

An Unconventional Moment

by Celisnebula

This was a chance... a chance to make fantasy into reality.

An Unconventional Moment

Chapter 1 of 9

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My mouth dries out as I watch his long fingers work the buttons of his outer robe, my fingers itching to touch the expanse of bare chest slowly being exposed. Shivers of anticipation tingle up and down my spine as I watch his hands fall to his waistband, his long fingers slipping the material over his hips.

Unconsciously I lick my lips as he moves in closer. His movements remind me of a panther stalking its prey, raw strength and masculinity under sleek skin. Locks of dark hair spill over his face, hiding his eyes from mine, and I feel the cold streak of apprehension slithering its way into my belly. For all I pretend, I really don't know this bare man before me.

I suck in a deep breath, feeling my heart skitter with uneasy palpitations; my fantasy standing scarcely inches away. Foolish doesn't begin to describe how I'm starting to feel. Yet, he is exactly as I've imagined him to be countless times, his pale flesh pulled tight across his lanky frame, scars crisscrossing along his chest and stomach, twisting around to his back. My eyes eagerly take in every aspect of his visage.

Slowly, tentatively, I reach a hand out to touch him, the need to feel his flesh almost overwhelming. He must have understood my hesitation because he grabs my hand and pulls me to him. His lips meet mine...hard. Commanding. Domineering. Startled, I can only stand still under the assault of his lips, surprised that he would take such brash initiative; I would not have expected this. Waves of heat course through me as he angles his head, pressing the kiss deeper. I wonder if this is truly what he tastes like as my lips gently open against his.

I push that thought aside and coil my hands around his neck. This moment is for me; this is what I've fantasized about for years.

I feel his fingers working the buttons on my blouse; the idle thought of how wrong it is to be in Muggle clothing pushed away by the feel of his fingers on my flesh. My body is uncontrollable, arching into his touch, like a cat in heat, as he gently sucks my lower lip.

I have to mentally give myself permission to touch him, bracing myself for the rebuke that will never come; yet, I still fear the harsh reprimand over what I am doing. His skin is so hot against mine, everything in me becoming heavy with need as his pale body tense, naked, intent, surrounds me. I barely feel the chill as he divests the rest of my clothing.

My breath catches deep in my throat as his fingers artfully tease my breasts. Tweaking, squeezing, gradually drawing the pleasure out until I gasp out against his mouth. His chuckles burst up from deep within his chest, sounding odd to my ears, high pitched reverberations that have no place in this moment.

He places languid kisses down the curve of my throat, pausing to nip at the thudding pulse at the base. I press into the feel of his teeth, wanting to mark this moment, needing a small trophy for my boldness. His right hand pinches at my left nipple making me arch into him. I close my eyes to this sensory overload only to feel his breath fanning against my chest. My eyes snap open as he takes one taut nipple into his mouth.

I want to weep. Never... never have I felt such sensations. Everything is awake to his touch; my senses attuned to every bit of his body, the feel of his hands holding me,

the wetness of his mouth as he nibbles on my nipple, the feel of his erection pressing against my hip. A long sigh erupts from my throat as his teeth gently scrap against me, his mouth tormenting my nipple with this pleasure, drawing it deeply into his mouth again.

I cup his face with my hands, drawing him up so I can kiss him. It's a protective measure, a chance for me to grab control of what is happening to me, yet he offers no quarter. He pushes me back against the bed, a wicked smile on his lips; how odd it looks there, curling along the lines that have always been so harsh. The weight of his body settles over me, pressing into me as our tongues dance around one another.

His hair drags along my flesh as his mouth moves down my body. Hot, wet, addictive kisses trailing down as he shifts his weight on the bed. His fingers skim across my flesh, touching places that I've only dared to touch in the dark of night. His palms spread my thighs wide, his shoulders wedging them apart.

I feel the blush of panic setting in; my first impulse is to push him away, I feel vulnerable splayed open like this to him. All I can manage, however, is a fractured moan that escapes from deep within my throat as he slowly licks. My fingers clench his hair, and I can feel him chuckle in satisfaction as my body arches up against his mouth. Deliberately he strokes and probes with his tongue, my body shuddering in pleasure as he teases the folds of me. Wordlessly my hips tilt up, this silent surrender to his mouth urging him on as he nibbles at my entrance. Then with frustrating care, he penetrates me with his tongue.

"Severus," I gasp out. I couldn't stop that name from rushing past my lips in a strangled cry as I splinter apart. I don't know if he noticed, or perhaps he is professional enough not to care.

He rises above me, his face set in concentration, as he pushes his erection against my slick folds, just gently nudging in. His eyes capture mine; I could drown in the darkness of them.

With one powerful move, he drives himself deep into me. My body arches up against his, only to have him pull slightly out and drive even deeper. I can feel my body yielding to his, enclosing him deep within me. His head bends down, his lips gently brushing against mine as his body retreats a fraction, only to slide deeply in once again.

I brush the hair back from his face as we move in slow rhythm, his body urging mine in this instinctive dance. My body shudders in this moment of pure bliss, his own seeming to know just what I need as I need it. Harder, deeper, he surges into me, my body rising to meet his, arching to take him deeper still.

"Please Severus," I moan out as his body dances against mine, my fingers digging deep into his shoulders. I can't help myself, this is what I've been waiting for, I am greedy for this moment.

Then I feel an immediate loss as he pulls from me. I wonder, briefly, if I've broken some taboo. Perhaps I should have kept my mouth shut.

"Don't stop!" I cry out, my voice sounding raspy to my own ears.

