

Silence is Golden

by Fervesco

It's pwp...it needs a summary? Blimey...ok...sev/herm smut!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Appear to be stuck in some weird alternate universe where I am only capable of writing in the first person. Too bad, you'll all have to just live with it. And yes, I know I should be finishing about a million other fics, but you'll just have to live with that too!

Silence Is Golden...

Bloody Gryffindors. Goddamn, too smart for their own good Ravenclaws. Fuck the humble hopeless Hufflepuffs. And as for Slytherins well, sly as they may be, screw them too. But let me reiterate Bloody Gryffindors.

Not much of an insult, I know, but this is what they have reduced me to. A sad man busily glugging down not one but three rather full glasses of firewhisky within half an hour of ousting the lousy lot from my classroom, twenty minutes prematurely as it was. Let Albus have his usual rant at me tomorrow. I'm sure that is preferable to the other two options (for the Head Master, at least...)

1. Killing both Potter and Longbottom.

2. Shagging Miss Granger senseless.

Course I could well make that all one option...hmmm, now there's an idea! Though somewhat messy... Really only one flaw I somehow doubt that I could entice Miss Granger back after that one! Despite missing her friends, she'd probably never stop at me for generating so much work for the house elves. Take it from me, blood is a sodding terrible thing to try and get out the carpet...

What the hell am I saying? I can't even entice her in for the first time, let alone any subsequent occasions. Fine, back to my little fantasy...

Mm, Miss Granger, what shall I do with you today? Her sweet face slips easily into my imagination, where thankfully she isn't full of inane facts and figures. No this Hermione is rather on the quiet side, and a much needed change, I might just add. Don't get me wrong, I admire the girl's intellect, but must she voice it to the world at every god given opportunity? And even some that she is not bestowed with? Apparently. Course there is one way to shut her up...

Slipping my eyes closed I reach for the front of my trousers, slowly sliding the zip down. Shrugging the offending fabric slightly down my hips I reach inside to pull out my cock. My eyes fly open and I glare angrily across my empty office. Damn me for thinking about fucking Potter earlier am now only at half-mast. Must that boy ruin everything? Including my juvenile self-indulgent fantasies?

Fuck Potter, back to his innocent wee friend. Ah, right, where was I? Oh yes, silencing Miss Granger. Mm, imagine her beneath my desk. It's her hands reaching up to stroke me, her fingers running the length of me, her palm cupping at my balls. Very good, Miss Granger. However, we really haven't occupied that overly zealous mouth just yet, have we? No? Well, get on with it then, you silly girl, I haven't all night!...Ahh. Imagine her tongue teasing at my head instead of my own fingers. Imagine her lips

wrapping around me, slowly taking me in, in place of my own hand. Imagine her looking up at me for approval. Not going to get any here, Miss Granger. You'll have to do much better than that!

Mm, she increases her speed, her petite fingers dancing over my balls. Now that's more like it. It's not long before I feel my body tensing up, my orgasm fast approaching.

"Ah, shit yes! Hermione!"

I manage to contain most of the mess within my fist, and not really in the mood to clean it up right away, I take a few moments to collect myself.

A loud thunk echoes throughout my office and my eyes fly open. Find myself greeted by a wide eyed, opened mouth Know-it-all that bears a striking resemblance to the open-mouthed, wide eyed Know-it-all of my little fantasy. Well, at least she's rendered speechless, even if not in the way I had intended.

"Professor Snape, I..." Hermione stumbles over her words as she bends down to recover a large stack of books now scattered across my office floor. "Sorry, I..."

"How long have you been there, Miss Granger?" I say with a sigh. Really wanted that to scare the shit out of her, but frankly am not up to it. Got that deliciously groggy post-climatic sensation going on. Vaguely wonder how much she witnessed. Mostly don't care after all, not my fault if the silly girl doesn't know how to knock, is it? Dumbledore really can't say much to that, now, can he? I'm sure even he...no, don't want to go there!

"I know I really should've left, I should've knocked louder," she rambles, looking at the floor as she clings to her books like a lifesaver, bobbing nervously from one foot to the other. "But your door, Sir, it was open...I...I...you cried out my name!" She slaps her hand over her mouth at her sudden outburst.

