

# Substitutionary Locomotion

*by sunshinefanfics*

**Winner Multifaceted Round Four - Aphrodisia** Severus Snape walks in on Tonks practicing a little substitutionary locomotion in his private bedroom at 12 Grimmauld Place.

## Substitutionary Locomotion

*Chapter 1 of 1*

**Winner Multifaceted Round Four - Aphrodisia** Severus Snape walks in on Tonks practicing a little substitutionary locomotion in his private bedroom at 12 Grimmauld Place.

Severus Snape hated traveling in any manner. He hated obsequious little shits more, and he took advantage of the gay confusion of the dinner dance to Portkey home to Grimmauld Place.

He'd only gone to the symposium in Paris because Dumbledore made him.

"You're being given a lifetime achievement award, Severus. Your colleagues from around the globe are honoring you, and if you stay in this house a moment longer I will personally hug you and Apparate you there myself."

The thought of the wizened wizard wrapping his bony arms around him caused him more than a passing shudder. With great suffering, Severus miniaturized his luggage and picked up the special Ministry Portkey several days later.

People were pandering to him and he detested it. Yes, he knew he deserved the adoration. Helping to kill a stubborn Dark Lord was hard work, and he damn well wanted recognition. But the young Potions Masters who attended the conference were fawning over him and there was no way he could stand the thought of having to dance with these women, most of whom were as dour and ugly as he.

But he had to at least give the pretense of being there, so he'd ordered a cognac at the bar and lifted the corners of his mouth to pass as a smile when required. And after exactly fifteen minutes, he excused himself to visit the facilities and was on his way home.

He landed just inside the door of 12 Grimmauld Place, and Severus checked his pockets again to make sure his luggage was still inside. He was eager to get to his bed and sleep. Using a Portkey never failed to tire him slightly, and the weariness of the day's exploits weighed on his shoulders.

The house was quiet. Fifteen people were living here now, mostly Hogwarts professors. After the final battle with Voldemort a year and a half ago, most of the castle had been destroyed. Ancient walls fell, and with them went some of the deepest, oldest protection spells ever known in the wizarding world.

A lengthy rebuilding was taking place, and Albus and Minerva had successfully made deals with Durmstrang, Beauxbatons and Winderwood in Australia to take the students for the two years it was expected to get the castle fully functioning again. Magic could only go so far when stone and masonry built structures.

Until then, Albus had brought most of the instructors here for what was essentially an extended vacation. He encouraged each professor to visit conferences and write articles about their specialties, and to further their own education. Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks were two of the newest additions to the staff. Much to his dismay, that flea-bitten wolf and the girl team-taught Defence Against the Dark Arts.

Albus was adamant the subject continue to be taught; after all, dark wizards would always crop up and one had to know how to defend oneself. How Dumbledore ever thought a dunderhead like Tonks would be good at instructing students on Stealth and Tracking, he'd never know.

Shaking his head, he moved silently up the stairs to the fourth and top floor of the home. It had been expanded so many times that the cloaking spells were shuddering under the weight of it all, and the decision to go skyward solved the problem. Three bedrooms and a lavatory were all that fit there, but his room was on the far end of the hall, with Hagrid in the middle and Flitwick on the near end by the stairwell.

Flitwick was out of residence and visiting his extended family in Ireland. Hagrid's thunderous snores filled the air and Snape casually flicked his wand as he did each night, silencing the racket. Instantly, the hall was silent, but *too* silent.

His ears pricked and he came to a dead stop, wishing not for the first time that he had multidirectional ears. The silencing spell he placed on Hagrid's door should only extend that far. There should still be ambient noise from the direction of his room. Instead he heard nothing, only felt the invisible wall of the silencing spell that hit him three steps past the half-giant's door.

Walking through it to his door, he found that complex --though not particularly difficult to disarm-- wards were guarding it. He'd not left any up when he departed, essentially because no one wanted to come close to his perceived lair.

Wand at the ready, he tripped the wards and slid inside the still-silenced door, shutting it softly.

In the light of the two gargantuan triple-wicked candles he kept next to his bed, he saw a gloriously nude female figure splayed face down and spread-eagled, tied to the bed posts. Closer examination showed a bewitched object repeatedly spearing through her wet, fragrant folds while she writhed against her self-imposed bonds. He could tell they were self-imposed, because Tonks still gripped her wand in her right hand.

