

Substitutionary Locomotion: Vignettes

by sunshinefanfics

A three-part exploration of Tonks' fantasies from my fic Substitutionary Locomotion.
These may be read alone, but may make more sense after having read SL first.

Gregory's Unctuous Unction

Chapter 1 of 2

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The rebuilding of Hogwarts was complete. After almost two years of being away from the huge castle, its inhabitants began to drift back and take up residence again. Albus Dumbledore had updated and modernized a few things, but on the whole it was the same drafty stone castle it had always been.

Right down to the dungeons. Severus Snape had succinctly threatened Albus with emasculation if the headmaster tampered with the temperature, location and general disposition of his subterranean classroom, laboratory and quarters. He moved all his things back in with swift efficiency, eager to spread out in his home again after being cramped in the less-than-savory 12 Grimmauld Place.

In the almost two years the staff of Hogwarts spent at the aging home, there had been precious little of note. Albus looked at the time as an extended sabbatical for all involved, and many had brushed up on skills, reworked lesson plans, visited friends and family, traveled.

Severus had done all of those things, save for visit friends and family. He had no immediate family, and anyone he could remotely consider a friend was right there in close proximity. He had traveled to several remote locations to gather ingredients, and one week had attended a Potions conference in which he received an award.

Upon returning from that conference, he did something he hadn't done in several years. He found himself well and truly fucked by a willing woman. Even now, nearly six months after the encounter, Severus had filed the entire night away in his Pensieve and visited it with regularity.

The woman in question was Nymphadora Tonks, fellow professor and co-instructor of the Defence Against the Dark Arts course. Oh, that flea-bitten werewolf was the other instructor, but Severus felt he hardly counted.

Severus had returned on the last night of the conference to find Tonks having a bit of fun on his bed in 12 Grimmauld Place, and had joined her for some of the hottest sex he had ever enjoyed in his forty-odd years. The Metamorphagus admitted to him, during the course of some excellent foreplay, that she had had several fantasies revolving around him. Upon her exit the next morning, Severus lazily told her she was free to seek him out should she require fulfillment of said erotic scenarios.

So far, there was not a peep out of her. Oh, sure, she treated him very well, always sparing him a warm smile, but she had never given him reason to believe she was interested in extending their encounter. Severus merely decided he was lucky to have stumbled upon her in the first place, and did not take her actions as a personal affront.

The only reason he had chanced to remember the encounter was when he uncovered his Pensieve while unpacking. Smirking a bit, he gently carried the delicate bowl into

his private quarters and placed it into a stand next to his bed. While in his bedroom, he finally stripped off his frock coat. He was nearly done for the day, after all, and planned on escaping to his study for some reading before bed.

But he still had a few things to put to rights in the classroom. Boots thudding mutely on the flagstones, he exited his rooms and re-entered his teaching space. There were two more boxes that required sorting, and after that was finished, he could count himself completely prepared for the coming term's dunderheads. They would be arriving in five months, far too soon for his taste.

The boxes were full of his new lesson plans and notes. His teachings needed to be substantially reworked, as there were fewer protective brews needed after the fall of the Dark Lord. Some were still on the curriculum, but Severus found himself tailoring the agenda to take in the current, far less volatile political climate.

He levitated the boxes to his desk, where he sat and methodically discarded old work and filed new papers. As he was finishing the first box, the classroom door banged open and a meaty thump accompanied the slamming of the door.

"Whoa!" Tonks cried in surprise, stumbling across the threshold and landing haphazardly inside his doorway. "Must have tripped on something!"

Severus looked up, startled.

"Miss Tonks, to what do I owe the pleasure of your interruption?" he asked tiredly. He watched as the witch gathered herself gracelessly and bopped toward his desk.

"I had a question," she said brightly, plopping herself down at the student work table nearest him.

He raised his eyebrow at her, less out of disgust and more just because it was easier than forming a response.

"I've been doing some studying, and I wanted your professional and personal opinion on a Defence technique Remus and I are thinking about teaching."

Severus snorted inelegantly. He'd never quite gotten over the bitterness of being passed by for that position, though it had dulled through the years.

Her eyes narrowed. "What's so funny?"