I shouldn't have worried. His hands pull me up and direct me onto my stomach. I can feel the bed bow under his weight as he kneels behind me. His hands grip my hips as I feel his lips slide along my back, small trailing kisses up to my neck. He pushes my hair aside and gently bites at the nape. My body trembles with need as I look at him over my shoulder. Our eyes meet as he slides his hands up over my body, past the sensitive sides of my breasts before tracing down the back of my arms.

"Stretch your arms up over your head," he whispers seductively in my ear. I pretend his voice doesn't sound wrong, unwilling to ruin my fantasy. My body slumps down onto the bed without their support. His hands burn into mine as he places them up by the pillows.

"Don't move your arms," he purrs in my ear, my heart thundering in my ears as I wait, wondering what he has planned. His body slides down mine, his knees on either side of mine as his hands grab my hips once again. I can feel his fingers probe me, bringing ragged moans from deep within my throat. He takes the tip of his erection and just slowly brushes it against me, slow languid strokes, the pleasurable suspense building.

"What do you want Hermione?" his voice rumbles out against my ear.

Do I want this? I've wanted this for so very long.

"Do you want this?" he asks, his erection just nudging into me a bit. I nod my head in response.

"Tell me, do you want me," his voice sounds strained against my flesh.

"Oh God yes, Severus," my voice sounding raspy to my own ears, "Please, Severus, please." I can't help myself, I'm sobbing incoherently now, the need for him is overwhelming.

I feel him shift behind me, his fingers opening me, until finally, he thrusts harshly into me. My body clenches around him in response. His hands grip me tightly as he withdrawals just a tiny bit only to surge into me again. My body feels on fire as he possesses me, pounding deeper, harder, faster, as my body surrenders to the growing inferno. My hips push back against his, feeling him go impossibly deep, taking more and more of him into me. His hands glide up my body again, finding my swollen breasts, his fingers squeezing the sensitive nipples as I gasp out.

"I want to see you cum," he whispers against my neck, "I want to see your eyes."

My body clenches tightly around him at those words. I feel him drive into me once more, before pulling out completely.

I pull him towards me as I roll over; the weight of his body feels so good against me. Our lips meet, his hands pulling at my hips as he drives deep into me. My body arches against his, feeling him plunge deeper into me.

"Wrap your legs around me," he commands, and I feel him push in deeper still, so unfathomable deep. His eyes, so dark, stare straight into mine as my body starts to convulse. He moves quicker, harder, the fast pace making my body swim in sensations, until everything shatters apart. I feel him grow thicker within me, his body shuddering along with mine as he plunges deep one last time, and then nothing else exists, but the feel of him. Feeling boneless, I reveal in the feel of his heavy hot body on mine. I brush the hair back from his face and gently kiss his lips. I can feel him exhale against me as he shifts his body off me, setting next to me on the bed, drawing me into his arms.

My head rests on his chest, in the hollow just below his shoulder as he presses a kiss to my forehead.

I wonder what to do now, wonder, if I should just stay here, in the bed wrapped around him. Or, if I should be tactless and pay for what just transpired. I have the urge to flee; I don't really want to witness the Polyjuice Potion start to wear off.

There's time enough later for self-recriminations. I lightly kiss his lips, and move from the bed. I feel his eyes on me as I mutter a quick cleaning spell under my breath and start to dress. I try not to feel cheap and disgusting as the Galleons clink against the top of the side table as I pay him, palming the bottle of potion I brought with me.

I whisper a breathy "thank you," as I move towards the door. I have no idea if he acknowledged my thanks, I just push through the door, ready to return to Hogwarts. It's going to be a long winter break.

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A/N:

Just wanted to see if I could write a meaningless smut/ PWP piece. I will now return to my writing my regular program (i.e. Tourniquet).

An Unconventional Moment Redux

Chapter 2 of 9

Sometimes the need is more than a person can bear.

I'm beginning to feel like some sort of addict, chasing the dragon around for the next high, yet, even knowing how pathetic I've become about all this, I can't stop. It's a good thing faculty are allowed off grounds during the weekends; else I am not sure how I would survive.

I've taken precautions; no longer do I meet him in any place I might be recognized, it wouldn't do for someone in my position to be seen obtaining this sort of service, so, I've taken to arranging a more secure location for my folly. Being a Muggle born does have its advantages, and my ability to work outside of Diagon Alley's constraints is a blessing some days. I don't know if he objects, he hasn't said so yet, though I suppose as long as I pay him in Galleons it doesn't matter.

I'm still not quite comfortable with all of this, though I can't stop. I've picked a lovely hotel within the Bayswater district of London for tonight's tryst. Despite the cold and the snow, I stand on the balcony, enjoying the play of lights against the night sky.

The warmth of his hands as he wraps his arms around me startles me from my thoughts; I hadn't expected his arrival just yet. I lean back into him, enjoying the feel of his skin pressing into mine, knowing that he's already taken the potion I've brought.

"I've missed you," he says as his lips nuzzle against my neck in that strange voice.

"Please don't," I admonish; I may pay him for my fantasies of being loved and cherished through physical means, but I don't necessarily want to hear the words.

His hands slide down my arms, then across my breasts, covering them, just the barest of caresses. His mouth nips at my neck and ear, his hips pressing into me from behind, and I realize that he is quite naked behind me. I wonder vaguely if he is worried about someone from below seeing him in this state. He gently nibbles at my neck and ear, and I, despite the fact that we are out in the open, feel myself getting aroused.

"Shouldn't we go in?" I ask, trying not to think of how exposed we are to everyone.

"Mmmm hmmm," he mumbles against my shoulder as he kisses it.

His hands stroke down my sides, the heat of his hands seems to sear into my flesh as he moves them down to rest on my hips. My heart flutters a bit as he grips them, his fingers digging into the fleshy part as he trails kisses down across my shoulder and onto my back. I can feel his lips through the silky material of my blouse, and I shudder with pleasure.