Her face was buried in his down comforter, but she was obviously in the throes of great pleasure because she couldn't control her hair color, and the way she shrieked masked the insistent buzzing of the penile substitute.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she gasped, and the thing began plunging into her even more savagely, making her scream and try to raise her buttocks higher in the air to change the angle at which the object penetrated her.

Severus Snape wasn't really a fan of Nymphadora Tonks, but bugger and blast it if he wasn't fast becoming a devotee. He'd had a sneaking suspicion that that Metamorphmagi couldn't control themselves during moments of extreme physical response, be it fight or flight, sexual or otherwise. She was fascinating to watch in a purely scientific sense, but his trousers were tight as hell and he didn't think he could muster the strength to object to burying himself within her.

"Miss Tonks," he said smoothly, positioning himself next to the bed and away from her face, "it will be exceedingly difficult for me to sleep with all this racket."

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Her shriek was so ear-splitting he couldn't be sure it wasn't going to overcome the silencing spell on the room.

"Snape!" she yelled frantically, twisting her body to face him, trying to coordinate her mind to tell her hand to stop the Muggle vibrator and release her bonds. His face was perfectly blank as she turned over to see him towering over her. She struggled to wriggle her body to some position that was less lascivious.

*Your arse is in the air and you're being plugged by moving plastic. High quality, thoughtfully purchased plastic, but Muggle-powered plastic all the same,* her brain reminded her before it mentioned her wand was no longer in her grip.

"Give me my wand back!" she wailed, unable to stop the vibrator from pounding into her, unable to keep the specially designed clitoral stimulator from nudging her ever-higher into bliss.

This time, the mocked-up grin Snape had presented to pungently-scented dungeon dwellers was for real. He held her delicate wand in his hands and turned it over, as if he were Ollivander and deciding her first purchase for her.

"Miss Tonks, this wand seems to be at the heart of all your trouble tonight," he said smoothly, funneling his rampant curiosity about her implement and her dripping cunt into his words. "You can't even hold on to it under duress, and furthermore, it appears that your bonds have tightened and your thing won't stop fucking you until this twig here makes the magic swish-and-flick."

Tonks groaned as she heard his smooth baritone caress the word "fucking" and gave in to the release that washed over her. Pushing her face back into the crisply scented comforter, she sagged against her bonds as the vibrator slammed into her, its soft plastic ribbing stroking over every tightly clenched inner muscle she had.

Snape watched, fascinated, as she began to whimper, the toy still filling her without cease. Without her wand or the strength to string words together, he had to remove the motorized substitute or she was going to suffer through so many orgasms she'd become incoherent.

Reaching down, he caught the base as it sank in one last time, but not before he extended a long forefinger and made sure it dragged over her swollen clitoris as he removed the still-gyrating vibrator. She tensed in response, a quiet moan floating out of her parted lips that were barely visible underneath the curtain of hair framing her face.

Before he examined the vibrator, he flicked his wand lazily and a dozen tiny candles were lit, further illuminating the room. The vibrator's strange clicking, rolling sound was deafening in the silent room and he held it up to the light, watching in barely stifled amusement as the top few inches of the head waggled in a circle. Toward the base a handful of pearl beads turned underneath the translucent lavender surface, no doubt to provide stimulation to the vaginal barrel.

The clitoral stimulator continued to buzz rapidly, and with his thumb he reasoned out the controls and stopped the motion of both. The stimulator was a flexible material fashioned in the shape of a lizard, with a hummingbird-like proboscis designed to administer flicks to the clitoris.

After perusing the mechanics of the thing, he turned to the aesthetics. It was a well-formed member, similar to his own in length and girth. Not too long, not too wide, and nothing to be ashamed of. But it was the pearly skin that glistened with Tonks' release that sent a shock of lust to his already-tight groin. Just underneath the head, where the ribbing was most pronounced, he saw a collection of liquid pooled in the indentation there. If there had ever been evidence for the female ejaculation, he was sure he'd found it.

"Miss Tonks," he said meaningfully, and a still-panting, sweat-sheened Tonks turned sheepishly toward him, awaiting her rebuke. Snape smiled wickedly at her, and he saw her eyes close briefly, no doubt in preparation for his expected barrage.

With her full attention on him, he brought the vibrator to his lips and licked the underside of the cock up to the tip, where he encountered her prodigious release. He made sure a tiny, shimmering strand followed his tongue back into his mouth before he closed it and dropped the toy.

