

Pirate

by ladyofthemasque

Hermione's secret hobby?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: I blame my LiveJournal, my cousin Purrzah, and the "What Kind of Pirate Are You?" quiz-thing I took, for this little seadog-plot-bunny. ~Lotm

Captain Heloise Garrett stared down at her captive. His dark hair hung lank around his face, the side of which was still reddened from the blow she had delivered with the cupped hilt of her sabre, knocking him out during the battle. Those dark eyes were no longer dazed, however; they glared up at her, filled with malevolent threat. She felt her heart skip a beat as it pounded within her chest, as much for the fact that she still feared him as for the way it pounded with the thrill of finally having her greatest foe at her mercy...or lack thereof.

"What a pleasure to have you awaken in time to learn of your fate, Captain...oh, forgive me," she crooned, glad her voice was smooth and calm as she leaned over her black-clad captive, bound with his arms lashed behind his back at wrist and elbow, resting on folded legs, for they, too, were bound at ankle and knee. "Sylvan. You're not a captain of anything, anymore. The *Crucible* is now mine to deal with as I see fit. To salvage...or to scuttle."

Those dark eyes blazed with fury. He struggled against his bonds, his long lean frame straining against the ropes hard enough that they creaked. But her bo'sun, Render, had tied the knots too well, and her first-mate, Henry Porter, had his hand clamped down on the older man's shoulder. The deck of the *Termigant* gently rocked in the swells, the rigging barely even creaking, given how the sails had been furled while they dealt with the aftermath of battle. That dark voice, which had mocked her across the quays of ports from Tortuga to Key Largo, snarled at her now. "What do you want, you bitch?"

Henry's hand smacked into the back of his head. "You'll talk to th' Cap'n with a better mouth than that, pondscum, or you'll be scrubbin' our piss-pots with your filthy tongue!"

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Hermione paused, nibbling on the end of her eagle-feather quill. *Should I use language that foul, at this point?* she wondered, eyeing what she had written so far. The quiet of the Library was blissfully peaceful. She herself had begged off going outside to watch Harry, Ron and Ginny practice Quidditch, citing her need to study for the N.E.W.T.s as the reason to stay indoors. ... *Sure, why not? It heightens the tension over his fate...*

Of course, they didn't realize she was ready to take her Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Tests right now, and that the only homework she had left to do were whatever essay questions her teachers might assign to her in these last two weeks. She'd literally done every textbook problem in each of her classes, and had only to select those specific questions on her answer-scrolls and hand them in to her teachers. It left her with plenty of time to indulge in the hobby she'd picked up over the summer. A pity quills and parchments were so much more cumbersome than computers and keyboards...

...

Heloise gestured slightly with her hand, and Henry held off his second blow. "Ease off, Mate. I have a different punishment in mind for Sylvan, here. A more...lasting one."

"Shall I lock 'im in the brig, Cap'n?" her bo'sun enquired, fingering the keys dangling on a long chain looped to his belt.

"No." Her crew eyed her uncertainly...and then stared at her as if she'd tossed herself three sheets to the wind, when she added, "Chain him to my bunk."

How many times had she traded cannonfire with Captain Sean Sylvan? How many times had he used the power of his influential friends in the Colonial governments to avoid fighting her when in port--or avoided capture--and smirked at her whenever they crossed paths on the docks? How many times had they duelled in the taverns? She still owed him for the two cuts he had given her; the scars hadn't faded yet, though it had been a few years since the last one.

Sean Sylvan was *hers*, by the laws of the high seas. To the victor went the spoils, and today she had won. Still, as they grabbed him under the arms to haul him off, she changed her mind. "Wait. Strip him down, and give him a bath first. I don't want any stench on my sheets."

The shock in those dark eyes was priceless. Heloise smirked as he was hauled off towards the middeck gunwhale. Oh, yes, she had plans for her nemesis.

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The shock in another pair of dark eyes was equally priceless, though thankfully no one could see it. Severus Snape, Potions Master of Hogwarts, blinked and reread the lines just-scribed by the Head Girl huddled in the study-nook before him. With her back to the rest of the library, she hadn't noticed his silent approach from the shadows of the bookshelves. He'd heard the scratching of a quill, and had decided to investigate. Everyone else had abandoned the castle for the beautiful Saturday afternoon outside, which had made him wonder who was so diligent in the face of all that sunshine and flowers.

It was just Miss Granger, dedicated know-it-all. He would've dismissed her, if it weren't for the odd way she'd paused almost speculatively in the midst of all that intense concentration. It wasn't a look he was used to seeing on the girl's face, even if he only saw it in partial profile. It was almost as if she were decorating a cake, to use a poor metaphor. One just didn't expect an academic like her to look so...so *artistic* in the midst of some essay.

So he had moved up behind her, treading extra-quietly, extra cautiously, and read what she was writing over her shoulder. A novel. A bloody fictitious pirate-story. His lip had curled up at that. A brilliant mind like hers, wasted on drivel like this? About to castigate her for wasting her time on such ruddy nonsense when she wrote that bit about the bunk, he paused. From the rapid way her quill scrawled across the scroll, she apparently had quite a lot to write. Unable to help his curiosity, Severus stayed his hand, reading silently over her shoulder, unnoticed.

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Her captive rattled the chains binding him in place, wrists and ankles manacled to the corners of her double-wide bunk. Heloise latched the door behind her and fastened the oil lantern into its clip. She smirked at Sylvan as he glared at her. "Comfortable?"

"Of course!" he sneered sarcastically.

Her smirk broadened. Reaching up, she pulled the pins from her hair, letting the knot slip loose, spilling her curls over her shoulders. Stowing the pins in her trunk, she started unlacing the vest she wore.

"God!" Sylvan swore. "What do you plan on doing, *seducing* me?"

That made her chuckle as she pulled the vest off and stowed it in the trunk. "You wish. You're mine, Sylvan. I don't have to seduce you. I don't have to woo you, or court you, or be gentle with you."

"I'm a man. You won't get anything out of me if I'm not...seduced...into being interested. And I'm not interested in bedding a shrew," he pointed out, smirking sardonically. Until she bent over, loosening the ties of her blouse slowly, deliberately. His smirk slipped and faded.

