

Eve of Battle

by Good_Witch

Hermione surprises Snape on the eve of the Final Battle. They both get what they want. Dirty smut!

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Standard Disclaimer goes here.

Author's Note: Lots of naughtiness and dirty talk lie herein, so be warned if that's not your cup of tea! If it is, hope you enjoy! :) -Nicole

Eve of Battle

Snape was sitting in the worn wingback chair in front of his fireplace, staring into his snifter of amber liquid as if it were a crystal ball and he were attempting Divination. Wavering points of light swam along the surface of the brandy, reflecting the fire crackling before him. He knew he shouldn't be drinking, not this close to the final battle. *But*, he reminded himself, *it's not like I don't have potions at my disposal for any aftereffects.*

He was startled from his brooding by a knock at his chamber door. Irritably glancing at it, he growled under his breath, ready to hex whoever had the audacity to disturb him. Rising in one fluid movement, he stalked to the door, menace personified. Yanking the door open viciously, he was surprised to see his visitor. His eyes narrowed suspiciously and he sneered.

"What in all nine circles of Hell do you want?" He glared coldly and his lip curled in a hateful snarl.

Hermione Granger stood resolutely, gazing composedly up into his angry countenance. In a cool, businesslike tone, she said, "I would like to talk with you for a moment."

They stood, frozen, eyes locked. Snape bored his disdainful gaze into her, but she didn't quail. Finally, he spat, "And why should I give a damn what you would like?"

Hermione's eyes glinted and her lips twitched. Her light tone was belied by the underlying steel in her voice. "Because you want to get rid of me as quickly as possible, and you know that my Gryffindor persistence will keep me here until I get what I want. So, it's in your best interests to humor me."

Snape's eyebrow arched and he snorted. Cutting his eyes at her, he stepped back from the doorway and growled, "Consider yourself indulged. Now, hurry up and get out."

Hermione entered his quarters and he shut the door forcefully behind her, crossing his arms and glaring imposingly at her. Hermione looked at him speculatively. After a moment of silence, Snape hissed and shouted in exasperation, "Get on with it or get out!"

Hermione thinned her lips, inhaling deeply. Settling her shoulders, she lifted her chin and said, "The war ends tomorrow."

Snape blinked at her, clearly thinking she was losing her mind. Sarcastically, he drawled, "Yes. And your point...?"

Hermione stepped closer to him, invading his personal space. He stiffened in unease, eyeing her warily. She continued, "We could all be dead by this time tomorrow night."

Snape rolled his eyes and sucked in air between his teeth in annoyance. "Tell me something I don't know."

"I want to be with you, in case I never get the chance later."

Snape stared at her, struck dumb. After a beat, he bit out in a flat tone, "Excuse me?"

Hermione licked her lips and swept her gaze over him. She looked into his eyes again and resolutely said, "I want you to fuck me. There, that was something you didn't know, wasn't it?" Her lips turned up in a faint smile.

Snape's hands clenched so tight that his knuckles went white. His nostrils flared and he nearly panted in his fury. "How dare you speak to me in such a fashion! Is this one of Potter's little pranks? He and Weasley are just waiting outside this very minute, waiting for me to gratefully agree, so you can all throw it in my face! Oh yes, humiliate the greasy git, that's one of your favorite games, you and those imbeciles, isn't it? Isn't it?!" His voice climbed in volume and pitch as he raged, but Hermione seemed unperturbed.

"You haven't been this wrong in a very long time, Severus."

He actually stepped backward a pace, he was so shocked by her casual dismissal. In a dangerous hiss, he said, "What did you say? And you are *not* to use my given name!"

Hermione held his livid gaze and calmly replied, "I said you were wrong. Harry and Ron have no idea I'm here. They would have undoubtedly locked me in a broom closet before letting me come on this visit, had they known why I'm here. As for using your given name... I haven't been your student for several years, so forgive me for no longer wanting to call you 'Professor' or 'Sir.'"

Snape's eyes narrowed again. Hermione blithely added, "Feel free to use Legilimency or Veritaserum if you must. I'm being perfectly honest."

Snape's pulse was racing with the adrenaline rush of his fury. He still didn't believe her, but for her to make the offer of submitting to Legilimency or Veritaserum... well, that was a really high risk bluff. Calculatingly trying to buy more time and get more information with which he could determine what in bloody blazes was going on, he ventured, "Very well. Would you enlighten me on how you came to your sudden revelation?"