"Care to share, Miss Tonks?"

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Tonks gasped as his wand whipped out and slashed her bonds as if it were a dagger. No sooner had her mind switched to trying to figure that out than he was hauling her up by her armpits to her knees and dragging her to the side of his bed. Firm hands held her in place as his lips sought hers; it was a casual, unhurried rape of her mouth and she *loved* it.

His mouth was sharp, flavored with alcohol and her musk. It was all she could register as his fingers tightened on her skin, never straying to breasts or buttocks but simply

holding her in place. When his tongue glided over the roof of her mouth, it was her undoing.

Mustering her nearly non-existent strength, she pushed him away but not before he did it again, the snaky, slick sensation sending temblors to her toes. Dropping to all fours, she panted for a moment before looking at the bulge that now hovered around her nose. Scrambling back toward the center of the bed, she grabbed the comforter's edge.

"What are you doing here?" she raged as quietly as she could, as if she'd forgotten about the silencing spell. His eyes widened in honest shock and his mouth dropped open. For the first time in all the years she had known Professor Severus Snape, he stuttered.

"Wha-What am I doing here?" he roared incredulously. "I happen to live here. This is my bed that I sleep in, and the girl who's starters asks me questions!"

He raised his hands to the heavens irritably and let them fall heavily to his sides. As they dropped, he fixed her with a terrifying glare.

"I think a better question is what in the seven hells are you doing in my bed, getting yourself off, no less!"

He felt a measure better when he saw her flinch and imagined her nipples tightening in fear.

"I needed some private time," she said quickly, and moved to hop off the other side of the bed where her clothing was. He dashed over the edge of the bed and grabbed her arm before she could egress, pulling her back toward him. Yelping, Tonks found herself being dragged back into the bed and pressed against his solid chest, his quick hands alighting on her breasts and cupping them possessively.

He began to knead and worry them as his voice dropped a register and he hissed in her ear.

"I don't see why you would need my room for this sort of illicit activity, Miss Tonks. After all, each professor has a private room, and with your penchant for disguises I'm sure you could easily go into Muggle London and obtain a room at a local inn for these purposes." He paused, pinching a bit harder on the squirming woman's pebble-hard nipples.

"If you don't tell me precisely why you chose my private quarters, I shall make you beg for the opportunity to draw enough breath between screams to tell me."

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"I'm sorry, dear Merlin, I'm sorry!" she gasped as he shifted positions behind her, so that she now sat between his legs and had his rather prominent hardness lodged against the small of her back.

He leaned forward and bit her earlobe, just hard enough to get her attention.

"'I'm sorry' isn't the answer I'm looking for," he said silkily, letting his tongue graze the shell of her ear.

He had not been with a woman in over five years, unless one counted the well-paid prostitute he employed on an annual basis to keep his skills sharp, and he did not. Severus Snape would never go looking for a woman, but he'd be damned if he was going to let such a fetching opportunity go to waste.

Seeing her there and being fucked had him hard in an instant and somewhat detached from his better instincts. Nymphadora Tonks was obviously a very sexual creature, and might be more open to his appetites. He supposed he'd just have to find out, and for her, it would be his way or the hard way.

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Tonks felt trapped in the Potions master's arms. He was deceptively strong, and the clothing he wore never hinted at that sort of physique. Worst of all, he wasn't even holding her that tightly. She was simply gasping and heaving from the terrible but erotic image of him realizing how turned on and excited she was.

But the way he was strongly kneading her breasts and nipples was too distracting. Her body was fighting the urge to simply relax against his chest and let him worm answers out of her. Letting him know that he was a central figure in her darker fantasies could do nothing worse than cause him to shun her, which he did anyway.

His voice broke her reverie.

"Since I can't convince you to confess your reason for trespass, perhaps I should be a little more persuasive," he said mockingly, moving her once again to the center of the bed as if she were no more than a sack of potatoes.

Half-cradling her, he pulled her with him when he inched closer to the headboard, forcing her to lie reclined against his still-clothed chest. She squeaked as one arm came across her body, just underneath her breasts, holding her down against him.

To her intense dismay and hidden delight, he summoned her pleasure toy. She could feel her body blush a dull red as he held the instrument in front of her face and demanded that she lick it. Wordlessly, she complied, hating herself for liking the appreciative grunts she was earning from Snape as she leaned forward and tongued clean the thin skin.