"You're a healthy male who's interested in women," Heloise purred back, trailing her fingertips over the swell of her cleavage, before easing the folds of linen to either side. Even in the dim light of the lantern, the twitch of his throat muscles as he swallowed was evident. "I may be a *termigant*, but I'm still a woman."

Loosening the cuffs of her shirt, she let him eye her corset as she removed the garment. Sitting on the edge of the bunk, she kept her eyes on him as she unlaced and removed her boots. Then stood and unfastened her trousers, dropping them to reveal her knee-length pantalettes and stockings. Turning to the foot of the wide bunk, she bent over, taking her time as she folded each garment and stowed it in the locker. Wondering if he could see little glimpses of her dark, feminine curls through the gusset-slit, or even how moist she had grown from the thought of her nemesis bound to her bed, awaiting her utter lack of sexual mercy.

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Holy...! Severus stared at the page, stunned by what he was reading--stunned by what she was *writing!* Hermione Granger, Little Miss Know-It-All, Head Girl and pain in the intellectual arse...was writing *smut?*

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Hermione paused to nibble on the tip of her quill again. She liked the sensual way it tickled her lips. *Should the good Captain disrobe further, or head straight to the sexual torments? No, the sexual torments, the Gryffindor decided. I like the power-image of her still being clothed in the face of her captive's nudity...*

...

When she faced him again, Heloise was pleased to see visible proof of his interest in her as a woman. She was tempted to ask him if he liked the view, but didn't want him to retreat into his defenses. Instead, as the *Termigant* sailed on into the falling night, she timed her next move with the rise and fall of the ship, jumping onto the bunk. Placing her feet as delicately as if she were walking a spar, she straddled his hips, then dropped into a crouch. That parted the folds of her undergarments, exposing her intimate secrets. Hovering that flesh inches from his own, she watched his manhood twitch in reflexive response. A glance at his lean, hook-nosed face showed his eyes had darkened even further with desire.

Lifting her hand to her mouth, the captain parted her lips and rubbed the tip of her forefinger in little circles on her tongue. Lowering her hand again, she reached down and painted the length of his penis from bollocks to tip with her saliva. A purse of her lips puffed air, cooling and drying the damp streak. It twitched at her touch, and twitched again at her breath. Balancing on the balls of her feet, Heloise gave her captive a knowing, feminine smile...and moved her finger to the juncture of her thighs. Where she swirled it in a different moisture, collected from between a different pair of lips...and painted his shaft again, from glans to scrotum.

A low, rough growl escaped her captive, and the chains rattled again.

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Severus closed his eyes against the pleasure-pain of an abruptly aroused erection. He could picture the young witch in front of him painting his own shaft from glans to scrotum with her secretions. He could see himself thrusting himself into her warm, tight wetness, too-- *What the hell am I thinking?* Opening his eyes, face burning with lust and shame, Severus wondered what to do about this...this... Her characters were laughably close to herself and her two friends...and her captive uncannily akin to him. *The Head Girl wants to...to forcefully seduce me? Is that what I'm reading?*

A nemesis, bound and helpless, was an image he could understand; he'd wanted his enemies wrapped up that way many a time in the past. But he'd never wanted to *shag* any of them! ... *Of course*, Severus conceded, *virtually all of my enemies were male, not female* ...

What was he going to do about this?

I should startle her, and take off fifty House-points for writing about an inappropriate subject matter. And assign a detention with me, to be served down in the dungeons late tonight...alone... Oh, bugger.

The scenario in his head wound up as a disciplinary scene far worse than the one she was writing. He could acknowledge to himself, in this painfully erect moment, that he'd had more than one fantasy about disciplining the girl in the past, about spanking her, of thoroughly slapping and then caressing that delicious arse her skirts and school robes couldn't quite fully conceal, stoppering her mouth with his prick, and lifting those skirts and robes, ripping off her knickers, and driving himself into her until she promised to misbehave severely enough for another detention, and another...

No, that wasn't a good idea. He did have a few scruples left. Seducing a student wasn't on his list of things to do while employed here at Hogwarts. However attractive a particular young woman might be. It would likely be the last thing he'd ever do while employed here.

But she won't always be your student. Two weeks to the N.E.W.T.s...and three weeks until she leaves. She won't always be your student, Severus.

Her quill hadn't stopped scratching out sensual lines as he had paused with indecisive thought, struggling under the unruly impulse to go against his scruples. Catching up on what he had missed as she scrawled out even more, Severus felt his loins tighten and burn again. The girl certainly had a gift for erotica. If she did *that* to him--

A thump in the distance startled both of them. Severus kept his expression impassive, but she squeaked and whipped around, looking for the source of that noise. And fumbled, slapping her elbow and arm over her scroll in a flustered attempt to hide what she was writing. Her cheeks paled and flushed, leaving her skin a bit blotchy. "Er...hello, Professor..."

Severus shifted to the side of her chair and leaned over the parchment. She shifted to cover more of it, face burning. Extracting his wand, Severus levelled it at her arm. A slight flick of the tip cast no magic, but it did warn her to comply. The poor girl looked like she would die of mortification as her arm reluctantly moved out of the way. A quick skim down the page, and Severus tapped one of the words he had read.

"Five points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger, for misspelling a word." Leaning in close as she blinked, shocked, he murmured into her ear, "Areola, in this context, should not have a 'u' in it." Pulling back just enough to look into those toffee eyes, he continued in a soft growl, "Make no mistake: we *will* be having a discussion on the...appropriateness...of you using myself as the template for your protagonist, Miss Granger. And the *consequences* for doing so."

There. That should leave her in a quandry of indecision over his meaning, and give him the upper hand in the matter. Straightening, Severus turned and strode out of the library. He'd planned on reading a bit in the library for relaxation, after patrolling it for miscreants. It looked like he'd be masturbating in the privacy of his quarters instead, to relieve his tension.

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Hermione stared at his retreating back, gobsmacked. It was mortifying to be caught writing erotica, and moreso to be caught by Professor Snape. Nevermind that she'd planned on posting it online--the names were all changed, the stories didn't contain one word about magic or the wizarding world, and no one knew who 'Madame Penna' was--it was just overwhelmingly embarrassing to be caught.