I breath in deeply, trying to regain some control over my body as his hands skim across the thin fabric covering my hips, across my bottom, to rest at the juncture between the back of my thighs. His fingers curl in, sliding between my thighs, and I arch my back in response.

My fingers tighten on the rail of the balcony as I feel the fabric of my skirt inch upward. Below us, a couple mills about with a dog on a chain, slowly strolling up the icy walkway, and I feel apprehension snake through my stomach, we are not all that far up from the street. I turn my head to protest, but his lips capture mine, and I am lost in the sensations.

Higher and higher, the material rises, cold air brushing against my flesh, and I am sure that anyone looking up at us might see what he's doing to me. My heart races with the fear over that thought. My knuckles are white as the metal from the balcony cuts into my palm, and I wonder what sort of madness has overcome my brain.

Finally he has raised the back of my skirt enough to get his hands on my bare hips, I feel one slide up my back and he pushes me forward slightly. That hand trails down my spine, curving around my buttocks, to delve between my legs. A small moan escapes my lips as a finger gently brushes along the line of my knickers; he rips them from me in a quick, unexpected move.

The feel of cold air caressing my bare thighs, the warmth of his fingers sliding along my skin and the fear of exposure are almost more than I can take. I start to turn, ready to head back inside to the bed, but his hands grip my hips in a firm grasp and he turns me back to face the street.

"Don't move," he whispers against my neck in that strangely high voice.

I want to protest, want to say something about how uncomfortable this is making me feel, but words are stymied by the throaty whimper his next movement elicits. His hands reach around my body, one holding against my stomach as the other slips down between my legs.

"Oh Severus..." I moan as his fingers slowly start to stroke me, my hips rolling against his hand. He grinds his erection against me as his fingers tease around my clit, his other hand creeping up to cup my right breast. My nipples tighten in anticipation, hardening as his fingers brush along the underside.

I reach behind me, wanting to feel him, my fingers just brush against his erection before he angles his body away from me.

"I thought I told you not to move," he growls against my throat. "Put your hands on the rails and do not move until I tell you to."

My movements press my bottom against him; he inhales sharply, his fingers tightening on my nipple, making me gasp out.

"Please..." I whisper, not exactly sure what I'm asking for, though some part of me is sure that we will go back inside before things go much further. His teeth light scrape against the base of my neck, his body pressing me down so that I'm bent at an odd angle.

His hands roam over my body, gliding over the silk of my shirt down the practical material of my sensible skirt, bunched around my hips, to my exposed flesh. I can feel him push himself against me, the tip of his cock nudging against my bottom.

In the back of my mind is the thought that this can't continue out here for much longer, that any moment we will head in and move to the bed to finish this dance. I learned how wrong I can be. In one smooth movement, he pushes me forward, his hands gripping my hips at an angle that makes me hike up onto my tiptoes, and before I can utter a sound, he's inside of me.

I cry out in pleasure as he thrusts deep into me, I swear he's hit my cervix, his answering groan skittering across my shoulders. All I can do is hold on tight to the rail as he grabs my hips and starts to move in and out of me.

With a throaty moan, I rotate my hips against him, pushing back as his skin slaps against mine. Below us, another couple strolls down the sidewalk, and I have to bite my

lips so that I don't draw attention to what we are doing. He pushes hard into me just as they walk out of sight, a hard thrust that makes me squeak out.

"Do you like this," he mutters, plunging deep into me. "Do you like me fucking you where anyone can see us?"

I don't know what to say. I've never been an exhibitionist, but in this moment, I don't care who see us, I don't care if anyone I know comes upon me in this position, being bent over by my fantasy.

He starts thrusting into me ruthlessly, deep, hard strokes that drive my chest into the metal railing of the balcony. I can feel my body clenching around him, and orgasm blossoming deep within, as I push my hips against him. Just as the feeling starts to spread, he pulls completely from me, and I cry out against the loss.

"Shush," his whispers into my hair, his hands pulling my body away from the railing, and off the balcony.

I follow him back into the room on unsteady legs, my eyes running over his backside. It never ceases to amaze me how utterly perfect the Polyjuice Potion works, or rather, how perfectly it seems to work. I've never actually see the real Severus Snape in such a state, and it's doubtful I'll ever have the chance, but that doesn't stop me from appreciating the symmetry before me.

He pulls me to his chest as we near the bed, wrapping his long arms around me as his mouth meets mine. My arms wrap around his neck as I arch into his mouth, my breasts brushing along his chest. I often forget how tall he is, in comparison to me, as he angles his head towards mine for a kiss.

His hands start pulling at my blouse, sliding it upwards, and he breaks the kiss long enough to pull it over my head. My skirt and ruined knickers quickly follow the discarded shirt, leaving me in just my bra. He lowers his head, gently nipping at my neck as his arms circle around me, his steady fingers unclasping the hooks of my bra. He kisses his way down my neck and chest as he pushes the material down my arms.

Slowly, his hands slide back up my torso, gliding over my flushed skin. My nipples tighten, as his hands cup my breasts, his thumbs lightly tracing over the taut buds. Arousal is thrumming through my veins, the aborted orgasm making me feel overly sensitive; I suck in a hissing breath as his tongue gently laves around my nipple.

My fingers thread through his hair, pushing him into my chest, and he rewards my impatience by drawing the bud deep into his mouth. His hands spread across my body, pulling me closer to him, as I hang on to his shoulders. We move backward, his long frame pulling mine to the bed, his lips devouring my breasts. He falls back against it, toppling onto the bed, and I sprawl out across him.