"Perhaps you do have some bankable talent, after all," he mused as he held the now-glistening toy. "But you've not yet mastered the art of giving up the fight."

She closed her eyes as Snape pressed every agonizingly slick inch into her, unable to keep a low groan from escaping her open lips.

"Tell me the spell," he whispered, working the vibrator himself experimentally, slowly. "Tell me how to make it fuck you."

Shaking her head furiously, she bit her lip, not wanting to betray herself any further.

"Don't push me, Miss Tonks. This is child's play," he rasped against her jaw.

A few more moments passed and a tear slipped down her cheek, more from sexual frustration than anything else. In the perfectly silent room, she choked out the spell she had crafted. Behind her, Snape allowed a grim smile to escape as he thumbed on the controls and spoke the incantation.

Her hips arched into the pleasure, forcing her back into him. Her cheek fit against his, and he could feel how soft and hot it was next to his relatively cool skin. His hands now free, he let them slide over her swollen breasts to touch the hiding pearl between her folds.

As soon as he parted delicate flesh to lavish attention on the slick bud, her fingers dug tightly into his thighs, gripping him as if he were the only thing anchoring her to the earth. He used both hands, stroking her lips and folds, seeking out and then shying away from her clit, forcing her to hover in the pull of orgasm.

His fingers slid directly over the slick nub and she gasped, planting her feet on the bed and pushing herself up against him. Her round buttocks were now writhing desperately against his still-clad hardness. Drawing from a well of focus developed over many years, he ignored the insistent press of his cock against its fabric confines and concentrated on setting Tonks afire.

She was gasping now, and her hands had moved from caging his thighs to above his hips as she moved up his body. Sweat beaded at her hairline and as Snape pressed a certain spot, a yelp issued from her lips and she involuntarily turned her head, her open mouth against his cheek. Her pants were amplified in the absence of his, and it only spurred her on, knowing that he could keep his cool when she was so clearly losing hers.

"Oh, god, *Snape*," she moaned. His body tensed, and before she could gather her wits his head was turned and his hot, open mouth was on hers, demanding her tongue

and giving his. His hands continued in furious cadence, but now they were hitting spots that made her half-delirious as she tried to keep up with his kiss.

No longer able to concentrate on three feelings at once, she tried to home in on his fierce lips. As she moved to get a better position, her hips tilted and the vibrator slid in just deep enough to make her scream as Snape tented his index fingers to glide over her entire clit. Adrift in her release, her mind went blank as he milked more and more from her by continuing to rake his fingers over her overly sensitive clit and allowing the toy to continue plunging into her.

Unable to take one second more, she bit his tongue none too gently and he released her aching cunt from its pleasurable vise. She barely registered when he gathered his wand and ceased the spell, turning off the toy. Chest heaving, her head lolled on his shoulder. Idly, she wondered when she might have enough breath to speak or leave.

Before she could try either, he spoke.

"I haven't the faintest idea why you thought my chambers would be the ideal spot for a quick bondage session, but I'm willing to hear your explanation, Miss Tonks."

She groaned.

"I'm waiting," he said, a trifle more impatiently.

"I'm not answering," she said loftily, trying desperately to summon her normal courage and cheek.

"Your little show of bravado doesn't interest me," he said softly, and his voice and hair tickled her ear. "This does."

Ten fingertips began at her lips and skimmed lightly down her breasts, abdomen and pelvis. A shot of pure sensation ran through her and she felt her body tighten and her tongue loosen.

"I had a fantasy about you fucking me," she said, her words running together in a torrent. "It's more real to be face down in your bed than mine."

"Hmm," he rumbled, stroking her again and watching in amusement as her body arched to meet his touch. He assumed his silkiest tones. "Perhaps I can accede to your requests."

Tonks stiffened indignantly. "Don't make fun."

"Oh, my dear, I'm making the most of it."

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"Do me the one courtesy of showing your real self."

Her shock over his request must have communicated itself to him, because he actually laughed a bit, deep in his chest.

"You needn't worry about a spy revealing your true identity," he whispered.

Keeping another set of looks on all day was a necessary evil, she supposed, but it always seemed when she woke up her own face was looking back at her. Sighing, she gingerly turned over on his chest and stared him in the eye before changing.