But it was equally overwhelming to realize he hadn't done anything about it. Oh, yes, there were the five lost points--a piffle, after the six hundred point lead Gryffindor had over every other House for having successfully vanquished Lord Voldemort, points which even the Head of Slytherin himself had willingly contributed to--but she wondered if those five points had simply been the Potions Master going through the motions. He'd clearly read her writings over her shoulder...yet *that* was his sole reaction to it? All that smut, and he just growled mildly in her ear, deducted five points...and walked away? Without a detention, let alone revoking her status as Head Girl, since she was supposed to be a scion of propriety and rules-following? She flushed even harder as she stared down at the misspelled word, realizing it had been corrected by the touch of his wand. It was embedded in a stretch of text; he had to have read every word of that particular paragraph to catch that particular spelling mistake...and that was a particularly hot stretch of action, if she did say so herself.

What does it mean? she wondered, looking down the aisle he had taken, though he was no longer within her sight. *Why didn't he...? Does he like smut? Does he...well, obviously he read enough to note how close the character of Sean Sylvan is, both in his physical appearance and in his temperament... Oh, god, does he know how strongly I fancy him? And what exactly did he mean by discussing the 'appropriateness', and the 'consequences'?*

It was going to be hard to concentrate on anything, after this...

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"Miss Granger, a word with you."

The Head Girl broke away from her two best friends with a quizzical look. Severus had carefully acted exactly as he always did, after the library incident. She had seemed anxious in Advanced Potions, until she had realized that he wasn't treating her any differently than before. He was too skilled a spy to give himself away so easily, however. There were certain technicalities to heed, certain formalities to observe. And he wanted to give her time to forget what had happened, to allow her to concentrate on her studies.

Now, as the last of her N.E.W.T.s came to an end, was the time to strike the opening blow of his retaliation. He hadn't wanted to distract her from her studying for the exams, but the exams were no longer an obstacle. There were still a few stumbling blocks, but not the one of dividing her attention wastefully. So, as she crossed the hall to join him, he turned and stalked off down the corridor, away from the students spilling out of the Great Hall behind them. His long-legged stride forced her to keep up with him, but she wasn't exactly short anymore, herself; she stood two full inches taller than Potter, amusing him secretly.

She held her tongue until they reached a deserted stretch of the castle, where he finally stopped. Bravely, she faced him. "What did you want to talk about, Professor?"

"Your detention."

That lovely brow furrowed in confusion. "...I beg your pardon? A detention for what?"

It wasn't easy, keeping himself from smirking. Extracting a folded and sealed rectangle of parchment, he displayed it between his fingers as he addressed her coolly. "You know very well 'for what', Miss Granger. I trust you will follow these instructions to the letter. Failure to do so would be...regrettable."

Putting just enough invective into his voice to growl, he thrust the parchment at her. She took it with a puzzled, defensive look, which turned into a questioning frown as she read and reread his handwriting, trying to make sense of the words. "Professor, this says Do Not Open Until July 1st. I don't understand; I won't even *be* here... Professor?"

Severus clung carefully to his plan as he retreated without another word, nor a glance backwards; the technicalities *had* to be observed, after all.

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Hermione fidgeted, watching her bedside clock. The little red lights blinked steadily, once per second. She smoothed her nightgown over her knees, then played with the

hem nervously. The numbers blinked. One minute left to go...

...Midnight.

Picking up the letter lying next to her on her bed, Hermione cracked the blob of silver-shot green wax that had been used to seal the parchment shut. The seal, she noticed, was a serpent wrapped around a flask; how appropriate. Unfolding the sheet, she read the familiar, spider-neat scrawl.

' Miss Granger,

You are assigned a detention for writing a subject matter inappropriate for a Hogwarts student while still a student. Be advised that your punishment has been doubled for doing so while in a public location on the school grounds, being the school library. Your punishment has also been compounded further as you were also the Head Girl at the time; as such, your every behaviour should have been beyond reproach. Obviously, it was not.

To expiate your punishment, you will don all of your former school uniform and have this letter in your hand at 2:15 pm on this day, July 1st. You are further advised to be in a location free of Muggle observation, if you wish to avoid a reprimand from the Ministry of Magic. Failure to comply with the requirements for your assigned detention will be...regrettable.

Professor Severus Snape

Potions Master, Hogwarts.'

Hermione stared at the letter. All she could think of was the line from *Alice in Wonderland*, "Curiouser and curiouser..." Glad that today was a Wednesday--her parents would be at their dentistry practice until suppertime--Hermione wondered what to do. Should she chuck this in the nearest rubbish bin? Should she don her uniform and wait for whatever he had in mind to happen?

Given how she wanted to leap off the bed and don her recently retired uniform right then and there, Hermione guessed she was going to obey. She had a pretty fair guess what would happen--at least, she prayed she was right. If so, if she failed to comply, to go and see what he wanted to do to her, it would indeed be 'regrettable'. Not being the kind of young woman to want to leave behind any serious regrets in her life, she got off the bed, dug out her uniform, and put it on the lid of the trunk at the foot of her bed in preparation for tomorrow.

Praying that this would be a 'detention' like no other, Hermione started to go back to bed, then popped out again and made a few adjustments to the stack of clothes before crawling under the covers. Lying in her bed, thinking about her brooding former professor, she friggid herself into a blissful lethargy at the thought of what she wanted to happen. Only then could she relax her excited thoughts enough to fall asleep.

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The portkey-letter jerked her into his classroom right on time. Her robes swirled around her as she caught her balance, revealing hints of her knee-socks and pleated navy skirt. From the sensible black shoes on her feet to the way she'd pulled her curly tangle of waistlength hair back into a neat braid, replete with a dark blue ribbon tied onto the end in a little bow, she looked like a student again, luscious yet utterly forbidden...but she wasn't his student anymore. Severus thanked god for that singular fact.