"The two of you, teaching."

"Well, thankfully it's Albus' decision, not yours. May I ask you my question now?" she returned tartly, looking peeved.

"Yes, you may, and only because you requested to do so in the grammatically correct manner."

"Whatever," she said dismissively, waving her hand. "I'd like to ask your thoughts on the use of Gregory's Unctuous Unction during battle."

Severus nearly choked with laughter at her ridiculous question.

"Gregory's Unctuous Unction?" he said incredulously. "Are you out of your mind? Why in the world would you use that?"

Her face darkened, and he could tell he was obviously crushing her well-intentioned question. Her pink-hued lips twisted stubbornly and she narrowed her eyes.

"Well, why the hell not? If you splash it on someone it..."

"I'm well aware of how the Unction functions," he said, resolutely ignoring her tittering giggle when he unintentionally rhymed his response. "But it's never been tested under those conditions..." he said, looking at her.

Tonks was regarding him strangely, and he had the creeping feeling that something was going on and he wasn't in on the joke. Her own brown eyebrows arched and she licked her lips.

Suddenly, it hit him in the gut.

"I have a fantasy in which I ask you about a potion's use in Defence, and we disagree over its use..."

"Ahem," he said, clearing his throat and feeling strangely discombobulated. "Perhaps your question merits some discussion."

"Thank you," she said, smiling broadly. Severus could have sworn her eyes twinkled. "As I was saying, if you splash it on someone, the splashee will think the splasher is his best friend. It could potentially diffuse dangerous situations."

"Miss Tonks, surely you recall during the final battle that you did not have time for thinking about potions, but rather stunning and killing spells?"

"It's Tonks, *Severus*," she said fiercely, and he got the distinct impression she would not warn him again. For the time being, he decided to ignore her impertinence in using his first name.

"Yes, Tonks, well? Do you recall having presence of mind to pull a vial out of your robes, uncork it, and ask the Death Eater attacking you to hold still so you could shower his face in that disagreeable pink liquid?"

"I would be lying if I said I did," she allowed, unbuttoning her long black robe. Tonks crossed her legs, and Snape could see her slender, sockless ankles disappearing into ratty, worn lavender trainers with gray laces.

"So why are you even suggesting this course of action?" he inquired, sitting a bit higher in his imposing black leather desk chair.

"I'm sure there could be someone trained in its use," she pressed on, her face taking a determined set. "Perhaps someone who is less skilled with the powerful spells, but could be used to surprise the attacker from behind, and then convince them to turn themselves in."

"I hardly see how this would work in hand-to-hand combat," he returned nastily, determined to raise her ire.

"It's just something I thought of," she said defensively, crossing her arms and shifting in the chair. "I don't see *you* having any better ideas."

"Are you mad?" he roared incredulously, incensed now. He leaped up from behind the desk, balling his fists and banging them on his leather blotter.

"How dare you!" he spat. "Most of the battle tactics we employed were designed straight from my reconnaissance and intelligence!"

Insolently, she rocked the chair back on its legs and hoisted her own to the top of the table, letting her now unbuttoned robe part and reveal her clothing. As the halves of the robe fluttered to her sides, he could see her bare legs leading into a shamefully short skirt that was a reasonable facsimile of Hogwarts standard issue. Her well-formed torso was poured into a cardigan, *sans* crisp white oxford button down.

Tonks linked her arms behind her head, rocking back and forth, giving a very fired up Snape some alluring lines of sight right up her little Muggle miniskirt.

"So why didn't you think of using the Unction?" she questioned, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. "I mean, you were close enough to Death Eaters, you could have slipped them a never-ending supply of it and had them eating out of your hand!"

"Oh, you little bitch," he swore softly, just loud enough for her to hear.

Somewhere deep in the vicinity of Tonks' navel, a dark, raw pull shot straight to her core and she shivered. She couldn't recall him ever resorting to name calling, and she was pretty sure he was *extremely* discomfited. His eyes seemed blacker than black, and a little fear ran down her spine.

Had she gone too far? All she had really wanted was to indulge one of her fantasies, not piss him off for life. Maybe she should test the waters, and make her escape if need be.