Her pink hair darkened dramatically and lengthened into loose waves of chestnut brown. Her face took on marked similarities to the unmistakable Black family visage. Dark eyes looked at him intently.

"Me," she said simply. He nodded, black eyes glittering in the candlelight.

After a long moment of eye contact, Severus broke the gaze and reached for his wand. She recognized a contraceptive spell and a spell to remove clothes. Within a few seconds, he was hard and hot underneath her.

"Allow me," he murmured, lifting her hips off him and letting his cock spring up.

Expecting a little more foreplay, Tonks was mildly disappointed when he slid inside her. But only mildly, as his hard cock reached deep and she felt the delicious shiver that can only be experienced on the first stroke. She tried hard not to let her eyes cross from the sensation.

Thinking he was waiting on her, she rose to her knees, preparing to slide back down on him and begin a rhythm.

"No, no," he muttered. "Be still. Come here."

And with a few small, subtle shifts, he was completely inside her and she was lying fully on his chest, breasts pressed against him. His eyelids closed a bit and he sighed happily, a tiny smile quirked the corners of his mouth.

"It's been...a while," he said enigmatically. "I'd like to enjoy this."

Strong fingers speared through her hair and once again she was meeting his lips. The kiss became fiercer, and soon both of them were panting and curtained in her dark, wavy locks. She thought she would melt when he sucked on her tongue and stroked it firmly with his own.

Tonks gasped when she finally felt him moving his hips ever so slightly, and the tiny movements of his length inside her were just enough to set off a constant stream of tingles running through her abdomen. Unable to stay still, she let her own body begin a rhythm to build a tiny bit of pleasurable friction.

She never would have pegged Severus Snape as a kisser. But here he was, ravenously but gently exploring her mouth, licking her delicate ear, suckling softly just behind her earlobe. For the most part, she was unable to reciprocate, and it was due to a mixture of sweet abandonment and complete and total surprise at the skillful manner in which he handled her.

Suddenly he broke off a kiss, leaving her wide-eyed and gasping. He noted her bereft expression with a small smile, then proceeded to prod her into a sitting position with him still inside her.

"What are you doing?" she asked breathlessly, squirming a bit as the new angle made him seem almost uncomfortably large within her.

"Enjoying," he said lightly, bringing deft hands to her breasts and brushing her nipples. She clearly didn't believe this, and he elaborated for her benefit.

"Someone like myself so rarely has the opportunity to bed comely young witches," he explained in her ear, between tiny licks of her lobe. "I find burying myself inside allows me to enjoy the heat and softness that is often ignored during intercourse."

His words apparently struck a chord, because she shivered and he felt her muscles contract around him slightly. With heavy-lidded eyes, she allowed a smirk to cross her lips and she spoke.

"Interesting idea. I think we should explore it further."

She was warm and soft in his lap, not to mention around him. He sat up enough to allow her to wrap her legs around his chest, then bent her back slightly so he could

access her breasts. Tonks, ever accommodating, leaned back on her own, supporting herself by planting her hands on the bed and allowing him free rein.

"I think I should very much like to hear your fantasy," Severus said wickedly, tweaking her nipples between thumb and forefinger.

"I think you should very much concentrate on what you're doing," she returned, the sass in her voice somewhat lessened by gasps of pleasure.

"I think you know perfectly well I can both take care of you and listen to your tale of debauchery."

He was inside her, and probably wasn't planning on going anywhere soon. She decided perhaps she could let a little of it slip.

Severus listened raptly as he plucked her ripe, full nipples and circled them with his tongue. She began to describe a scenario in which she visited him in his dungeon laboratory to ask questions about a certain potion's efficacy in fighting Dark magic, whereupon they would disagree vociferously on its use and he would drive his point home while bending her over his desk and pounding into her from behind.

He could feel her body lubricating itself all over again as she recounted her fantasy of bringing herself off while he spoke highly descriptive words to her until she exploded, then having him suck her essence from her fingers.

Gradually, he began to slide his finger around her clit, while still massaging her breasts. She was quite taken with her own storytelling, and he decided to increase her arousal by manipulating the tiny bud that held so many sexual nerves.

She could barely finish her last flight of fancy, breathing heavily as he concentrated on her folds, tracing the sensitive tissue around her entrance where they were joined, running light fingertips over her swollen nub.