She twisted around, orienting herself in the room, and spotted him. He was clad in his own version of a uniform, all-black clothes, bat-like robes ready to billow at a moment's notice from some impatient stride or gesture, though he'd taken more care with his hygiene than he normally bothered with during the school year. His hair, troublesome as it was, had just been freshly washed and charm-dried. By the end of the day it would look as greasy and lank as ever, but he hoped she noticed the effort he'd made on her behalf. He'd scrubbed his teeth with a whitening solution over the past two weeks, made sure his clothes were clean and neatly pressed, and had even misted his skin with a light spray of a cologne he had created for himself. Nothing heavy, of course; his own olfactory sense wouldn't have allowed anything pungent to linger in his vicinity. Just some musk and some sandalwood, some amber and a few spices blended together and applied subtly in a fine, faint mist.

"Miss Granger," he stated as she stared at him.

"Professor," she returned respectfully, sounding a little breathless.

Time to start what he'd hoped and prayed she would be here to enjoy--she wasn't a dunderhead, nor a lackwit. Nor could any other epithet slur her intellect and manage to stick. She had to have figured out what he wanted from her...he hoped. Otherwise things would get very ugly, very shortly. He'd spent some of the day in nervous pacing, and some of the time in concocting simple potions for the Infirmary, and the last several minutes seated at his desk, reading potions journals and not registering a single word, waiting anxiously for the question of whether or not she would comply with her 'detention' to be answered. Now that it had, he found himself almost calm. Almost.

"I am pleased to see that the advent of summer has not lulled you into a complacency where your punctuality is concerned. However, this is not a social call. You will take your place at your desk and await instructions as to the nature of your detention."

Was that a crestfallen look on her face? Whatever it was, she quickly hid it with a respectful nod. "Yes, sir."

That was what he liked about her. Of the three of them, Potter, Weasley, and Granger, it was Hermione who had always been respectful toward him. In fact, after some careful snooping, Severus had learnt that, even at his most horrid towards her--and he had been shamefully cruel at several points over the past seven years--she had continued to show respect for him, even when it was just reminding her fellow students to use his title with his name. A simple thing, but a telling one.

He didn't let her hopes stay low for long. Watching her pick her usual seat and settle onto the stool, Severus gave her a moment to get comfortable, then pounced. Not by moving from his desk, but by flicking his wand discreetly, under the edge of the table. Metal clanked, and the former Head Girl gasped, startled by the chain-strung manacles that launched up from under the lab table, snapping themselves around her wrists and her ankles.

"What the...? Professor?" she called out, giving him a wide-eyed look. She started to lift her hands from her lap, but the chains stiffened, turning hard and unyielding, locking her hands in place. Locking her away from her wand, wherever she had tucked it.

Rising from his seat, he swept around the end of his desk, descended from the slightly raised dais, and strode to the front of her desk. He noted the way her gaze dropped to the folds of his professorial robe, and thought there might be a touch of admiration behind the uncertainty in her gaze. Bracing his hands on the desk, Severus leaned over it, staring at her.

"The first part of your detention will be spent in answering my questions, truthfully and honestly."

She blinked a couple times, apparently not expecting this.

Severus took advantage of her nonplussed state, circling around her desk to stand behind her, where he could stand close enough to smell the subtle, rose-and-musk perfume she wore. Close enough to loom over her shoulder ask he asked, "Tell me, Miss Granger...how long have you been writing erotica? Since shortly before the end of the last term?"

"Erm...since last summer, actually."

"And why are you writing erotica?" he asked next, drawing the interrogative.

"...Because it's fun?"

"-- *Fun* , is it?" Severus challenged her, brows rising as he circled around in front of her, stepping over the chains holding her in place. He twisted with that billowing flare of his robes that he'd perfected over the years, enjoying the way her gaze drifted to the menacing black folds, and the way she shivered slightly in response. "How much 'fun' have you been having, exactly? One story? Two? Three?--Forty-four?"

Her chin lifted slightly, defiantly. "I've posted twenty-seven online, so far. And received hundreds of rave reviews."

"...Online?" Severus asked.

"On the internet. It's a kind of Muggle technology that--"

"--Yes, I know what the internet is," Severus dismissed, starting to move around her again. He stopped and frowned at her. "You... *posted* these things online? Including that...that pirate story featuring *me* as your character's sexual interest?"

She blushed, but nodded, unable to meet his eyes.

Planting his hands on his hips, feeling violated and angry about it...and oddly flattered, Severus leaned almost close enough for the tip of his longish nose to have brushed hers. "Just how *many* of these smut-stories have I featured in, where the physical description of the male protagonist has been concerned, Miss Granger?"

She blushed even deeper, swallowed, and whispered truthfully, "A-All of them...but I disguised your name, and I never breathed one word about your career, or the wizarding world!"

"But there are still stories *out there* featuring *your* name, Hermione Granger," he reminded her, carefully masking his partial relief.

A quick shake of her head bobbed the tail of her braid over her shoulder. "--I used a pseudonym! A pen-name."

The rest of his tension drained away. A pen-name. Her identity was still hidden from almost everyone. Severus stepped over the chains holding her in place, circling around to her back once again. Hovering his head next to hers, he murmured, "And what is that pen-name?"

Even from his position, he could see the way she pressed her lips together.

"Come, Miss Granger, I warned you that you would have to answer my questions truthfully and honestly, or you would regret the consequences. Answer the question: what is your pen-name, under which you post your erotica? *Tell me!*"

She jumped at his snarl, and stammered, "M-Madame Penna."

Severus grunted, straightening his back. He circled around her again, this time to the front of the desk, rather than step over those cumbersome, stiffened chains again. "...And in how many of these erotic works am I your captive, Miss Granger?"

"Well, technically they're just a pair of characters, and aren't meant to represent anyone or any incident in particular--" she started to babble.

"--Liar!" he hissed. A sharp gesture of his wand yanked her off the stool as the chains abruptly repositioned themselves with a loud rattle. He was glad he'd locked and warded his classroom and office against both sounds and uninvited intrusions; whether the next few minutes went wrong or right, things were about to get very noisy.

The chains clamped to her wrists had splayed her onto the desk, pulling her wrists to the far corners, forcing her to bend at the hips; the ones manacled her ankles had pulled her legs apart, ensuring that her robe-clad belly rested against the table for support. Severus carefully gauged her expression for signs of fear. Apprehension, uncertainty...was that arousal in her eyes as she strained her head to try and look up at him?