I start to move off him, wanting to get comfortable, but he holds me steady. His hips flex up, his erection pushing into my stomach as he scoots back onto the bed. His hands rise to my face, framing it with those impossibly long fingers, as he pulls me in for a long kiss. He gently sucks on my lower lip, his tongue sweeping into my mouth, and I slide my own against it.

"Ride me," he groans against my lips; his hands run down my back, pulling me up until I'm hovering over him on my knees. I can feel him flexing up against me, as I settle over him. He must have noticed my unease, this is not something we have done before, and I'm not quite sure how to go about this; he solves the problem with one swift movement.

I feel just the tip of him inside of me, and I move, shuddering as his length goes deeper into me as I rock downward. I feel him thrust upwards, pushing into me as I swivel my hips against his. I cried out in pleasure as he surges up, my back arching as I move against him. His fingers grip my hips tightly; I think I might actually have bruises there when this is all said and done, but I don't care. Nothing exists but the feel of him, hard and deep inside of me. I want this moment to last. I want to weep with the beauty of this moment.

His hands try to direct my pace, but I am not relinquishing control just yet. I move over him, slowly rocking up and down on him, loving the small groans he makes as I push down against his upward thrusts. I moan uncontrollably as he moves one of his hands between us, gently flicking a finger against my clit.

"Please Severus..." I beg, unable to restrain myself any longer, bucking my hips against his.

With a quick movement, he rolls us both over, pushing roughly into me as I land on my back.

"Harder," I whimper, my nails digging deep into his shoulder. Electric jolts run through my body as he plunges into me. I close my eyes against the sensations, overwhelmed by everything. And then, almost too quickly, it hits, a hard spasm that has me screaming out "Severus" as my body clamps around the cock buried inside of me. He rocks into me one last time, surging deep, and then I feel him swell and jerk inside of me.

He collapses on top of me, and I automatically wrap my arms around him, pulling him close. I can feel his heart beating rapidly, as rapidly as my own as I hold him. I can help but think how nice this would be if I could stay here, wrapped up in his arms... but I want it to be the real Severus's arms I'm tangled in.

With a kiss to his forehead I start to wiggle out of his embrace, knowing that the hour is nearly up and that I should go. I feel his eyes on me as I search around for my clothes. I wonder what he thinks about all of this; then again, I'm not sure what to think about all of this some days either. I cast a cleansing spell over my body and clothes as soon as I find them.

"The room is yours for the night, if you wish," I mutter, sitting on the edge of the bed to put on my bra. The knickers are a total loss, so I try not to feel like a hedonist as I slide the skirt on over my bare bottom. Though, considering this whole fiasco, I suppose I am a hedonist, and terribly over indulgent one at that.

He doesn't say anything as I dress; he never does. I place his payment on the table beside the bed, and pick up the bottle of potion he left there earlier.

"I'll owl you," I whisper as I reach the door, "if I need you again."

It's strangely quiet as I slip out the door, and I wonder how long I will last this time.

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A/N:

Okay, here is another chapter for y'all, which hopefully answers some questions. For some reason, I've been in the mood to write erotica/smut. I don't know if there will be more to this, I just write where the Muse dictates. As always, any fubar parts are solely my own.

An Unconventional Moment

This was a chance... a chance to make fantasy into reality.

Severus's POV

She is naked when I step into the room, her body highlighted by the silver glow of the moon. I had followed the instructions left by her paid paramour; he was quite willing to divulge everything for the right amount of gold crossing his palms. She is expecting someone dressed up as me, and I take advantage of the fact that she doesn't know it is truly me.

"You're early," she whispers as my mouth kisses her shoulder. I make to pull away, but she grabs my hand. "No, it's all right," she sighs out, pulling my arms around her.

My mind wanders to how I can be here, in this strange hotel room with an ex-student, now colleague, in the middle of this carefully crafted plot of revenge. I don't recall when I noticed this odd little idiosyncrasy of staring at me the Granger girl developed; it wasn't something she exhibited as a child. It started with my fingers, or rather with her apparent fascination with them. Did she really think I wouldn't notice the way she stared at my fingers? Oh, she tried to be coy about it, sending furtive glances down the table, but I knew each time her gaze fell on them, like a soft touch. I admit, at first I hardly cared. I've no time for Potter's little groupies, most especially not his little hanger-on, Granger; she was an annoying little blip of a student, and she was as equally annoying now as a colleague. Therefore, while her covert glances at my fingers as we dined might have unnerved me on some level; I decided to act as if it had no impact on me.

I would have written it off this seemingly strange obsession in the annals of "bizarre behavior" often exhibited by those Dumbledore employs had it not been for the copious touching that followed. Mere acquaintances simply do not touch me, especially not former students. I have always been fiercely protective of my privacy and my personal space, and to have someone I am not on intimate terms with actually place his or her hands on me... as expected, I am not at all comfortable with that sort of overt familiarity from people I have only a passing acquaintance with.

However, this did not seem to dissuade the Granger chit. The first time, she tripped, her body falling in such a way that she landed, full force against me. Her hands grasped at my cloak as she struggled to remain upright, her fingers digging into my flesh. I steadied her, and when she just stared up into my face like a gaping codfish, I pushing her from me firmly. I informed her that she needed to be a bit more conscious of her surrounding in the future, since I had no wish to be accosted again.

It was most amusing to watch her scurry away like a frightened first year.

This peacetime lull has dulled my observational skills. Had I been in a more vigilant mood, I would have realized that Granger hasn't truly been terrified of me since her 3rd year; apparently, it is hard to hold someone you've just hexed into unconsciousness in fearful regard. Yet, I was preoccupied with other things, so I hadn't noticed the two diverging personality quarks.