Oh, fuck. Could've sworn that lot was all in my head. Right, don't think Albus would be quite so forgiving for screaming out students' names while wanking myself off in front of them. Time for some drastic action.

Left it a little too late now to try and claim it was some other Hermione. Can just see her reaction if I try to explain how I've just been reading a certain D H Lawrence novel. Frankly even a perfected Slytherin such as myself would never be able to convince even the most idiotic Hufflepuff I had been referring to that woman (very loose use of that word, might add), let alone Gryffindor's golden girl.

Perhaps she doesn't know what I was doing. Now if only I could recall what it was that I said...

Fuck it. Slytherin tactics are now necessary. Turn this whole thing around on her.

"What the hell did you think you were doing walking into my office uninvited you idiotic girl!" I snap at her.

"I...I just wanted to ask you about the Potions NEWT..." Hermione stutters. "I just thought that since your door was unlocked that you wouldn't mind me..."

"You are never to come in here without my prior permission! Is that understood?!" I raise myself a few inches from my chair, grasping hold of the desk in emphasis. Pity I forgot about what was in my hand. Bigger pity that the liquidy slap of that hand hitting the desk doesn't evade Miss Granger's attention. She stares at it transfixed for quite sometime, before meeting my gaze.

"You know, Sir," she says hurriedly, like she's afraid she can't go through with it, "I could help you clean that up."

What the...? No, can't have heard correctly. Definitely not. "Excuse me?"

She quickly looks away from me. "Sorry, Sir. I should be going..." Hermione turns in the doorway and is about to rush from my office. No, NO, NO!

"Not so hastily, Miss Granger. I do believe you are partly responsible for this mess."

She turns back and gives me a long look. "How precisely is that my responsibility?" Hermione asks, though she is looking quite smug.

"Well, I don't see it being my fault that you decided to grace my classroom this afternoon dressed in that white shirt which can only have been bought for you in your first year. And I believe it is high time either your legs stopped growing or you let the hem down on your skirt."

She mulls that over for a moment, weighing me up. Yes, Miss Granger, I am serious.

"Indeed, Professor, I do appear to be at least partly at fault. And intend to make up for my inappropriate attire in which ever way you see fitting."

Oh, my dear, you have no idea what you have just let yourself in for. "Well, then?" I growl. "You can start by cleaning up this mess, as you offered." I hold out my palm in her direction. Smart girl kicks the door closed behind her before scooting across the room. She takes the liberty of hopping up onto my desk to sit before me.

"5 points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger. I do not believe desks were designed for behinds, no matter how delightful they may be."

"On the contrary, Sir, I believe sitting here is advantageous to both of us," Hermione replies with a wicked grin. Where did this little vixen come from? Have a feeling I shall wake very shortly in my own bed having dreamt this whole thing up. Bloody hope not could do without yet another raging hard on to deal with on my own...

"Miss Granger, I do not see how this is of any use to anyone but yourself," I return scathingly. Frankly I would much rather have her down on her knees before me.

"I hasten to disagree, Sir," Hermione rebuts, and I watch mesmerised as she places her feet up on my chair, either side of my lap, spreading her legs as she does so. Given aforementioned ridiculously short skirt, I have the perfect view of her panties they are not the imagined white cotton, but frankly the blue lace is now much more desirable. Can see dark curls peaking out from the very edges and even a tiny damp patch glistening at me.

"As usual, Miss Granger, you are correct. This will be sufficient."

She gives me a triumphant grin, then takes hold of my wrist, drawing my hand up. Still looking quite smug, she slips my little finger into her mouth, slowly encompassing it to the first knuckle, then the second. I am completely fixated. Hermione's lips are full and rosy and gods, my cock is leaping at what that warm mouth could do better placed...

She continues to pay each of my other fingers and my thumb the same treatment, before gliding her tongue over my palm. Hermione is watching me carefully with each meticulously placed lick. I hold back most of my reactions, but one elusive sigh weasels its way out.

"Well, Sir," she says, looking quite pleased with herself, like the cat who got the cream, so to speak, "if that shall be all..."

"That, Miss Granger, will suffice for having made such a mess in the first place. However, you have overlooked your bursting into my office uninvited."