Should I give her the release-word? he wondered pensively. Nodding slightly to himself, he moved around behind the desk again. She tensed, trying to twist her head so she could keep him in view. Stooping over the desk beside her, letting just a touch of his body brush against hers, Severus cupped her cheek, helping take some of the strain from her neck. "Do you know the first name of your former Head of House?"

"Yes, it's Min--"

He quickly shifted one of his finger from her jaw to her lips, silencing her.

"Do not say it, unless you want this to end, here and now. But be warned, if you make it end," Severus murmured, sliding his hand so that all of his fingertips rested against her mouth, as soft and pink as rose petals, "I will not feel inclined to assign you another detention again. Do I make myself clear?"

Withdrawing his fingers carefully, he waited for her response. She blinked, thinking a moment, then nodded. And said nothing. Relief, Severus discovered, could be a powerful aphrodisiac. As could the realization that she *wanted* to be here like this: chained to a Potions classroom desk, enacting out a kinky professor-student fantasy between the two of them. Rampantly erect, Severus controlled his deeply aroused lusts with an iron grasp, straightening and moving directly behind her. Bound and pinned as she was, she couldn't see a thing, though from the way she twitched, she could probably hear him flicking back the edges of his robe, hear the soft release of each button from its hole down the length of his frock-coat...the buttons of his trouser-placket...

The cool air of the dungeon level caressed the heated flesh of his erection as Severus freed it from his boxers. It did nothing to physical diminish his excitement, though it did take some of the edge off, giving him enough of a respite to think clearly. Perversely, paradoxically, it was also arousing to *be* exposed like this, even if she couldn't yet see the change in his attire, nor fully grasp her predicament. Once he was comfortably adjusted, his bollocks gently teased free of the confining material, he rested his hands on the fine, lush curves of her robe-draped backside. She twitched a little, but didn't protest at the intimate touch.

"Lies are not acceptable, Miss Granger. Lying to your teacher is doubly forbidden." Gliding his palms down over her rump, he slowly stroked his way down her thighs, crouching so that he could reach her calves. Slipping his hands under the hem of her robes, he worked his way back upward, not moving very quickly, but neither moving all that slow. It was heaven to touch the warm flesh at the backs of her knees. "Given how the usual sort of detention has failed to make any change in your patterns of misbehaviour, clearly I must find a new method of instilling and ensuring discipline."

He had reached her skirt hemline, rucking the navy woolen material up along with the black cotton of her robes. Her muscles tensed and relaxed, quivering under his relentless touch. Something moist brushed against his index finger, and she froze under his touch. Severus stilled as well, before sliding his hands up a little higher, and inward a little more. Encountering more of her knickerless flesh. Her hot and most undeniably wet, knickerless flesh.

Severus collapsed to his knees, his legs unable to support him anymore. Partially out of shock, and partially out of nearly every last drop of blood cramming itself into his burning, throbbing loins. Shoving up the folds of her robes, the hem of her skirt, Severus exposed that flesh. His hands fumbled a moment with the material, before he had it piled on the small of her back, out of his way. A shocking sight met his eyes.

Something clear and oval-shaped met his gaze. The base of an arse-plug. She had come to her detention sans knickers and with a sex-toy lodged in her fundament. A groan escaped his throat as her musk perfumed the air in a warm cloud of mind-dazing lust. She came *here* , to *him* , with *that* thing in her body waiting to surprise him! Clasp her buttocks in his hands, he pried them further apart, baring the glistening flesh between them to his fevered gaze. It took him a few moments to realize her entire mound had been neatly and very recently spell-shaven. To hell with his carefully planned detention scenario!

A broad lap of his tongue savoured her musky, unique scent; that made her gasp and twitch in his grip. A swirl of his tongue made her groan. Rapid flicks against her clit made her cry out and writhe against the chains holding her in place. The sealing of his lips over her opening and some determined suckling made her gasp again. When he

flicked her clitoris once more, she shuddered and came, trickling more juices into his hungry, waiting mouth. Prodding her opening with his tongue, he found it strangely tight. Gentling her moaning, panting body with softer licks, he leaned back and slipped a finger into her. She twitched and gasped, hips quivering restlessly as he pumped it into her. He gently inserted a second finger...and ran into an unexpected obstacle before he'd even made it past his first set of knuckles.

She still had the tight, virginal flesh of an intact hymen.

...

Hermione flinched at the painful stretching of his prodding fingers. He stopped, and withdrew his fingers after a moment. She felt his hands on her rump, felt him using them as an anchor as he regained his feet...felt the prodding of what had to be a rigid, warm penis against the back of her thigh as he leaned over her, gripping her shoulders as he growled,

"You're a *virgin*?"

That wasn't on her list of things to hear. Hermione blinked, trying to gather her passion-scattered wits as she felt her cheeks flush at the intimate, rudely toned question. "Uh...well, yes, but I didn't think you'd notice."

"You have a *plug* up your *arse*--and you're still a virgin?!" he hissed almost viciously. Almost, save for the gentle way he was cupping her shoulders, the care he was taking to not crush her with his weight.

"Well, yes!" she snapped defensively. "Just because I'm a virgin doesn't mean I don't know shite about sex!"

He straightened and jerked her clothes down. She heard more cloth rustling, then he stalked around to face her, bending over and bracing his palms on the table, stooping so low she could almost look at him comfortably, pinned at desk level as she was. "You write erotica, yet you're a virgin. You're here with a plug in your fundament, yet you're a virgin. You are *here* for a sexually explicit detention with me, whom you've clearly been fantasizing about--don't bother to protest!" he snapped as she drew in a breath to do so. "You said it yourself that all of your erotic protagonists have been modelled after the two of us--or at least me! Yet you're a *virgin* ...and you are *here* .

" *Why?* "

Hermione might have taken offense, if she hadn't seen the bewilderment in those dark eyes. It was the most real emotion she'd seen in those dark pupils outside of hatred, anger, sardonic amusement and the rare trace of fear. Summoning her courage, she answered as simply and honestly as she could. "Because I want to be."

