate Trousers' challenge! I hope this little farce makes you giggle. Please take the time to let me know what you think of it if you can.

My fantabulous beta, Goblynn, is busy with OWF, but I'm thrilled to tell you that Jade Orchid took pity on a poor Pook and agreed to beta this ficlet for me. Thanks Jade! You're the coolest vixen I know!

Disclaimer: They are not mine; I just take them out to play. Sometimes they are forced to play with each other. ;)

Let the smut begin!

"Professor Snape," Draco said from where he leaned against the doorjamb of his Potion Master's open office door, "we're having a bit of a party down in Slytherin. Won't you join us for awhile?"

"I have better things to do with my time than fanny about with a mob of drunken Slytherins," Snape growled.

"Uncle Severus," Draco began in a chastising tone: "the war ended a week ago, Voldemort's dead, and there have been non-stop celebrations throughout the wizarding world. Yet I have not seen you at a single one. I would think that you have more to celebrate than most."

"Don't get me wrong, Draco," Severus said with a smirk, "I am quite pleased by that bastard's demise. However, the wizarding world's idea of celebrating and mine do not coincide."

Draco turned to leave, throwing over his shoulder, "I think you need to have more fun, Uncle Severus."

"Come on, Hermione!" whined Ron. "You've been studying all evening! Come out to the Three Broomsticks with Harry and me!"

"Ronald Weasley! I know that we all have much to be happy about, but that does not change the fact that N.E.W.T.S. begin Monday! There will still be plenty of time to have fun after we graduate in two weeks." Hermione snapped.

"Come on, Harry. There's no budging that one."

As Harry followed Ron out of the library, he threw a final comment over his shoulder. "I think you need to have a bit of fun, Hermione."

Hermione was nearly finished with her final potions class of her final year. Almost free...Almost free...she repeated to herself, proud that she had managed to get through this last week without getting one of Professor Snape's ridiculous detentions. It hadn't been easy. He had heaped detentions on her for the past month and all for a variety of bizarre reasons. One day he gave her detention for staring at him, the next because she wouldn't meet his eye. It was inexplicable! Not that the detentions themselves had been all that bad. He hadn't made her scrub cauldrons or clean out the potions cabinet. What he had done was to make her grade first and second year essays while he sat at his desk staring at her. He never said a word--and she could not decipher his guarded expression--he just stared blankly at her the entire time. It was driving her barking mad...which was probably his intent...though she was sure he would never guess why she found it so maddening. He certainly would never suspect that after each of these odd detentions Hermione had to go to her room and change her soaked knickers. Why did he have to be so dark...and brooding...and intriguing. She bit back a sigh. At least a third of her torturous detentions had been for sighing in class.

Ten minutes to go and she was nearly free! Unfortunately, that was when something so unexpected happened that for a moment she could only gape in shock. Harry...not Draco, not Crabbe or Goyle, but Harry--threw a Filibuster firework into her cauldron, which exploded in a spectacular fashion.

"Granger!" bellowed Snape, in a tone that almost sounded triumphant. "I should have known that our resident know-it-all of the past seven years could not make it through one blasted week without attempting to destroy my classroom," he hissed. "Detention after class, Miss Granger."

Hermione spent the last five minutes of class glaring in disbelief at Harry, who refused to meet her eyes. Hermione was almost positive she heard him sniggering at her. Oh! When she got out of detention she was going to hex his balls off! Well...after she changed her knickers. She didn't bother to bite back her sigh at that thought.

Eventually the class was dismissed, Hermione was given a stack of essays to grade, and Snape had settled in behind his desk for a long bout of staring. This detention was not to fumble along as the previous ones had, for after only a short bout of staring and a slight dampening of the aforementioned knickers, the door to the Potions classroom suddenly opened. Startled, both Hermione and Severus looked to the open door. Seeing no one, Severus was about to close the door with a sweep of his wand and get back to his staring when his action was interrupted by something unexpected indeed.

"Ferveo Vestis!" a voice shouted, and the bright blue light of a spell hurtled into the room before the door slammed closed behind it. The spell did not hit either of the people watching it in shock, but paused between them, pulsing and expanding. Professor Snape left his desk to stand between the young witch and the possible danger they faced.

"Miss Granger," he murmured, "head for the door, you foolish girl."

Before she could act on his instruction, the blue mist abruptly condensed into a shape. The shape was vaguely human; it looked like a wizened old man with the addition of curling, ram-like horns on its head and disturbingly goat-like eyes. It was transparent, and floated in the air: looking at them with a wickedly mischievous expression.

"What are you?" demanded Snape, drawing his wand.

"Why," the creature said in a dreadfully matter of fact voice, "I am The Narrator. Allow me to demonstrate. The beetle-eyed Professor, with a world weary look of one who has gone without the honey-sweet touch of a gentle maiden for an eternity of solitude, put his wand away and forgot all about it."

Hermione squeaked as she watched the formidable ex-spy place his wand casually into a pocket of his robe. "Professor Snape," she cried, "why have you put away your wand?"