"So what you're really saying is that I've thought of something you haven't and it's making you mad with jealousy?" she teased, feeling her nipples tighten.

Severus was still standing behind his desk, frozen in abject anger. His beady eyes trained on her lush mouth and then down. Maybe if he could look somewhere other than her challenging eyes he could calm down from his bout with real fury.

Her nipples were pointedly poking the soft fabric of her thin jumper.

In a split second, he swept around the corner of the desk and was standing behind her chair. Severus thrust his hands under her armpits and hauled her up to stand.

Tonks' heart went wild, beating double time as he spun her around. Taking advantage of her unbuttoned robe, she shrugged it off her shoulders just before he clamped down on her upper arms.

His face lowered to hers, and hanks of his hair swung forward as he brought their noses so close they were nearly touching.

"Were we dueling with each other, would you have presence of mind to douse me in Unction?" he snarled softly, pushing her around again until her hands found purchase on the small table.

"Perhaps you need a lesson in hand-to-hand combat, Auror Tonks," he continued, addressing her with her formal title. "Have you so quickly forgotten the rules of engagement?"

She felt broad hands sweeping up and over the exposed backs of her thighs, shoving her skirt over her bum.

"Sweet Circe," he muttered, seeing and feeling her bare, rounded behind. Roughly he massaged the cheeks, hearing her groan and feeling it tug his now-insistent erection.

"Keep your enemy off-balance," she murmured, for his ears only. "The element of surprise is often an important advantage."

Leaning down to the table, she lifted her backside as high as she could, standing on her tiptoes. Tonks backed up a bit, trying to brush herself against Snape's obvious bulge.

A sharp smack on her rump opened her eyes wide and she squeaked as Snape kicked her feet further apart. Looking over her shoulder, she saw that the thin, lean man had shucked his wool trousers and shorts, cock hard and ready for her. Her back arched involuntarily, remembering how well that fleshy wand brought down her wards.

Moments later, his hands held her apart and he plunged unerringly into her warm, wet core.

"Fuck!" she shuddered, feeling a wicked tingle rush through her and weaken her body.

Long, brutal strokes bumped her thighs continually into the relatively short work table, sure to bruise on the morrow. Tonks' breath came in a steady stream of ragged gasps as Severus began to lecture.

"Do you really...think...that Death Eaters wouldn't know...the Unction?" he bit out, now supporting himself with one hand on the table, enabling him to lean down over her while his hips pounded mercilessly into her.

"We, who can throw off Imperius or Cruciatius," he panted thickly, letting her moans wash over him.

"You think we couldn't resist a fucking pink potion?" he finished, grinding into her, reaching under her cardigan to pinch a nipple.

Thanking the gods for his sudden above-average coordination, he bit her earlobe in time with his thrusts.

Tonks, who had been mostly silent, finally spoke up.

"I don't know," she said, words punctuated by his penetrations. "I need more evidence.*Harder.*"

He groaned. With great difficulty, he managed to shove himself one-handed back to an upright position. For a moment, his vision swam dizzily and he had to steady himself with both hands on her hips.

Sorely tempted to use a levitating charm, he instead gripped her hips as tightly as he could and lifted her just enough bring her even with his rampant cock. She had been slightly below him before, but now, at waist level, he could let himself go.

"Oh," he grunted, entering her at a different angle. Tonks shrieked in surprise, not expecting the new position to affect her so quickly. Normally, it took some pretty inventive fucking to make her come without any clitoral stimulation. Whatever he was doing, he was dragging that mushroom head against something deep within her and she felt an insane urge to pee.

Gathering all her wits, she tried to relax enough to let the sensation pass, coherent enough to realize she was on the verge of an unholy orgasm.

"If you come before I do," she said shakily, abandoning all pretense of their little squabble, "I'll hex your bollocks off. I'm so damn close."

"Understood," he muttered, trying to fix his gaze on something other than her glistening, drenched folds gobbling his cock.

With all his might, he trained his eyes on the blackboard, letting his vision become soft and blurry again. Reveling in the heat of her body, he mustered the last vestiges of his wiry strength and thumped into her hard. Motivated by his own desire to empty himself inside her, he tried to keep the pace punishing.