Severus could barely wait any longer. Her stories inflamed him, and he was full to bursting with desire.

"Tonks," he breathed. "Now."

"God, yes," she returned, pushing herself up on shaky arms and letting him flip them over.

She barely registered how fast he spread her legs and arranged them against his chest and shoulders, just that it afforded him an excellent angle in which to plunge into her. The first thrust drew a grunt from him, and then he applied himself with gusto, pounding into her without reserve.

In between the exquisite shocks his broad head was coaxing from her sheath, she tried to focus on his face for a few moments. Severus's head was thrown back, a feral smile barely visible on his lips. A flush was suffusing his normally pale, almost sallown skin, and he glowed with vitality.

His head snapped forward, and the hard glitter in his black eyes told her something was amiss. Previously, he had been a short distance away, now he dropped down on his elbows and brought his face to within inches of hers, bending her legs back further than she ever believed they would go. She was so open that every pump of his hips was starting to make her eyes cross a little.

"Forgive me my loss of control," he growled, nipping the back of her calf, which was handily resting under his forearm. "Your tight little cunt is making me a bit...unhinged."

Moments later, he slammed his hips into hers so hard she cried out in sweet pain and he came inside her with an almighty groan. She hadn't come, but it barely registered in the aftermath of his punishing but satisfying strokes. She lay beneath him, panting.

Severus collapsed to her side, careful not to just flop atop her, though he wouldn't have minded. Rivulets of sweat ran down his cheeks, plastering some of his hair to his skin. His back was equally soaked, and he was glad for the cooling charms he kept on the room. Tonks was laying quietly, her hand flung over her eyes, perspiration slicking the valley between her breasts.

She didn't mind the time after sex, though it was a bit messy. She could feel their combined fluids begin to roll out of her, and she simply spread her legs a bit to make herself more comfortable until she felt strong enough to summon her wand.

Fingertips stroking her thigh woke her from a doze, and she started a bit at the light touch.

"I suppose I should be going," she murmured reluctantly, loath to leave this warm little cocoon of sex and Snape.

"On the contrary," he returned, shifting his position on the bed to insinuate himself between her legs. "I think you should be coming."

His wry joke was not lost on her, but she tipped her head up so she could look down her body and meet his eyes.

"What are you on about?" she asked quizzically.

His mouth was hidden from her view by her dark pubic curls, but his smile manifested itself in his eyes. She found herself being dragged to the side of the bed and once again spread wide to his feasting eyes and hungry mouth.

"Hush," he said in severe tones, leaning in and licking their mixed essences from her swollen, shiny nether lips.

Her eyes widened as she realized what he was doing.

"But you just..." she began, and he silenced her with a look.

"I know very well what I'm doing, and I anticipate a favorable reaction on your part."

With that curt reply, he busied himself with tasting each and every crevice of her pink folds, more often than not bringing the flavor of male and female to his tongue. When he was satisfied he had explored the entire region, he set about indirectly stimulating her clitoris, hoping that the slow build-up would lead to a more powerful release for her.

Unlike the few other women he had ever graced with this action, she was not bucking into him, nor grinding his face into her by way of his hair. It was true that she was looking to latch onto something, though, judging by the rhythmic fists she was flexing and releasing as she undulated softly under his ministrations.

He had mostly been using his hands to hold her apart to his liking, but it appeared she was quite entrenched in the position and wasn't likely to move until he made her shudder with orgasm. Her cries were less vocal than before, and he almost had to strain to hear her breathy moans. Reaching up with his newly freed hands, he threaded his fingers through hers and she clenched his hands hard.

Tonks could feel her thighs trembling, and the sweet ache of well-worked muscles built as she tried to move herself so she could feel more of his lovely rough tongue.

"Severus," she groaned, trying to put her need into the fewest words possible. "I..."

In an instant, he moved his tongue a fraction of an inch to the side and now he was *just right* and she was crying out and coming and he was releasing one of her hands to spear his long fingers inside her as she contracted. He continued his relentlessly soft assault until he was sure he had wrung every orgasm, every aftershock, from her.

As she was coming down from her climax, he rested his head on her thigh. Taking stock of himself, he was more than a bit surprised to realize he was hard again. He knew he would recover, but perhaps Tonks' rousing orgasm persuaded his organ to reawaken a bit sooner.