"My what?" he asked, turning to her with honest puzzlement.

"We are in such trouble," she muttered, shaking her head.

"Explain," Professor Snape demanded shortly.

Sighing, Hermione regarded her puzzled Professor seriously. "It's only that I recognize this...Narrator's...style. He sounds just like a book that Draco's been reading aloud from."

"And exactly what type of book would that be, Miss Granger?" Snape asked curiously.

"Pure trash...and poorly written trash at that," she replied. Blushing, she continued, "It's all...er...throbbing members and womanly folds."

Severus looked both dazed and terrified. "We've got to get you out of here, Miss Granger," he sputtered as he grabbed her arm and dragged her towards the door.

"While this is all very gallant, I believe what we require is a little less talk and quite a lot more action," said The Narrator with a smirk of pure wickedness. "The gallant Professor took one look into her frightened, virginal eyes, and made a tremendous effort to ignore the sudden throbbing of his mighty member and whisk the innocent flower to safety...alas...twas in vain. No longer able to set aside his manly need, he halted their retreat, suddenly pulling the whimpering maid into strong arms which wound around her tighter than Devil's Snare."

Instead of pulling Miss Granger out the door, Severus found himself stopping half-way to his goal and suddenly grasping the young witch tightly to his chest. "Merlin have mercy," he muttered, looking into Miss Granger's wide eyes. "I am sorry, Miss Granger, but I am unable to fight this."

Hermione could feel his whole body trembling with the effort of trying to do just that. Despite the fact that she was woefully embarrassed by the whole situation, she could not help but be sadly disappointed that the man she found so darkly attractive obviously found so little pleasure in the embrace, even if it was forced. "It's not your fault, sir," she said kindly. "I expect that we shall just have to...make do...as best we can until this odd hex dissipates."

"Miss Granger," Severus began in grave tones, "I want you to know that I would never willingly harm you."

Hermione could not stop a chuckle from escaping her lips. Professor Snape gaped at her as if she'd gone barking. "I'm sorry..." she stammered, "it's just that I don't think 'harm' is exactly what this Narrator has in mind." The look on Professor Snape's face changed from shock to blatant calculation.

"The beastly Professor studied his innocent student's tear-stained, damask cheeks intently..."

"Tear-stained, my arse!" Hermione interrupted hotly. Severus could not restrain a short snort of amusement.

"He hungrily eyed her weeping eyes, as soft as the shyest gazelle; her alabaster cheeks now rouged with shame, her toothsome nose which sat upon her face like a cherry on a sundae. (That bit brought a disbelieving snort from both student and professor) At last, he feasted his eyes upon twin lips that radiated the delectable purity of a virgin sacrifice to the altar of his unspeakable desires. Unable to restrain himself another instant, he lowered his head to drink from the fountain of her innocence."

Hermione could feel her Professor trembling again as he briefly fought against the hex before he lowered his head to crush her lips beneath his own. There was nothing gentle about the kiss; it started out hungry and rapidly grew towards abandoned. Sweet Arcadia, but could the man ever kiss! Did he always kiss that well or was it the hex? Hermione's knees grew weak and she trembled; her trembling had nothing to do with fighting the hex.

A silent war raged within the potions master. Appalled at being forced on the girl, he was nonetheless enchanted by finally tasting the mouth he had spent such sweet, torturous hours staring at for the past month. He had wanted the chit...desperately...but not like this. So distracted was the poor man that he never noted how hungrily Hermione returned his kisses, despite the fact that The Narrator had given her no instruction on the matter.

"Breathless, the man with eyes as black as a starless sky broke off the kiss to murmur honeyed words into the ear of the startled, untouched maiden, who trembled with fright like a fragile songbird caught in the storm of his virile desires."

"I am going to kill whoever did this," Severus hissed into Hermione's ear.

"Nearing the end of his iron control, the obsidian-eyed seducer reached a hand down to slide it beneath the clinging fabric of the schoolgirl's skirt and glide it up a downy thigh towards her cave of pleasure."

Severus found his hand placed firmly on the inside of her knee. "Forgive me, Miss Granger," he said in a strangled voice as he fought with all his power to halt the traitorous appendage's upward journey. His hand shook with the effort as it moved unerringly up to cup her cotton covered sex. Her hot, wet, cotton covered sex. Wait a minute! WET? Her knickers were positively soaked! Head snapping back to look the young witch in the eye, Severus raised a questioning eyebrow.

"Er..." stammered Hermione, "perhaps now is a good time to inform you that I rather...fancy you...sir?"

"Indeed," he said simply. Pushing her knickers aside, Severus slid his fingers between the lips of her hot cleft.

Gasping, Hermione sputtered: "The Narrator didn't tell you to do that!"

"Nor did he tell me to do this," Severus purred into her ear as he eased one long finger into her tight passage. Moaning, Hermione bucked against his hand as she grasped his hair to pull his mouth back to her own. This time Severus did indeed note the hunger of her mouth on his as he plunged his tongue between her lips while she continued to ride his questing hand.