"Did I?" Bloody girl knew I wasn't going to let her go that easily. "And what, pray tell, must I do to make up for that?"

I glance back at the ever-increasing wet circle on her panties, then back up at her face. "For that, Miss Granger, I do believe some preparation is in order."

I place a palm on each of her knees, pushing them further apart. Proceeding to run my hands up each of her thighs, I witness her eyes falling closed.

"Miss Granger, you are to watch me at all times. Do I make myself clear?"

Her eyes flutter open. "Yes, Sir."

I push my nose up against the damp material and inhale the heady scent. Gods, she smells delightful.

"Severus..."

My head snaps back. "Don't you dare address me by my first name!" I hiss at her. "In fact, it would be greatly to your advantage, Miss Granger, to keep your overly active vocabulary out of this!"

"Yes, Sir..."

"Miss Granger," I warn.

She simply nods her head. I retreat back to between her legs, tasting her through the damp lace. She shudders ever so slightly, but thankfully stays silent. With one of my fingers I tug the cloth to one side and take a moment to admire her glistening folds. I flick out my tongue, tasting her. Definitely an essence I can live with. I run my tongue between her folds, making the very end of my move a flick at her clitoris. She squeaks, but I decide to let this pass. I'm not really up for these pleasantries or rather my raging cock isn't. Time to get things moving. With my fingers I pin back her folds, completely exposing her tight nub to me. Start at a heady pace, flicking my tongue over and over her clit. Hermione writhes on my desk, her hips bucking feverishly.

"Please!" she suddenly begs. Angrily I pull back and glare at her.

"Miss Granger, you were told not to speak!" I snap, but her expression softens me. She is chewing on her bottom lip, obviously so close now.

"One more word, Miss Granger, and I will have no option but to gag you," I growl, but return to my task. My tongue easily finds its way back to its goal. I remove one hand to slowly slip one finger inside her wet folds. Dear lord! My finger has barely entered her and already she is clamping down around it. She bucks her hips, trying to impale herself further, but that, I am afraid, is for another member of my anatomy. I settle for teasing around her entrance, eliciting several delightful moans from the girl. I feel her tensing up beneath me, her orgasm obviously on the approach. Well, buggered if I'm going to let that go to waste. I pull away from her and find my way to my feet. She is scowling at me now, as I push her back onto her elbows. In one swift move I shove forward burying myself to the hilt. Gods, so she so tight, so wet...

"Severus!" she cries, as her orgasm takes her over. I ride out the delightful waves, feeling her convulsing around me. A wicked grin makes its way across my face. As she comes down, she looks up at me terrified.

"I believe, Miss Granger, that not only did I tell you not to address me by that name, I told you not to speak at all!"

She nods pitifully. "Sorry, Sir, I just couldn't help it. I...gods, that was bloody fantastic!"

"Flattery will get you no where, Miss Granger." I glance around the room searching for something suitable. Nothing. Then look back at Hermione. Ah, perfect. Quickly I loosen her school tie. What better to shut the Gryffindor Know-it-all up with than her own fucking house tie? I slide the tie up, and tighten it slightly between her lips.

"That, Miss Granger, is perfect."

Right, back to business. Pleasure. Whatever. No longer care so long as it relieves the pressure. Who knows might even get a decent night's sleep tonight. With no protesting available to Miss Granger I am not going to go easy on her. With desperate determination I take hold of her hips and slam into her, delighting at the feel of my balls slapping at her backside. She lets out a moan, muffled through the material, but part of me is relieved that she is enjoying this.

"Like that, do you?" I hiss at her, repeating the move.

She whimpers and nods.

Decide she deserves a reward for that. Reaching up I roughly grasp at her chest, finding her taught nipples and giving them a harsh squeeze. As I do so I continue with my thrusts. Shit, not going to last long, damn it!

Hermione gasps, as her walls begin closing in around me.

"Not yet, you stupid girl!"

Her hands leave their death like grip on my shoulders where I will definitely have nail marks tomorrow, and I feel them stroking at my balls. Shit!

"Fuck!" My voice echoes throughout my office as I thrust forward spilling myself inside her. Red stars form before my eyes as I release her to grip tightly to the desk. "Ah, shit, yes! Hermione!"

That's what I said earlier! I remember now...