He spun away from her, leaving her staring at the robes swaying and settling around his frame. From his posture and the bowing of his head, she thought he might have crossed his arms and rested the bridge of his nose in his fingers, not an uncommon posture for him. He stood that way for a few moments, then muttered, "...Minerva."

The manacles instantly unclamped themselves, freeing her. She was glad to straighten up, but Hermione didn't understand why he had freed her. And, still being Gryffindor by nature, she decided to ask.

"Why did you free me?"

He didn't turn around, nor did he lift his head. "Because you're not supposed to waste something like that. Go home, Miss Granger."

That made her mad.

"Bullshite!" He lifted his head at her exclamation, and she continued firmly, addressing his back. "I can do whatever I bloody well want, and what I want is to do *you!* ...If you'll pardon the crude terminology."

That made him turn around. Severus Snape flummoxed and at a loss for words was a rare sight. He blinked several times, started to speak, stopped, then cleared his throat, running a hand through his hair. Hermione noticed how soft and clean it looked, compared to its normal state.

Goodness, he went all-out for this, didn't he? It was a rare insight into the man. She acknowledge he wasn't conventionally handsome, but he was a compelling man. Seeing him in a mood other than that of being in control was an interesting state of affairs. She decided to capitulate on it. "I'm not your student anymore," Hermione reminded him, moving out from behind her old lab table. "I'm not a silly little girl, either. I know my own mind, and I know what I want."

"What you want?" he protested, glad he had refastened his trousers. He didn't want her to see how this unsettling revelation had somewhat deflated him. "You want a man who's old enough to be your father, when you could be with someone your own age?--Why aren't you dating one of your two best friends?"

"I tried dating Ron, and it didn't work out; we're too different," Hermione dismissed, approaching him.

"And Potter? Or Viktor Krum?" he asked, falling back a step at a time as she slowly came within arm's length of him.

"Harry thinks of me as a sister, and Krum was only after me because I treated him like a human being instead of a Quidditch star. As for all the rest, they're all boys. Immature for the most part, and, with the possible exception of some of the randier Slytherins, too inexperienced for what I want. What I want is a man, not a boy. A lover, not a fumbler. You were doing quite well, too," she added honestly, advancing even closer. "Smashingly well. You upheld my hopes and expectations brilliantly."

"A virginity is too precious a commodity to waste," he protested gruffly, dismissively. And bumped into one of the other desks, jumping slightly at the unexpected jolt from behind.

Hermione struggled to keep the smile from her face. She--the annoying little know-it-all--had just managed to back up the most feared and fearsome teacher in Hogwarts. His comment about precious commodities helped ease the urge to grin. It was possible he meant romantically speaking...but there were known potion-uses for virgin's blood. It certainly was a rarity, not something you could just order up out of an ingredients catalog. Her mind churned that idea around. Before she knew it, she nodded firmly, making up her mind.

"You're right. My virginity *is* a precious commodity. I shouldn't waste it." For a moment his shoulders had slumped, though they stiffened again. *I don't think he's quite as detached as he's trying to be* , she decided. Time to drop the other shoe, to so speak. "I give you permission to collect it as a potion-ingredient."

Severus Snape gobsmacked was a delicious sight. Lustfully gobsmacked, no less. At least to her, he was gorgeous in that moment. She wanted to lick those lips as they fell into a stunned 'o' shape. Boldly, she did just that, lifting onto her toes and holding his jaw in place with her forefinger so she could caress his mouth with the tip of her tongue. In doing so, she swayed close enough to feel a distinct ridge of hard flesh straining at the black wool of his trousers. A rough sound escaped him, and then those strong, black-clad arms wrapped around her, lifting her off her feet, bearing her back to her old workspace. Setting her on the edge of the scarred, stone-topped desk pressed the plug deeper into her body, making her shiver and lift her legs instinctively around his hips, wanting more. She wasn't about to pretend to be a shy virgin. Not when she didn't want to be one anymore!

In fact, it felt deliciously good when he ground his erection into her groin; she felt hot and needy and aching inside, wanting him to take the place of the plug, and to take her hymen and with it her innocence-blood. Clutching at his ribs, his back, his shoulders, Hermione returned every stroke of his tongue with her own, urged on every rocking thrust of his hips with her calves and heels. Spurred by passion, she urged him on with greedy little sounds, with nipping kisses, with clutching caresses.

Until he untangled himself and thrust away from her, staggering back to thump into the table behind him. Leaning against it, panting heavily, he stared at her. Hermione realized his limbs were trembling when he raised a shaking hand to rake through his hair.

"What...what's wrong?" she asked, realizing her own breathing was none too steady at the moment.

"I've...preparations," he managed to mutter distractedly. "I've got preparations to make...collection...bottle..."

He was carefully not looking at her, though something was certainly very attentive. Slipping off the desk, Hermione dropped to her knees in front of him, her fingers working on the buttons of his trousers.

"What--what are you doing?"

"It's obvious you can't think with a clear head, not with this thing getting in the way," she stated matter-of-factly, unfastening his trouser buttons. "So I'm going to take care of it."

"You...you...I... *ohhhh*," he finally sighed as she pulled his undergarment down out of her way and sucked him into her mouth without any preamble or warning. "Teeth--watch the bloody teeth!"

"--Sowwy," Hermione mumbled, and laughed as he shuddered. She liked the way his fingers delved into her hair, the gentle way he fisted her curls, the careful way he guided her into bobbing her lips and tongue around his flesh. Wrapping her left hand around the base of his shaft, Hermione massaged it as she worked, and used the fingers of her right hand to delve under her skirt as she knelt on the floor, playing with herself. The tension in his hands increased, though their pressure remained carefully light in comparison, until he stiffened with a hiss, and ejaculated deep in her mouth. Swallowing the seaweedy, salty, bitter liquid, Hermione kept licking and sucking, nibbling and stroking. She wanted to make sure he stayed hard, after all, and the taste wasn't too bad once she got used to it.

A deep sound souged out of his chest, a sigh given voice. His hands caressed her curls and the scalp underneath. "...I see you've clearly earned the more salacious definition of 'Head Girl'."