The next time she "touched" me was after a Quidditch match. So started was I by the casual caress, that I failed to remember that Granger hardly ever attends matches. It was a simple thing, just a sweeping of a hand down the back of my robes as she passed behind me in the stands, but it was enough that I noticed. Granted, all of these occasions could have been downplayed as nothing more than coincidences, and I probably would have shrugged them off, giving the upstart a harsh word or two on the next incident had it not been for the mealtime stares.

I noticed that those causal touches correlated with her weekend disappearances. Granted, now that the war effort was over, the live in staff was no longer required to spend every moment of the school year on grounds, but the majority of us stayed. It was not hard to miss her bushy haired presence at the nighttime meals.

Then her occasional disappearance on Saturday night became a weekly habit. Gryffindors, not matter how hard they try, truly have a hard time with the act of subtlety. While her weekend voyages might have escalated, her touching was down to once a month; very suspicious considering that it used to herald a weekend jaunt away. Her strange behavior tickled my interest.

All right, I admit I was dreadfully bored. So the Granger swot's weird little obsession fascinated me; it wasn't as if I had anything better to do now that Dark Lord was gone.

It was only a matter of a muttered word the next time she bumped into me, her fingers clutching at my outer cloak as she made a misstep in the hall. She never even realized I placed a tracking charm on her person. For someone who survived a war, the Granger chit was not particularly careful. She never once tried to determine if she was being followed, never once uttered any counter spells to mask herself; it was entirely too easy to find the girl.

Not that much of what she engaged in that day was of interest. Most of her time was spent in Flourish and Bots, and then she went to some salon, spending the afternoon twittering away with the Weasley females, before grabbing a quick drink at the Leaky Cauldron with the sodding boy-who-lived. I almost left then and there, having no desire to spend any time with the sniveling little brat, but some instinct made me stay. I've learned to heed those instincts.

After about an hour she left, heading into Muggle London. She took the underground to a touristy district, and went into a hotel. I stood outside for a bit, debating whether I should go in or not, when I saw her on a balcony. It wasn't long before someone joined her.

I was naturally outraged when I saw what the twat was up to.

How dare she take my essence and use it in such a manner. Had she no idea of the legalities? I could have her stripped from her position and placed in Azkaban for such an offense. The Polly Juice potion is a Ministry restricted potion for this very reason unscrupulous people taking advantage of opportunities.

Yet, I couldn't move from my spot. There was no chance she would see me, shrouded as I was with the Disillusionment Charm and an Invisibility Cloak.

I watched, with horrid fascination, the entire scene on the balcony, until the doppelganger pulled her from the edge into the hotel room.

I am, by no means, a novice to carnal delights; I, however, have always adhered to a strict code of conduct when it came to engage in such pleasures. Ex-students, no matter how nubile their young flesh might be, have always been off limits. There is too much of a backlash potential; the possibility of a professional inquiry a strong enough deterrent to sampling what has been freely offered by some of the less promising examples of my tutelage.

Yet, as I stood in the cold weather, watching the determined young woman worm her way around my stringent policy, I was faced with the possibility that perhaps I had been too hasty in my dismissal of all ex-students.

I left that night, my arousal pressing painfully against the cloth of my clothing, my mind whirling away with a numerous possibilities.

It wasn't hard to track down the paid escort, he was more than willing to divulge everything, including when she wanted to meet next, provided I paid well for the privilege.

Obviously, the chit was determined to enjoy my favors, be they legitimate or not; so there was nothing to stop me from enjoying her at my leisure.

It is these thoughts that fill my head as I watch her now.

I wrap my hands around her waist and tug her to me; we tumble onto the bed in a heap of flesh, arms and legs akimbo. I quickly move on top of her, pressing a knee between hers as my hands pin hers above her head.

I look into her eyes, dark brown orbs glassed over with passion, her body trembles under me. I press my lips against hers, fiercely claiming her mouth, my tongue sweeping in to taste her. Her body slowly melts into mine, just a subtle softening as my mouth devours hers.

With a whispered word, her hands are immobile, leaving mine free to wander. She struggles a bit, trying to pull them free. I lift myself from her body, admiring the slight sheen of sweat glistening on her flesh, her eyes snapping with passionate annoyance.

I slowly trace my fingers across her face, letting the rough pads scratch light against her soft skin. Her eyes close as my fingers caress her cheek, her mouth parting slightly as I trace my thumb against it. She is so trusting in this moment, despite the fact that her hands are basically tied above her head.

I move my hand down her neck, slowly stroking her throat. Her eyes snap open as I gently press in. I watch as she finally comes to the realization that she is completely helpless at this moment, she breaths solely because I allow it. I expect her to protest, to demand to be set free, or to put up at least some sort of struggle as the fingers of my right hand move over her flesh, but a throaty moan fills my ears. I keep a light grip on her throat with my left hand as I move my other hand down, just lightly grazing a nipple with my fingers.

She arches up into my touch, her nipple hardening under my light touch. Releasing her throat, I move my mouth down, slowly drawing the other nipple into my mouth, as I pinch at the other. I alternate between the two, sucking and licking at her breasts until she whimpers and squirms up against my mouth.

I let my hands wander down her body, stroking down her skin with long sweeps, learning every curve, touching every crevice. She lets out a whimpering moan as my hands slide around her thighs, just brushing against her nether lips. I can feel how wet she is, her body tensing as I tease along her sensitive flesh, never touching her damp center. My fingers move back up her body, tracing around her navel, and I hear a disappointed groan.

I lean close and blow warm breath across her stomach. Her sensitive skin breaks out in gooseflesh.