"*Snape!*" she keened suddenly, clenching tightly around him.

And he had hit heaven. Pushing through that contracting tunnel of flesh, he felt his balls roil and erupt, spurting thickly inside her. With a throttled shout, he felt his knees turn to water and found himself landing hard on the cold stone floor, bare bottom chilled instantly.

"Shit!" he yelled, jumping up from the freezing floor and collapsing next to her on the table.

She found it within her sated self to laugh, letting it start deep in her belly and roll outward, sides heaving with mirth. She knew she must have been a sight; Snape's seed streaming down her inner thighs, short skirt rucked up above her waist, body half-supported by some future first year's work table. But still she laughed, turning her head toward the thunder-faced man beside her.

"Oh, Snape," she giggled. "That was some big finish."

He glowered at her silently, still trying to regain his breath. He closed his eyes to block out the sight of the brown-haired woman guffawing at his expense, when he remembered they hadn't cast a contraceptive spell.

"Oh, no. Oh no!" Severus mumbled, images of little Metamorphagus Snape babies --spontaneously changing hair color in their cribs -- running amok in his mind. "Contraceptive spell!" he sputtered.

"It's okay," she said. "I cast my own and took the potion before I came in. I didn't exactly want to ruin my little scenario*Oh, and before we have a verbal fistfight, won't you sterilize me?*" she giggled.

His shoulders sagged in relief. "Perhaps you are correct," he allowed. "Regardless of whether or not our activities continue, I shall provide you with contraceptive potion."

"Aw, gee," she said, rolling her eyes good-naturedly. "You sure know how to make a girl feel sexy."

"I am positive you do not require reassurance on that particular subject," Severus returned, finally finding the strength to stand.

She did the same, her expressive eyes regarding him as she pushed her dark mane out of the way. Leaning over to pick up her discarded robe, she righted herself with a smile.

"Why, Severus Snape, I think that was a compliment out of your snaky mouth," she said, smiling at him. "I'll remember that for next time."

Aural Sex

Chapter 2 of 2

A three-part exploration of Tonks' fantasies from my fic Substitutionary Locomotion. These may be read alone, but may make more sense after having read SL first.

Severus Snape walked through the drafty dungeon corridors, wending his way underground. He'd just finished delivering Nymphadora Tonks' contraceptive potion, and the used vials were clenched securely in his hand.

Severus had returned from a Potions conference several months back to find the lusty Metamorphagus in his bed, and during the course of their coupling she admitted fantasizing about him. After returning to Hogwarts to prepare for the coming term, she had surprised him in his classroom and he had taken her hard up against a student work table. The second session in particular had fulfilled one of the erotic scenarios she had described to him during their first encounter.

There had been nothing regular between them, save for the brewing and delivery of contraceptive potion. After their second go-round Severus insisted on compounding her potion himself, regardless of whether or not their assignments continued. And so here he found himself returning from her Defence Against the Dark Arts classroom with four clinking glass vials.

She was not in the classroom as she normally was. Severus refused to deliver to her if he knew she would not be there, so they had set up a specific time. The first meeting had gone like clockwork. The second had as well. And now...well, now he had no idea where she was.

She had left the empties lying on her desktop, and he shuddered to think that someone might discern what had formerly been in the delicate tubes. Though he knew it would be nigh on impossible unless someone tested its properties, the idea of his personal arrangements becoming public knowledge made him ill.

Severus fairly stomped his way back to the classroom, muttering about unpredictable Metamorphmagi. Reaching the heavy door, he knocked nose-first into heavy wards. Rubbing his beaky proboscis, he scowled. He recognized these wards. Signature spells compliments of Auror Tonks.

Cursing under his breath, he systematically broke through and opened the door.

Tonks sat nude on his expansive desk, facing away from him. Her long brown hair streamed down her back, and she was supporting herself with one slender arm. Strong thighs were spread and propped up, her legs undeniably wide open. Her other arm rested in the crease between her pelvis and right thigh, hidden from sight from the forearm down.