"I see that we proceed apace," The Narrator said, chortling to himself. For a moment, he was content to watch the writhing pair, goat's eyes flashing wicked amusement. "However, it seems things are getting a bit one sided. Though the blushing maiden tried valiantly to remove herself from her demon of a Professor's muscular clutches, (At this point, an interesting struggle began as Hermione both tried to push Professor Snape away and latch onto him tighter.) she was no match for his vigorous attentions. (With a pleased whimper, Hermione once again pressed herself tightly against Severus, who had never paused the delicious motion of his fingers.) The sweet, trusting lamb found her sense of honor being thrust aside by her awakening feminine urges. With growing wantonness, the innocent gosling found herself re-forged into a creature of dark passions by the incessant call of her black-robed lover's raging desire. With untutored need, and growing curiosity, the maiden's hands crept softly down to delicately cradle the granite-hard proof of the man's trouser covered arousal."

Hermione's hands flew to the fly of Professor Snape's trousers where she wasted no time freeing his cock and grasping it firmly. Groaning in her ear, Severus bucked his hips, thrusting himself into her hands while he continued to relentlessly attack her clit with his thumb while he thrust his fingers deep inside her.

Hermione arched into his hand, her body beginning to tense as she neared her orgasm. "Oh...sir!" she breathed.

"I think, Hermione," Severus panted, "that as you have your hands wrapped around my cock, we might dispense with the formalities."

"The trembling girl sighed with her first womanly release of passion."

"Severus! Oh, bloody fuck!" Hermione shrieked as she came.

The Narrator gave Hermione only a moment to recover before he continued. "The sweet young schoolgirl had never touched her jade palace before. (Hermione could not hold back a hearty bark of laughter at that one.) She had no idea doing so could lead to such unprecedented delights. 'Surely this is a sin,' she thought, 'yet I could easily follow this dark man to the very gates of Hell if only to feel that joyous pleasure one more time.' Suddenly the innocent little mongoose realized that, while she had been thrust on the storm swept shores of unbearable delight, her glorious man had experienced no such release. Uncertain of what to do, the maiden had only the whispered stories of her innocent maiden friends to guide her. Gracefully she folded herself to her knees and gave the licorice-eyed man's throbbing manhood a delicate kiss on its moist tip."

Dropping to her knees with all the grace of a five-dollar prostitute, Hermione swallowed Severus' cock down to the root.

"My sweetest angel," whispered the charcoal-eyed man, "you do not need to sully yourself in that way. I am perfectly willing to wait for my pleasure until we are wed."

"Bloody fuck, Hermione! That feels fantastic. Good gods, woman, have you any idea how long I've been staring at that incorrigible mouth of yours, longing to stuff my cock down your throat and finally put a halt to your inane prattle?"

Hermione giggled around his cock, the vibrations making Severus growl in pleasure. Thrusting his hands into her ridiculous rat's nest of hair, he thrust shallowly into her giggling mouth, not wanting to choke her. Not that there seemed much danger of that; the chit sucked cock like a pro.

"The tar-eyed man realized that he would not, after all, be able to manfully wait for his release until the gods made them one under the eyes of heaven. Yet he could not bear to spend his seed into her delicate, petal-soft, mouth."

Glaring at the trice damned spirit, Severus shouted: "Like hell I can't, you unmitigated bastard." He managed one more thrust between her swollen lips before the hex forced him to withdraw.

"He knew he could no longer resist the siren call of her passage of delights, so he gently laid her on the ground, gazing lovingly into her eyes before he gracefully covered her body with his own."

Severus tackled her, pushing her to the ground and diving on top of her. He gracelessly pulled her skirt up over her hips, and...with one firm yank...ripped off her knickers. He paused long enough to growl down at her; "I trust, Hermione, that you have already taken care of your pesky virginity?"

When she answered him with a nod and a wicked grin, he muttered: "Thank Merlin," before ramming home with one fast thrust. If the Narrator had any more to say, the couple fucking like minks on the floor did not hear him. Severus growled crude obscenities into Hermione's ear as she bucked with abandon beneath him. He flinched when she screamed his name directly into his ear as she came. When he soon followed after, he bit down on her neck so hard that he drew blood.

Eventually, they picked themselves up off the floor to put their clothes to rights, sneaking uncomfortable looks at one another. While they did so, they realized that the Narrator had vanished; the hex had ended.

"I suggest, Miss Granger, that you take yourself off to your rooms and get cleaned up before dinner," Severus said in his usual sarcastic tones.

Pausing as she reached the door, Hermione turned. She caught Severus nonchalantly sneaking her torn knickers into a pocket of his robes. Grinning at him, she asked: "Do I have to get Draco and Harry to teach me that hex if I wish a...repeat performance?"

"If you would like an encore, Hermione, you have only to show up. I would prefer to fuck you properly without all that 'blushing maiden' rubbish," Severus replied with a wicked smirk.

"Nine o'clock all right?"

"Suits."

Hermione grinned all the way to the Gryffindor common room.