She barely registers when I move from her. She moans in protest as I shift her onto her stomach, pulling her on to my lap. Her flesh is flushed and warm under my hands. I stroke down the curve of her back, my hands sweeping down from her shoulders to the cleft of her arse.

"You've been a bad girl, Miss Granger," I whisper in her ear.

She tenses up. It is most gratifying to see. She tries to roll off my lap, but my hand on the small of her back prevents that motion.

"Let me up," she mumbles. I can feel her stomach and abdomen tighten as I adjust her position on my lap. She tries to buck up, but her hands are still held by my whispered spell; only I can move them as I wish until the counter-spell is uttered. My hand slides down her back again, gently caressing her bottom. She moans a bit as I gently knead the flesh of her arse.

"Do you know what happens to bad little girls?" I ask, letting my hands stroke her soft flesh. Her body trembles under my fingers. She grunts as my right hand cups the bend of her right hip and lifts, molding her into the position I want. I part my legs and deftly pin her legs between mine, eliminating any freedom of movement she might have had. Her thighs twitch as she squirms against me, though I don't think she realizes yet what she is in for.

I let my fingers explore her flesh, watching her reaction as I trail feathering touches over her peaks and valleys, dipping along the cleft of her arse and down the sloping skin of her thigh. She whimpers as I flatten my and along the taut muscle of her right cheek. I can feel her quiver, her pelvis region straining against me as she tries to get into a less vulnerable position. I correct her infraction, pulling her pert arse high again, and I let my hand pet down her graceful sloping back from her neck to her tailbone.

The first smack comes quick and strong, catching her off guard. Her body lurches on my lap, her breath coming out in a sharp gasp.

"You bastard," she gasps out, just as my hand connects flat and hard with a second smack.

Her muscles clench and squeeze in response to the stinging heat of my blows, her hips twisting as she tries to rock herself off my lap.

"Let me up you bastard," she squeals as my hand meets the curve just where her arse and right leg connect. She sucks in a gasping breath as the next swat lands with precision in the exact spot on her left cheek.

I can feel heat radiating from her reddening arse as my hand connects with her flesh, cheek-to-cheek, high and then low. Her body writhes against my lap as breath rushes from her lips in low yelps and growls. Each movement of her body presses against my erection. Her hips twist and thrust against me, her body shuddering with sobs.

There is no resistance when I slide my hand between her legs, my fingers pressing into her silky wetness with a gentle probing touch. Her inner muscles grasp my finger as I slide in inside her.

"Oh God," she moans, her hips lifting up off of my lap as my thumb brushes against her clit. She makes a low, animalistic sound as my thumb circles around that sensitive spot.

I gather her in my arms; I can feel her tears against my chest as I stand up.

I toss her on to the bed, as enticing as she is; I am not done punishing her. She winces as her red arse hits the bed, her hands still tight above her head. Her eyes glitter dangerously as she stares up at me.

"Bastard," she growls.

"That is getting rather old, haven't you anything better to come up with," I whisper as I sink down by her feet. She kicks out, trying to connect. I grab her foot mid air.

"Tsk, ts, Miss Granger, is that any way to treat a colleague?" I ask as I lay a hand on her hip, drawing a small circle with my fingers. "I honestly think you should be grateful," I mutter as I trace along the path of her inner thigh. She groans in response, pushing her hips up against my hand.

"God," she shudders as I slide a finger deep inside her, "you sound just like him."

I kneel between her legs, the fingers on my right hand slowly circling her clit, watching her face. She looks down at me, over the length of her trembling, flushed body, and our eyes meet. I lower my face to her core, my eyes still on hers, and inhale deeply; her scent is intoxicating.

I blow lightly on her swollen lips, the cool air making her moan as it hits her fevered flesh. She tries to buck her hips up against me, her face tossing from side to side as I watch the effect. I remove my hand and blow against her quivering lips again. She whimpers and moans, her hips struggling to get close to my mouth.

"Please," she pants, her breasts heaving with the effort it takes to speak.

She is glorious in this moment, her breasts high and pert, her body flushed with arousal. I slowly lower my mouth to her slick folds, parting them with my fingers as my tongue slides against her glistening flesh. She moans loudly, her hips bucking up off the bed as my tongue flicks across her clit.

She pulls at the invisible bonds, her body shaking violently as I push a finger into her.

"Severus," she shrieks pushing up against my mouth, surprising me. I look up at her face, her pussy clenching around my finger as spasms wrack her body. She is glorious as she comes.

She chokes out an agonizing groan as I slowly draw her clit into my mouth, feeling her whole body shudder against my mouth. I push a second finger into her, feeling her inner walls clamp around both.

I pull my fingers from her drenched sex, slowly licking her essence from them as she watches me, taking in deep sucks of air as she tries to catch her breath. I move over her, my cock just inches from her entrance, as my lips capture hers. Her hips rocked against mine, trying to impale herself on my length. I rise above her, bracing myself on my arms, watching her expressive face. I whisper the releasing spell and her arms tangle around my neck, dragging my head down to hers again.

With one quick thrust, I am deep inside her. She gasps out against my mouth, her arms tightening around my neck as I surge deep into her hot core.

"Yes, Severus," she moans, pushing up against me, "fuck me."

I grab her hips, thrusting deeply, feeling her inner walls constrict around my length.

"Do that again," I gasp out as she rotates her hips against mine.

"That?" She does it again.

"Yes..." I reward her by pushing deeper. She moans, unable to speak as I surge into her again. She arches her back, bucking her hips against mine as I begin to slam my cock into her.

"Oh my little bitch, I love the feel of your body under me," I grasp out, driving my cock deeper into her.

I feel her teeth sinking into my shoulder, her walls contracting around my length as I thrust myself into her wet heat. I can feel an orgasm building as I slam myself into her. I rotate my own hips, grinding slowly against her clit, her body shuddering as I drive into her.

