

# Virgin on the Ridiculous

*by melusin*

A serial drabble in response to the 'Double Standards' prompt, 'grangersnape100' community at livejournal. **\*\*Winner\*\*** Order of Merlin, First Class, OWL Awards 2007 for best Drabble.

## Drabble series

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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On the orders of Dark Mod, Droxy (and you don't want to mess with her, oh noes. Did you see her as Snape? Scary or what?), I am depositing these dribbles, I mean drabbles, at this most illustrious archive. Hugs and Chocolate Frogs to Septentrion for an ultra-fast beta.

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Disclaimer: Everything's Jo's, not mine, not ever.

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Severus smiled as he held Hermione's hand in his, and for one heart-stopping moment, she thought he was going to kiss her. Using her best seductive pout, Hermione gazed up at him encouragingly.

*KissmekissmepleaseGodkissme.*

Instead, he brushed his lips against her knuckles. 'Goodnight, Hermione.'

Hermione sighed. It looked like she was out of luck again.

It had been almost three weeks now. Three weeks of evenings in the pub, walks by the lake – but it always ended here, outside her rooms. It was all very right and proper; he was a perfect gentleman, but she wanted more. She wanted him.

~ \* ~

Hermione was beside herself with frustration. Did he have any idea what he did to her? She wanted to get her hands under those robes, feel the smoothness of that pale skin. Was his chest hairy? What colour were his nipples? Did he have a big—

'I shall see you at breakfast, Hermione.'

'Huh? Oh, yes. Um... would you like to come in for... coffee?'

'The hour is late. I do not usually—'

'Brandy, then?'

Severus hesitated. 'That would be... acceptable.'

Hermione smiled and opened the door. Severus nervously looked up and down the corridor before following her inside.

~ \* ~

Severus sat on the couch, feeling out of his depth and trying not to panic. He hadn't anticipated this. When he'd asked Hermione permission to court her, he hadn't expected things to move this fast. What must she think of him being so forward as to enter her chambers at this time of night?

'Here.' Hermione handed him his glass.

Severus stuck his considerable nose inside the brandy bowl and sniffed.

Hermione sat down, side-on, tucking one leg underneath. 'Cheers.'

*She's sitting too close. Gods, she smells good.* He took a swig of Cognac.

'Don't glug it down. Savour it.'

~ \* ~

Deciding she needed to take the initiative, Hermione put her arm along the back of the sofa. 'Nice?'

Severus nodded. 'Excellent.' He took another sip, then choked as Hermione threaded her fingers through his hair.

'Are you okay?' She smacked him between the shoulder blades.

'Yes. But, it's late. I should be going.'

'Relax, Severus.' Hermione took his glass off him and put it on the table with her own. 'There's no need to rush off just yet. Now, where were we? Oh, yes. I was about to do this...' Hermione planted a gentle kiss on his lips.

Severus whimpered.

~ \* ~

How had this happened? One minute he was drinking brandy, the next he was on his back with this delectable temptress on top of him. He was losing control. He had to stop this before... before... *Ohh.... Where did she learn how to do that?*

'Wh-what about y-your reputation?' Severus squeaked while Hermione busied herself with his earlobe.

'What?' Hermione stopped what she was doing and looked at him quizzically.

'People will talk.'

'Severus, we're both adults; we're both single. So what?'

'S-so, you're not saving yourself for marriage, then?'

Hermione would have laughed if he hadn't looked so serious.

~ \* ~

'Severus, I'm twenty-four. I'm no more a virgin than you are.'

He didn't reply. Hermione scrambled off him and sat up. 'You're not...'

He nodded slowly.

*Fuck.* 'Why? I mean...'

'I have never felt the desire to be... intimate with anyone... before,' he admitted.

'Why not?' Hermione asked. 'Does the idea of sex disgust you or something?'

He sighed. 'I do not like the idea of being... vulnerable.'

Now she understood. 'Severus, I promise I won't in any way ridicule you. I would like you to stay the night, but nothing will change between us if you decide to leave.'

~ \* ~

Severus had never liked being naked, but here he was being stripped bare by a woman, and she wasn't laughing at him.

'Lovely,' Hermione pronounced. She lay on the bed and held her open arms up to him. 'Come here.'

The feel of skin on skin was like nothing he'd known. Hermione murmured words of encouragement as Severus tentatively explored her body, smiling at his expression when she lovingly stroked his cock. She gently pushed him on his back and straddled him. Severus held his breath.

Hermione smiled impishly. 'This won't hurt a bit.'

And she was right. It didn't.

~ \* ~

Severus couldn't help but wonder if he'd done the right thing. Would Hermione still respect him after this? Would she want to see him again now she knew how inexperienced he was? He hoped she would. In fact, the thought that she might not was unbearable.

'Are you alright, Severus?'

'Yes,' he replied. 'It's just... strange sharing a bed with someone.'

Hermione giggled. 'Do you think you could get used to it?'

Severus felt giddy with relief. 'I think I could.'

'I suppose I'll have to make an honest man of you, then?'

He smirked. 'Yes, I suppose you will.'

~\* END \*~