Hermione shrugged and said, "It's really not sudden at all. I had a crush on you in school, and you've just intrigued me more over the years in the Order. So mysterious, so brooding, so dangerous. You're intoxicating. I had hoped that perhaps I might be able to interest you somehow, but you just remained as aloof as ever. I thought that you might thaw after the war was over, but then that made me think about the fact that there's no certainty that either of us would survive. So, I decided that I had nothing to lose and came here. I know first hand how passionate you are in your hates and prejudices and anger, and I want to know first hand if you can channel that passion into something more positive... I've never had anyone light the fire in me that you do, and I want to go to battle tomorrow with no regrets of things left unsaid or undone, at least not if I had the chance to do something about it. Besides," and she quirked one corner of her mouth up in a wicked smirk, "there's something about facing my own mortality that makes me really randy."

She held his stunned gaze and raised one eyebrow. Daringly, she reached out and traced one finger lightly down his chest from his throat to his waist, chuckling when he pulled away before her finger could pass his navel. He retreated another step, incredulous. Hermione closed in on him again, determined.

In a low throaty whisper, she said, "Come now, Severus, surely there's a better way to relieve the stress on the eve of battle than getting drunk..." She moved in, letting one hand clasp his hip and the other grip his shoulder, sliding up into his hair. She pressed her breasts against him.

Snape froze. His throat seemed to constrict and he felt unable to breathe. He was blankly staring down at her, and she was lifting her face to his. She was gently pulling his head down. She was millimeters away from him. He could feel her breath on his face. She was going to kiss him...

Hermione pressed her lips to his firmly. He was like a statue. She gripped her fingers in his hair and slid her other hand over his hip and around to grab his ass, pulling him closer to her. She lightly traced her tongue over his unresponsive lips, seeking entrance. Hermione ground her hips against him, releasing his ass after a firm squeeze. She grabbed one of his hands and determinedly placed it on her ass. Then she twined her hand along the back of his neck and released his hair with her other hand. Reaching down, she took his free hand and firmly placed it on her breast, holding it there, caressing his knuckles. His hand twitched spasmodically and she moaned against his lips.

That moan was his undoing. Something within him snapped. His senses were on overload, filled with Hermione's presence. Her scent, her taste, the feel of her against him, the sound of her moan. He parted his lips and feverishly probed her mouth, his tongue ruthlessly fighting for dominance. Hermione squealed and shuddered in delight. Her hands frantically sped over his body, caressing him everywhere she could reach. Snape roughly palmed her breast, feeling her nipple harden in response. She ground her hips against him, suddenly feeling the hard heat that was growing, trapped between them.

Hermione wildly reached between them, tearing at his robes. Snape caught on and viciously ripped her robes open, yanking them down her arms, effectively trapping her. Hermione struggled to free her arms, but Snape released her mouth from his searing kiss and began laving her with hot wet nips and kisses, along her jaw, down her throat, over her collarbone, across her shoulders, between her breasts. He savagely bit at her nipples through the fabric of her bra, making her shriek with mingled pain and pleasure. His name was a drawn out hiss on her lips, "Severussss."

Finally, he pulled up, eyeing her intently as she wrenched her arms free of her robes, letting them fall at her feet. Holding his gaze, she reached back and unhooked her bra, peeling it away from her, tossing it to one side. Something between a growl and a purr issued from deep within Snape's throat. Hermione stepped toward him and brashly attacked his robes, attempting to strip him.

Snape grabbed her hands, seeing her wince slightly at the ferocity of his grip. Breathing heavily, he flung her hands away and began undressing. He jerked his chin at Hermione. Thickly, he rasped, "Strip. Now."

Hermione instantly complied, watching him hungrily. Standing unabashedly naked before him, she licked her lips in anticipation, watching his nimble fingers make short work of his buttons. Hermione's hands clenched over and over in abject lust. Her body was thrumming with desire. Snape shrugged out of his robes, tossing them to one side, and deftly pulled his shorts away from his erection, letting them drop to the floor. Facing Hermione, as naked as she was, he stepped toward her, out of his shorts. Hermione's eyes were traveling over him, devouring him.

Hermione couldn't bear it any longer and rushed to him, molding her body against his. She claimed his mouth, kissing him desperately. Her hands roamed over his back and down to grip his ass. She shivered at the pulsing heat jabbing her belly. In a frenzy, she trailed kisses and licks down his front, pausing to suck and bite at his nipples, hearing him hiss in response. Dropping to her knees, she gazed at his cock reverently. It bobbed in front of her, the head already glistening. Glancing up, she saw Snape watching her from under hooded lids, his face inscrutable. She leaned in, letting her hot breath wash over his smooth shaft. She gently reached up and wrapped her forefinger and thumb around the very base of his cock, squeezing lightly. Snape's head flew back, and a guttural groan tore from his throat. She dragged her other hand along the shaft, grazing it with her nails. Snape's legs shuddered and he seemed to convulse above her, gasping. She rubbed the pad of her thumb against the very tip, smearing the liquid over the engorged head. Snape was panting in rapid, shallow breaths.