With a long sob, she breaks apart, her nails digging deep into my back. The feel of her quivering around my cock sends me spiraling towards the end. She moans deliriously as I push one last time into her before my own release. I drop my head against her shoulder, panting against her neck.

She shifts against me, and I roll over onto my side, watching her face. She seems quite uncomfortable in the aftermath of what we have just shared. I watch her reach for her wand; she utters a quick cleaning spell, never once looking at me. I suppose that means we are done for the night. Pity, I had more I wanted to do to her luscious body.

In no time, she is dressed. She awkwardly leans over and places a few Galleons on the night stand beside the table.

"I'll owl you in a week," she mutters, again without looking at me, before striding out the door. All I can think, as I watch her disappear, is how gratifying it will be to have her sooner than she thinks.

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A/N:

Okay here is another installment, from Severus' point of view. I will probably have one or two more chapters after this, though they will be sporadic updates. As always, I enjoy any ideas you might have as to what you might want to see next.

Chasing Time

Chapter 4 of 9

Hermione enjoys herself once more.

It is raining as I cross the street just in front of the Three Broomsticks. Hardly an astounding feat for London, much less winter in London. I've been quite good lately at least, quite good compared to what I was just a short time ago. I've not needed to... get away in almost an entire month. A record, I think.

I walk into the empty hotel room, feeling incredibly wet and tired, though those are only inconveniences. My mind is wholly on tonight. I place the perennial bottle of potion on the table beside the bed as I make my way to the bathroom.

Once inside, I quickly strip the wet clothes from me, hanging them on the shower curtain rod so I can cast a drying charm on them. It isn't long before I hear the door opening. I wait, not wanting to see the transformation this may all be an illusion, but it is *my* illusion.

I open the bathroom door and watch him stride towards me. It never fails to amaze me how utterly perfect the Polyjuice Potion is; I want to devour him whole. His clothing is soaked through, and I can just make out the subtle lines of his defined chest through the white shirt.

My arms wrap around his neck, my fingers spear through his dark, lanky hair as I tug his head down to mine. Our lips meet, his cold lips opening up under mine as I taste him.

"You just couldn't stay away, could you?" he asks in that velvety voice, sending shivers down my spine. I don't know how he manages it, but he sounds very authentic.

I bury my head in the crook of his neck, too embarrassed to admit how right he is. Chuckling, he gathers me close, picking me up as though I weighed nothing no small feat. I imagine he must be quite a strong man in his normal form, a thought I push ruthlessly from my brain; for this one hour he **is** Severus Snape, a privilege I pay dearly for.

I shiver at the contact, not sure if it's because of the wet clothing clinging to his lanky frame or from the idea of what he might do to me our last encounter still lingers marvelously in my mind. He sets me gently on the bed. My hands reach up to cup his face, his dark eyes on mine as he leans in to softly kiss me.

I'm fairly trembling with need as he presses his wet body against me, my fingers pulling incoherently at the buttons of his shirt. I'm impatient to feel his skin against mine impatient to feel him inside of me. He pulls from me, pulling the wet shirt up over his head before dropping it carelessly to the floor. I reach for him, dragging his cold body back to me.

His hand sweeps down my body in a long caress, I arch into his touch I have missed it far too much. I brush my lips against his cheek, seeking his mouth. Our lips rub gently together, just whispering touches, and then he gently flicks his tongue against my lower lip.

I groan into his mouth as he cups my breast, those long, lovely fingers pulling and twisting at my nipple as I slowly slide my tongue against his. Desire burns in my belly, leaving me aching with need. His head dips, pulling the taut peak into his mouth, leaving me to gasp out in pleasure. My hands tremble as I skim over his shoulders, sliding up to grasp at his hair as I push my body against his. I shift so I can wrap my legs around his hips his trousers are rough and wet against the inside of my thighs.

"Such impatience, Granger," he says in a wry tone as I arch my back in a demand for more. God, I love that sound love how he's captured the tone so perfectly it does things to me. I twist beneath him, pushing him back and over so I can straddle him.

His eyes are so intense as they wander over my nude form, and I wonder what he sees when he looks at me. Am I some poor pathetic thing in his estimation? A silly fool

that resorts to a paid companion to get the sort of satisfaction she needs? Tilting my head so my hair obscures my face, I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to fight the tears I feel burning behind my lids.

He pulls me down for a short teasing kiss, moving before I can deepen it. His lips wander across my jaw with soft kisses, his teeth gently nibbling a trail to my ear. I moan in appreciation, the sound coming from deep within my throat as I shudder in pleasure. It provokes the imp in me. I want to tease him until he loses himself inside of me.

I can feel his hands on my thighs, sliding around to cup my arse as I move over his supine body. I nip at his throat, tasting the rough flesh with the tip of my tongue. His scent drives me crazy, though I know I must be imagining it—the scent of musky male and various potion ingredients. I kiss my way across his shoulder, nipping at the hard muscle with my teeth, before I wiggle my body downward.

He hisses as I lap at a flat nipple, laving it until it's rigid before moving across his chest to other. One of his hands tangles in my hair, holding my head steady as I tease the other nipple with my tongue. A strangled moan escapes his lips as I gently scrap my teeth along it. His hips grind against mine, and I can feel the hard length of him under the material of his trousers.

I kiss my way down his chest, pausing at his belly button. I nibble around the skin of it, the tip of my tongue teasing the sensitive skin, dipping in and around as my fingers reach for the top button of his trousers. As soon as the rest of the buttons are undone I let my hand slide inside, cupping the full length of him. He is so hot and hard against my palm. His hips arch up, pressing his erection against my hand as he moans again. I look up, watching his face, my fingers curling around his hard cock. His features are a mask of intense pleasure, his dark eyes on mine as I slowly feel along his shaft.