She smiled, withdrawing her mouth. "Well, I wouldn't say I was renowned for it, but I've done a little practicing, yes, on a dildo."

His prick twitched at that. Black irises gleamed down at her. "That was your first time with a real person?"

Hermione grinned, and licked him.

A speculative look crossed his features. "What about anal intercourse? Real person, or just a toy?"

"Just a toy. But I tried it on a dare, and I liked it."

His brow quirked. "A dare? Who dared you?"

Hermione gave him a frank, skeptical look. "...Do you really think I'd tell you that?"

"Quite." His climax had cleared his head--as intended--for he continued briskly. "With that plug in place, and my ejaculate on your lips, there's no way we can collect your maiden's blood as a pure-innocence sample. But there is another variation we could take advantage of...if you're brave enough."

"I'm *here*, aren't I?" she pointed out. "Erotic detention scenario and all."

This time his smirk was more lascivious than cruel. "Good."

A snap of his wand, and the chains rattled out. Hermione didn't gasp when they clamped around her wrists and legs...until they lifted her off her knees and back over the desk she had used while still in class. The chains rotated her a quarter-turn and pinned her face-up lengthwise on the table, arms dragged straight above her head and ankles firmly spread.

"*Sartorlagen!*"

Her clothing vanished, leaving her naked body exposed to the cool air of the dungeons. It actually felt good, given it had started out as a hot summer day. Down here below ground-level, with thick stone walls sheltering them from the heat of the afternoon, it was quite comfortable. Titillating, too. He walked around her in a circle, casting several wards, then moved away from the table. She couldn't quite see him in her position, but she could hear him moving around, fetching objects from the storage cupboards and the storeroom.

"...A delectable sight," he murmured after several minutes, his voice coming once again from nearby. Lifting her head slightly, Hermione saw the Potions Master standing at the end of the desk by her feet. His flesh was still exposed to the air from its fellating, while the rest of him was fully clothed, all that black, chin-to-boot coverage lending a certain ruthless control and air of menace to the resurrected, re-engorged flesh jutting hard and thick from his hips. His gaze roved over her breasts and her exposed crotch. Her nipples tightened in response, and he smirked slightly, noticing. "Do you consent to what I am about to do, Miss Granger?"

"That depends. What are you going to do?" she asked, unsure what he had in mind.

That smirk deepened. "Oh, I'm not going to tell you. You'll have to agree to whatever I want to do...and agree to do so blindly. You're still serving a detention, you know."

Hermione closed her eyes, biting her lower lip to suppress a groan. *Wicked, wicked man...oh, god...I could cum from the promise of that voice alone!* "--I consent!"

"Five points to Gryffindor."

She felt his fingers on the inside of her left ankle, heard him moving around the end of the stone-surfaced table as he trailed those digits up the inside of her calf, her knee, her thigh... She whimpered softly when he stopped mere inches from his goal. Being the kind of young woman who had to be in control all of the time, having to know anything and everything, there was something highly erotic in being helpless and ignorant of what was about to happen next. Well, there would be a deflowering somewhere in there, but beyond that, the details were deliciously blank.

"Preparations must be made. But first...I think I shall mark the sites."

She heard him move away for a moment, then come back. Setting a jar of his infamous red grading ink next to her head, he uncapped it with deft movements of his hands, and dipped his quill-pen into the crimson liquid. Puzzled, she felt him shifting her hair away from her ear.

"I thought as much. Thankfully," he murmured after touching and prodding her earlobe, but didn't explain himself. Instead, he passed his quill-hand down over her body to her breasts, where the other one plumped her flesh. Two tiny, cold dots were applied to either side of her nipple. He repeated the marks on the other side, then tickled the feather end of the pen down to her navel. Where he dotted the lower rim in two spots. Setting the pen down, he drew his wand and tapped her pubic mound. All of the moisture down there vanished, leaving the folds of her shaved flesh dry. Picking up the quill again, he re-inked it, then dotted several spots down either side of her slit, both inside and out, and very carefully dotted either side of her clitoris in just the right spot.

He was going to pierce her. Her earlobes were already pierced, so they didn't qualify, but the rest of her body was apparently fair game. Hermione hadn't heard of this kinky a method of gathering virgin's blood, but then she figured it was probably a Dark Arts variation. He moved away, and she heard him gathering yet more supplies. Lying there, naked and exposed, Hermione felt her nipples budding tightly in anticipation. She'd thought about getting naughty piercings, but had decided it was a little too daring. Now she was going to be pierced anyway, and deflowered at the same time.

She was getting wet, again.

The thought was definitely an arousing one. Nervous flutterings in her stomach rose when she heard him leaving the room; he was gone for a while, long enough for her to restlessly test the chains binding her in place. They didn't budge. Didn't even clink. *Anyone could come in here and see me like this*, she thought...though she knew it was highly likely he'd warded the doors against anyone but the two of them entering or leaving. He was a methodical man, after all. Still, the thought was an arousing one. She closed her eyes, wishing she could grab the pen he'd left by the inkjar next to her head, to write down the scenario unfolding in her mind...

If this were still the school-year, and someone came by--one of his Slytherins, dropping by to consult with his Head of House. Zabini, yes--he's cute...muscular from Quidditch. And here I am, helpless Gryffindor virgin, bound to my own desk, thighs splayed wide enough for him to see straight into my vagina, if he wanted. He wouldn't interfere, of course; obviously I'm being prepped by the Potions Master for some ritual...but he'd shift his robes aside, unfasten his school trousers, and cup himself in his hand, all while staring at my crotch and the little red dots Professor Snape has applied...

The chains moved abruptly, jerking her ankles--and perforce, her legs--up into the air. Snapping her eyes open as her legs were spread even wider than before, Hermione craned her head, looking down between the upended V of her limbs at the Potions Master. He reached between her folds, tickling her as he smeared her juices with his fingertips

"You're wet, Miss Granger. You've been thinking naughty thoughts while I was gone, haven't you? *Haven't* you?" he demanded. Those dark eyes devoured her imperfectly dressed body with an almost cold intensity, sending butterflies of trepidation careening through her stomach.