Hermione chanced another look at him, and saw his eyes closed, his face contorted in pleasure. Smiling to herself, she closed in and enveloped the head of his cock in her mouth. A long keening noise poured out of Snape. Hermione purred in approval, causing him to buck at the vibrations. She slowly sucked his length into her mouth, noting his gasp as he hit her tonsils. Taking a deep breath, she inched forward, pushing him past the barrier, into her throat.

All the air seemed to have escaped his lungs at once. Gasping for breath, he involuntarily reached down and fisted his hands in her hair, his hips flexing of their own accord. Hermione felt both reactions and reveled in them. She slowly slid his cock out of her mouth, letting her teeth lightly graze along the length as it went. Then, she swirled her tongue around the head and probed the slit at the tip. Snape's legs were shaking and she feared they might give out. She pulled back and stood up, feeling Snape's hands limply fall from her hair.

Snape stared at her, dazed. In a hoarse croak, he stammered, "Holy mother of... How did you... When... Fuuuuck..."

Hermione flashed him a wicked smile and leaned up to his ear. "I learned everything I could so I wouldn't be a lousy lay for you if I ever got the chance..." Snape swallowed thickly. In a seductive purr, she continued, "I hope it was satisfactory... Because I *really* want that cock." She pulled back and regarded him with a coy smile, "Don't you *want* to fuck me, Severus?"

Snape's jaw clenched. Sweet Merlin, he had no idea she would be so wanton, so skilled! Fuck yes, he wanted to fuck her! He grabbed her face and pounced on her with a bruising kiss, walking her backward to his chair. He pushed her over the arm of the chair and pulled her legs up until her ass barely peeked over the arm. Bending over her sprawled form, he tortured her with licks and bites all over her, sucking her nipples and flicking them with his tongue. One hand snaked down her belly, cupping her mound. She moaned. He could feel her juices coating her curls. His cock throbbed.

Deftly, he slipped one finger between her swollen lips and dipped into her cunt, reveling in the hot, wet, tight feel of it. She squirmed and squealed. He pulled up to watch her as he curled his finger forward, pressing against her spongy center of sensations. Her body rippled and an inarticulate cry poured from her. He fluttered his finger against that spot again, smirking at her instant shuddering response. Quickly slipping his finger out, and noting her whimper of protest, he replaced it with two fingers, again fluttering them against that spot. Her head rolled from side to side and her hands flailed wildly about.

Snape dropped to his knees and leaned forward, his fingers still buried in her spasming cunt. Abruptly, he plunged his tongue between her lips, laving her, dragging it up from where he was writhing inside her to her hardened nub, eliciting a shriek of surprised rapture. He sucked on that bundle of nerves, flicking across it with his tongue, circling it rapidly, all the while pumping his fingers into her, pressing that spot deep within. After a few moments, Snape's erection was painfully pulsing and he knew he couldn't bear much more. He pulled back and barked, "Touch yourself." Hermione glanced at him with glazed eyes and complied, reaching down to stroke her clit.

Snape watched in fascination, feeling his cock bounce with need. He renewed his manual efforts, feeling her clenching around his fingers, rhythmically tensing and relaxing, signaling her buildup to orgasm. A flush had spread from her chest, up her neck, to suffuse her face. Her breasts were bouncing with each thrust of his hand, and her fingers were dancing over her clit. Feeling her getting closer to orgasm, he murmured, "Come for me. Come on my fingers. I want to feel you. I want to hear you. Come for me and I'll bury my cock inside you..."

That was what tipped her over the edge. Screaming, she convulsed forcefully, clamping down on his fingers, shuddering and twitching. Snape purred, "Yesss, that's it. Show me how much you want it. Come hard because you want my cock." Slowly winding down from her climax, Hermione moaned, panting. Snape gingerly withdrew his fingers, causing her to keen in disappointment. With a low chuckle, Snape growled, "Don't worry, you won't be empty for long." He pulled her up onto the arm of the chair and tugged her to her feet. She was fairly unsteady on shaky legs, but he held her up and spun her around. Kicking her feet apart, he bent her over the arm of the chair, gripping her hair in one hand and pulling her head back, causing her back to arch. She groaned.

Snape was shocked to see her wiggling her ass at him, enticing him to fuck her. He eyed her with a predatory snarl and gripped his cock in his hand, rubbing the head along her lips, coating it with her come, which was slowly oozing out to drip down her thighs. As he placed his cock at her opening, she moaned and whimpered, wriggling her ass, trying to back onto him. He kept far enough back to tease her. Then, he bent over and pulled her head to one side, hissing into her ear, "You've wanted my cock for so long... You'd do whatever it took to get it, wouldn't you?"