Severus had to squeeze his fingers together to keep from dropping those glass vials on the unforgiving stone floor. It seemed like twenty years of sharp control over his body just evaporated and all he could hear was his own noisy breathing and Tonks' mewling sounds. She was sighing softly, undulating to her own rhythms.

"I also have this fantasy..." he could hear her saying breathily in his mind, and his unruly cock filled in the blanks. Unlike last time, when she had nearly had to hold up a placard with her wishes, he knew what scenario she was wanting now.

Gathering himself, he strode briskly to the front of the room, noting that she had cleared the entire desktop of his quills, inkstand and myriad parchments. Banishing the vials to a utility sink with a flick of his hand, Severus approached the naked nymph on his desk.

Placing a black-clad arm on either side of her, he leaned his head close to hers. His lips touched the shell of her ear.

"Miss Tonks," he said smoothly, his voice carrying no farther than their bodies. "What a surprise, to find you naked and defiling my desk."

Her only response was an inarticulate moan, and he gazed down between breasts to the neat patch of brown curls in which her fingers were steadily working.

"Is it not enough for you to bind yourself to my bedposts, or to waltz in here and force me to fuck you hard against a desk? Now you see the need to anoint this desk with your scent, so that every time I sit here your musk will permeate my senses," he whispered, delicately running his tongue over her earlobe.

"Oh, God," she murmured, tilting her head to give him better access. "Keep talking."

"Oh, but there is much to say," he hissed, stroking her spine with a fingertip and delighting in how she arched underneath his touch. Tonks shuddered violently and Snape could see her nipples crinkle even more, diamond hard and ready.

"You put on a good show," he allowed. "But are you an exhibitionist at heart, or is this little display merely for my benefit?"

When she didn't answer, Snape continued on. "Or perhaps this is for your benefit. After all, you've professed a liking for my voice. Could anyone else do this for you?"

Suddenly she lurched, and the hand that had been supporting her flew to her center and her attack on her clit became more frenzied. Severus allowed his chest to hold her up, and took the opportunity to slide his arms around her so he could cup her neglected breasts.

He was silent for a few moments, watching as his long fingers rolled and pinched her nipples while she moaned and writhed in his arms. She shivered, and her vocalizations were becoming more pronounced.

"You're quite the closet hedonist," he remarked, stroking the tender skin under callused fingertips. "I'm surprised you don't have your little plastic friend here with you."

Tonks mewled in response, and he barreled on, dropping his voice to the lowest possible register.

"You made a beautiful spectacle of yourself in my room that night," he whispered. "Your round little arse in the air, cunt pink and dripping for all to see. That arse. Mmm. I will have that arse."

Her breath came in a surprised gasp and she pressed back against his chest, head lolling slightly. Severus licked the spot where her neck turned into her shoulder, and continued his monologue.

"I will have that smart mouth around my cock. I ache to fill it so fewer words spill out."

Tonks' audible responses were making him impossibly hard. Her body was just at the height where he could grind his erection into the small of her back, layers of wool between them.

"I will one day tie you up and make you beg for my mouth, my cock. Make you moan for release. Make you plead for me," he said, a hint of smirk in his tone.

"Oh."

Suddenly Severus found himself with an armful of Tonks as her orgasm came crashing quietly over her. He could see the muscles in her thighs throb as she tried to curl her body up and prolong the seething pleasure.

He held her for many minutes and she seemed content to let him support her. Her lack of chatter was curious, and he wondered if he had angered her with his possessive words. He decided to wait it out, figuring that it wouldn't be too long before she couldn't stand the silence any more.

Severus pacified himself by stroking her sides, long hands sometimes straying over her upper thighs.

Finally she moved away from him, propping herself on two spaghetti-like arms.

"Oh, God, Snape," she said, hanging her head low. "I, I, well..."

She could feel his hands clench on her quivering flesh.

"Have I done something...offensive?" he asked, voice strained.

"Merlin, no!" she said with more feeling. "I'm just a bit tuckered out."

"I see," he said stiffly, letting go of her.

Her head whipped around and she locked eyes with him. "I didn't say let go."

This seemed to placate him and his arms came around her again.

"I was practicing being quiet there," she snickered softly. "Fat lot of good that did me."

He snorted derisively.