"Uh...no. No, I haven't Professor," Hermione lied.

"I see taking points from you has no disciplinary effect. Certainly you should know better than to lie to me. Rather than taking fifty House points from you for lying to your teacher...I think I shall take those fifty points out of your hide," he informed her.

She only had a second or so to realize his meaning before his hand smacked into her exposed buttocks. *Smack!* "--Ow!"

"Forty-nine more to go, Miss Granger." And, increasing the stinging strength of his blows, he gave them to her. "Cry out all you want; no one will hear you..."

She did. It hurt. Oh, it hurt; she could feel the blood rushing to the tingling, smarting surface of her buttocks, no doubt reddening them quite thoroughly. But it felt good, too, because each blow jolted the plug still lodged in her fundament. By stroke thirty-five or thereabouts--he only informed her at each ten-mark--he switched locations, and smacked her on the lips of her quim. Hermione gasped at the unexpected shock. He continued the rest of her punishment by striking her pussy. Blow fifty fell, and Hermione writhed in the implacable grip of her spell-stiffened restraints. Despite the stinging, despite the way she'd cringed with each blow, despite the discomfort...there was enjoyment to be found, too. She wanted more. Because, contrary as the nature of pain was to the nature of pleasure, he'd brought her close to the edge of an orgasm.

"Fifty, Miss Granger. Now, are you going to lie to me again?" he purred, shifting closer to her ear so that each word seduced the nerves on that side of her head.

"--Oh, god, fuck me!" she gasped out, hips writhing and limbs jerking. "Fuck me! Please, fuck me!"

"Tut tut, such language. And from the Head Girl, no less." Shifting back, he trailed a single fingertip along the seam of her nether-lips, moving excruciatingly slow. A whinging sound escaped her throat, rising with frustration as the ticklish feel on her blood-sensitized flesh brought her right to the edge of an orgasm, but didn't, couldn't tip her over into the maelstrom of her bliss. She was his captive, his prisoner, his slave, and only he could free her from the shackles of chains and lusts alike.

"Oh, please--fuck me, Master!"

She heard the breath hiss through his teeth, then he snatched up the quill, dipped it in the ink, and scrawled something on the inside of her left thigh. His free hand clenched her flesh tightly, almost enough to bruise as he held her in place while he wrote. Casting down the quill, he snapped something, flicking his wand. Silvery rings floated into the air over her body, positioning themselves over her breasts, her navel, and her quim. The chains shifted and jerked her body down the length of the desk, until her buttocks were perched precariously on the edge, her legs still splayed in a vertical V. To her surprise, he did not plunge immediately into her.

Instead, he vanished his clothes as he had hers, then picked up the quill again. Examining himself, he dotted his own nipples to either side, then his navel, then lower down, where it was too awkward for her to see exactly what he was marking for piercing. He braced his right foot on the nearby stool and wrote something in red ink on his thigh, then tossed down the quill. More rings rose into the air at a flick from his wand, hovering over the dots marked on his own body. But still, he did not deflower her.

Instead, he grasped the anal plug, pulled it firmly, slowly out of her body...and plunged himself into her rectum, lubricated only by the little amount of gel she'd applied to the plug, readying herself for this spurious detention. Three, four thrusts saw him firmly seated in her body as she whimpered from the dry, painful pulling--anally deflowered!--and his rough withdrawal. A brief, muttered charm to cleanse himself, and he repositioned himself.

"-- *Absanguivirgo stridulumagi amarmutua-serviae!*"

Three things happened. All of the rings glowed and swooped down into place, stinging each and every piercing-point with a painful, white-hot heat. Severus gasped and plunged into her even as Hermione screamed. He tore through her hymen, which parted with less pain than the combined piercings. White-hot magic washed over both of their bodies, searing outward from the puncture-wounds as each ring sealed itself into place. Panting, her entire body tensed with the fading pain, Hermione slowly and very reluctantly allowed herself to relax. It helped that her deflowerer didn't move.

"What...what spell was *that*?"

He didn't answer her for a few moments, as his breathing rushed in and out of his nose. Finally, he sighed the first name of the Transfigurations Professor, freeing her. Her legs dropped, making both of them wince as the movement jostled their newly acquired adornments. There were no signs of blood, but the moment Hermione pushed herself up onto her elbows, she saw two little bottles. One was marked with his initials, the other with hers. Both contained small amounts of blood. The writing was gone from her thigh, so she repeated herself.

"What spell was that?"

His reply was dry-voiced, despite the way he flinched at the shifting of her body against his. Gingerly, he touched one nipple, fingering the steely ring piercing the tiny, masculine nub. "Under different conditions, the Sex-Slave spell."

"The... *what*? You just made me your *enchanted sex-slave*?" Hermione demanded, staring at him. She wasn't sure whether to be flattered or furious!

"I just made *us* each other's sex-slave," he corrected her, shifting his fingers from his ring-pierced nipple to one of her own, playing with the loop of metal. It felt strange, but at least the pain had finally faded, her flesh apparently healed whole. "It can be undone, of course. All you have to do is remove each ring in tandem with my own. But I think you'll want to stay your hand, a little while."

"--You just made me your *enchanted sex-slave*, where you can order me to do anything sexual and I'll probably be forced to comply...and you think I'll put *up* with it?"

He smirked. "You can always order me to do something sexual to you. It works both ways, you know."

Hermione blinked at him. "You mean...you mean I could order you to lick my anus, and you'd have to do it?"

"Thank god that wasn't an actual order," he muttered, "...but yes."

She considered the possibilities for several stunned seconds. Whether it was only for a few hours, or a few weeks, or a lifetime...he was hers to do with as she pleased. A

real *captive d'amor*. A smile curved her mouth, a salacious, naughty smile. "Fuck me until I cum, slave-boy."

"Kiss me until I cum," he returned, hips already withdrawing his shaft partway before plunging back in again, clinking their nether-rings together.

Hermione pulled his head into range, complying with his own command. Plundering his mouth as he plundered her loins. Captured, she wondered just what sort of ransom they could get from each other. Oh, yes, Severus Snape was definitely shaping up to be the perfect pirate material...the sneaky, sexy bastard...