He dragged himself up the bed, pulling her with him and arranging them so they were once again lying in the center of his comforter. Careful not to crowd her, he lay on his side next to her, his erection pressed against her hip. Lazily, a slender hand moved to encircle him.

"Would be a shame to waste this," she said ruefully. "But I don't know if I can take any more of this battering ram tonight."

Male pride swelled at her reference to his penis.

"I did not mean to overly tire you," he allowed. "My enthusiasm was in rare form."

"What to do, what to do?" she mused, stroking his heavy balls. "I know. I've always wanted to see a bloke rub one out."

"Excuse me?" he queried, and she could practically hear his raised eyebrow.

"You know. Stroke off. Bash the bishop. Polish the knob."

"I understand your euphemisms perfectly. I simply wish to know how I can accomplish your request without moving from this bed and with a minimum of effort," Severus said, feeling fatigue begin to creep through his veins.

"Oh, I think I can orchestrate this," she said smugly. "Lie on your back."

"With pleasure," he grunted, placing his head on his pillows and moving to lie flat.

He was pleased to note that she moved gingerly, slowly positioning herself atop him. She straddled his thighs, letting her knees take most of her weight off him. When she finally found her desired spot, she was a few inches away from his jutting cock.

It stood straight up, and she smiled at him as she wrapped her hands around him for a moment.

"I want you to come all over my tits," she stated.

He quickly replaced her hands with his own right hand, stroking himself firmly, his eyes never leaving hers. She scooted close enough that occasionally his knuckles would brush her clit and she would shiver and moan.

"Now I know why you keep that thing hidden away," she murmured, gesturing to his cock. "You let the general female populace know about it, and you'd never have a free moment."

A chuckle escaped him, made harsh by his heavy breathing.

"I only bring it out on special occasions," he managed.

"Like Christmas," she giggled. "Comes once a year."

With that, he groaned and exploded over her abdomen, anointing her breasts and stomach with warm ejaculate.

"Christmas came early!" she snickered, rubbing a bit of his seed into her taut nipple.

"Only because I had no desire to listen to your vapid jokes," he rejoined tartly, tracing a pattern around her navel.

She brought his hand to her mouth, licking off stray drops of semen.

Finally, she released his hand, and looked down at him.

"Do we have the strength to get a shower?" she asked.

"Certainly not, wench. Did you not hear me earlier when I said I wasn't leaving this bed?"

"I did," she hedged. "But..."

"Oh, calm down," he commanded, retrieving his wand. "I've no intention of sleeping hot and sticky. Lovely as a shower sounds, I regret to inform you that my middle-aged calves will not support me long enough to get there. And were I to make it to the shower stall, I would collapse upon the floor and drown blissfully."

"I get the idea," she chuckled, letting him aim precise cleaning spells to freshen up their bodies and the bed.

Somehow he managed to maneuver the bedclothes down around to the foot of the bed so they could arrange themselves on the cool sheets below. An artful wave of his wand snuffed the now-guttering candles.

Finally, Severus set his wand down on the floor beside the bed.

"Sleep is in order," he said, and it sounded like an order, as well.

If he wasn't going to kick her out just now, she could luxuriate in those Severus-scented sheets and imprint this in her mind just a bit more. This would have to go in her Pensieve, lest she forget it.

And then she forgot everything as sleep enveloped her and she snuggled deeply into the down comforter and Severus.

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When she woke some hours later, dawn was just beginning to peek through his window. Her muscles screamed at her for blatant misuse, but she'd needed the exercise anyway. Careful not to wake the still-sleeping Severus, she peeled the covers off and lit on the cool, bare floor.

As silently as she could, she gathered her discarded clothing, robe, vibrator and wand. Donning the robe and hiding everything else beneath it, she made for the door.

"Perhaps the next time you have the urge to act out such a scenario, you will seek out the real thing instead of a facsimile."

She turned sharply to face him, but he was still lying in bed, seemingly asleep. Only the tiny smirk on his lips gave him away.

"Potions taught me that. Never use a substitute when you have the original."

~finis~

Author Notes:

1. Thank you to CinnamonGrrl for borrowing one of her phrases.

2. Substitutionary Locomotion: Not just a song in Disney's *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, but a handy spell to control inanimate objects.
3. Obvious reference to "the girl in her PJs" line from the Mexican restaurant scene between Metatron and Bethany in *Dogma*. Impressive, nonetheless. :)