"Oh, can it," she replied, smiling. "Come here and sit in your chair."

He found this intensely appealing, as he would have a bird's eye view of her folds and the musky essence that even now, he suspected, was soaking into the worn wood of his desk. Removing his hands from her body, he gracefully cornered the desk and sat in his black leather chair.

He avoided looking directly at her center and instead trained his eyes on hers. "Yes?"

She smiled a tired, sated smile. "Just unbutton those trousers and be quiet about it."

"Yes, Mistress," he snarked.

"Much as I like the sound of that...for the last time, shut up."

Her eyes watched his hands like a hawk as his ever-so-slightly trembling fingers slipped the buttons through holes so he could free his erection. Once unfastened, he pulled his loose trousers down a bit so his pelvis was exposed. When he felt he had undressed to her liking, he lifted dark eyes to hers and quirked an eyebrow.

She motioned him closer, and he silently rolled the chair closer to her. Tonks worked her way to the edge of the desk and held out her arms to him. As she slipped off the edge, he guided her unerringly over his erection.

She was hot and slick, feeling like an exquisite brand over his skin. She sighed softly when fully seated on him. He was taken aback when she draped her arms around him and nestled her head in the crook of his neck. He didn't often find himself with a lap full of lithe, satisfied woman and was a bit unnerved at the apparent tenderness.

She was content to sit for a few minutes, merely enjoying the sensation of him inside her. His hands were joined in the small of her back and she liked the warmth he radiated.

"I could get used to this," she sighed, licking his ear delicately. Severus grunted in response, tilting his head slightly so she could have better access to his sensitive lobe. She continued to languidly lick and caress him until he turned his head suddenly and their lips met.

Tonks didn't think his lips should be so soft, what with the trash he normally spouted. But here, they were warm, responsive, demanding. When he finally began to move her over his erection, he paired it with a kiss that made her head spin.

Their moans were quiet, not reaching the cold air of the classroom. She found her own rhythm with his help, and they were straining toward ecstasy one long moment at a time. Lazily, she slipped her hand between them to give her throbbing clit some attention.

"Your body is hungry for me," he whispered. "You take all of me and want more."

"Yes," she said simply, angling her body more. "But it's clear you want to give."

Her words ran a shock through him, gripped his very core. He pulled her down against him hard, suddenly unable to hold back his release any longer.

"Come with me," he choked out. Without warning, she rose on her toes, letting him have room in which to take long thrusts. He watched her pull the delicate tissue around her clit taut as she furiously stroked.

"I could watch you...touch...yourself...all day," he ground out.

She cried out and he buried himself within her as her body constricted. Severus kept pushing, pushing through that beautiful tightness until he let himself go. He came with a guttural growl, and Tonks buried her face in his shoulder, whimpering quietly.

Finally they began to move, after the stickiness of pooled liquid couldn't be borne by Severus any longer.

"You and I are all over me," he quipped, untangling Tonks from his upper body and helping her to stand. He remained seated as Tonks handed him his wand so he could vanish the lovely mess collected in his nether region. Severus couldn't help but feel a pang of deep male pride when he noticed how unsteady Tonks was on her feet. Of course, she was *always* unsteady, but he had provided some extra teetering if he did say so himself.

"I don't really want to go, but I noticed your pile of fourth-year essays," she said, indicating one of the taller stacks of parchment she'd cleared from his desk. "I read a little bit of them, and from the looks of it, you're going to have a very long evening."

Severus grimaced, knowing that she was correct in her assessment.

"Certainly our recent pursuits would be more agreeable than correcting those miserably cobbled together sentences."

She padded barefoot over the cold stone floor to where she had previously stowed her teaching robes and shoes. Gloriously nude and still a bit flushed, she bent at the waist to retrieve her trainers, giving Severus a perfect view of her lushly abused folds. He groaned and adjusted himself inside his now-fastened trousers.

"Witch," he grumbled. She righted herself and grinned cheekily as she pulled her long black robe around her and swept giggling out the door.

Severus sighed and summoned the offending essays to his desk. If he shifted just a little, and graded his papers in a spot slightly to the side of his normal position, he could indeed inhale her musk.