Hermione's voice was rough with need. "Gods, yes, Severus. I want your cock. I need it..."

Snape bit her ear and felt her shiver. His voice was deep black velvet as he said, "Then beg for it."

Hermione panted and writhed, keening, "Please, Severus, give me your cock. Please, fuck me! Oh gods, please!"

Snape ruthlessly slammed his hips forward, filling her in one stroke. She screamed. He gripped her hips and pounded into her, angling down so he would rock against that spot within. Every stroke was met with a gasp or a shriek. After several moments of good hard fucking, Snape snatched her hand and forced it under her. "Touch yourself! I want to feel you come on my cock like you did on my fingers. Squeeze me like you did before."

Hermione frantically rubbed her swollen nub, grunting and moaning in increasing pleasure. Mumbling incoherently, she urged him on. "Gods... yes... Severus... fuck... hard... yes!... mmm... gonna... come!... Severussss!"

Snape felt her go rigid as she clamped down on him again. He couldn't even move for a moment as she held him tight. He groaned at the intense feeling. Her cunt was milking him, squeezing rhythmically. He could feel her fingers stop their frenetic movement and lay limply against her mound. As she came down from her peak, she started rocking her hips, crooning, "Fuck yes. Oh gods. I want it so much. Yes. Come for me, Severus. Fill me up. I want to feel you shooting inside me. Yessss. Give it to me. I came for you twice, now come for me! Severus!"

Snape kept thrusting into her as soon as he was released from her tight grip, and when she started grinding against him as well, he knew he was not far from losing it. Then, when she started talking, he felt a surge go over him, ending in his balls. His breathing became more erratic and harsh and his hands started clenching on her hips in time with his thrusts. He felt a moan drawing up from the depths of his body and grunted. When Hermione heard that, she screamed his name and reached back and gripped his balls, cupping them firmly and squeezing. It hurtled Snape into the abyss.

With a roar, he slammed one last time into her, burying his cock as deep as it would go, shooting into her and filling her with come. His body shook and his head rocked back on his shoulders, sending his bellow up to the ceiling. His legs trembled and he hoped he could remain upright long enough to separate from her without falling. He slowly dropped forward, draping himself across Hermione's back, breathing heavily. Sweat dripped from his temple onto her shoulder blade, shimmering.

Wearily, he pulled away from her and stood. Gingerly stepping to another chair, he sank into it, spent. Hermione gracefully straightened and crossed to him. He watched her, face expressionless. Eyeing him with a satisfied smirk, she bent over and looked him full in the face, murmuring, "Thank you. That was better than I had ever imagined." Closing in, she kissed him, not fiercely, but tenderly.

Their tongues explored each other gently, calmly, now that the driving force of lust was sated. Reluctantly, Hermione straightened and stepped back. With a sigh, she began collecting her clothes. Snape sat, silent, and watched her pensively.

Picking up her torn robes, she grimaced and looked for her wand. Before she found it, she heard Snape's low voice murmur, "Reparo." Her robes were mended.

Hermione flashed him a smile and said, "Thank you again." Then, she dressed, calmly and efficiently. Clothed once again, she turned to Snape, still naked in his chair. She smiled faintly and said, "Well, you certainly gave me what I wanted. So, I shall return the favor and give you what you want. Good bye." She turned and started for the door.

Snape barked, "Where are you going?"

Hermione turned and regarded him with a bemused expression. "I'm leaving. I believe you told me to 'hurry up and get out.'" She smirked at him wickedly. "Consider yourself indulged." Snape's eyes widened and his brows rose to his hairline.

She turned again and strode to the door. Pausing with her hand on the handle, she looked back at her stunned ex-professor. He seemed to be rendered completely speechless. Her lips trembled a bit as she offered him a watery smile and whispered, "Good luck tomorrow. I hope you'll be able to rail at me after the battle for interrupting your solitude tonight." She looked down and then gazed solemnly back up at him. "I sincerely hope that you'll be blissfully hating me for years to come." With that, she opened the door and slid out, closing it quietly behind her.

Snape stared at the door for a long time, completely overwhelmed by the evening's events. He idly picked up his brandy, gazing blankly into it. Abruptly, he flung it into the fire, watching it blaze. Decidedly, he stood and dressed, his expression thoughtful. Sweeping to his door, he opened it and stepped through, pausing on the threshold to look back at his chambers.

He murmured, "Indeed. There *are* better things to be doing on the eve of battle than getting drunk." And with that, he resolutely shut the door.