"Raise up," I whisper in a husky voice that cannot possibly be mine. "I want this off of you now."

He arches one elegant eyebrow at my command but complies with my wishes. I tug at the trousers, pulling first the left then the right leg out of the confining material. He is gloriously nude and my eyes drink in every aspect of him.

I trace one finger down the length of his cock, watching as it jerks towards my hand. I dip my head toward the tip, just flicking my tongue against the mushroom head.

"Fucking tease," he grunts out as I slowly lick away at a drop of precum.

I can't help the small laugh that bubbles up as I kiss my way down the shaft. I slowly draw a testicle sack into my mouth, loving the way he hisses out in pleasure. I dart my tongue around the underside before sucking the other side into my mouth.

His hands twist in my hair, tightening every time I do something that causes pleasure. I look up into his face as I bring my lips back up to the tip of his cock. We watch each other as I part my lips and slowly let his cock slide inside my mouth. He tastes salty—not as unpleasant as I would have thought. I let my tongue twist around the tip as I move up and down on him.

I can feel him struggling. I know he wants to use his hands in my hair to guide my pace, but he allows me my pleasure. I suck him slowly, allowing myself to get used to the feel of his cock in my mouth. His breathing gets heavier, his hips arching up against my mouth even though he struggles to remain in control. The thought that I want him to lose control, to give himself over to me, flitters in my head as I take his cock deeply into my mouth.

His hands pull me away, dragging me up until his lips are on mine in a brutal kiss. We twist on the bed, his hands moving down my body. Those rough, calloused hands push my thighs apart, long fingers pushing into me with a skillful touch. I moan into his mouth as his thumb circles around my clit, my hips arching up into his hand.

"Please, Severus," I cry out, breaking our kiss. His fingers push into me, spearing me until I think I'll go mad with need. I try to reach for him, I want him inside of me so badly it hurts, but he pushes me back against the bed.

His shoulders wedge between my thighs, and I watch as he dips his head down. I can't stop the strangled cry of pleasure the feel of his tongue invokes. He laps at me, his fingers moving in and out of me as his tongue tickles my clit. I am almost at the edge, his skillful fingers torturing me so I stay right there instead of tumbling over.

"Now, Severus," I beg. I need him inside of me.

He rises above me, his lips capturing mine. I can taste myself on his tongue. I wrap my arms around his neck, tilting my hips up as I kiss him with everything I am. His cock pushes against my clit, making me moan into his mouth.

He pulls back, his eyes on mine as he positions himself. Slowly he pushes his cock into me, I can feel every inch of him stretching me. His eyes stay on mine as he moves, pushing in a little before retreating almost to the tip. I want more. I arch my back, swiveling my hips upward in an effort to take more of him inside of me. He decides to torture me with a very slow, shallow stroke.

"Please—" I sob, surprised I can come up with anything coherent, my hips rising up again. I'm desperate for everything he can give me. I need to feel him deep inside of me.

I feel his hands on my thighs, pulling them up and then pushing my knees back as he thrusts deeply inside of me. He hooks my legs on his shoulders as he grinds into me, pushing into me with such a force I literally scream in pleasure.

The sound of flesh slapping hard against flesh fills the room. I push against him, trying to take more of him inside of me. God, I love the feel of him inside of me. He slips a hand between us, those beautiful fingers flicking against my clit as he thrusts into me.

"Severus..." I hiss, feeling an orgasm build.

His hips piston against mine, driving his cock deeply into me. I clench around him, feeling his cock swell as we race forward. I shudder with pleasure as he grinds his hips against mine. His final thrust pushes me over the edge, and I break apart as I feel him pulsing his own release deep inside of me.

He buries his face in my hair, breathing hard as his body settles over me. I wrap my arms around him, holding him tight to me as our breathing returns to normal. I want nothing more than to curl up in his arms right this moment—an impossibility, time must almost be up.

Reluctantly, I push him from me; he rolls onto the bed without a protest. I kiss his lips gently, before getting up and heading to the bathroom. Casting a quick cleansing charm, I reach for my clothes. Already I'm feeling guilty for being here.

He is still on the bed, gloriously naked, when I return. I fumble around for the Galleons, reaching over with unsteady hands to place the money on the table beside the bed. I reach over to grab the bottle of Polyjuice Potion, gasping as I notice the time.

"Oh, fuck," I whisper to myself, shoving the bottle into my pocket.

"Problem, Granger?" he asks, eyebrow arched in a sardonic expression.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I gasp out. This is inconceivable. Utterly inconceivable! I can't deal with this right now—I shit, this is fucked. In my panic, I Apparate away from the hotel room.

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A/N:

Okay, here is the long awaited next chapter. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to get it up in time for Keladry Lupin's Christmas day challenge to authors. I know, evil cliffhanger.

But, well, we can assume she knows now.

As always I'd like to thank my beta, SgathachaptieAnie, please realize that any and all mistakes contained within this chapter are solely my own.

It Happened in the Library

Chapter 5 of 9

Hermione's been avoiding the situation.

She's been avoiding me these last few days, as if hiding herself from me will actually protect her. I have no doubt her brain has supplied all sorts of intriguing ideas of what will happen now that she realizes I know her secret, so I let her have this illusion of protection.

It isn't until I find her in a secluded corner of the Restricted Section, shelving books by the light of one dim candle, that I decide this has gone on long enough. I move silently behind her, close enough that I can almost feel the heat of her body. She whirls around, sensing my presence. I watch as she draws her lower lip in, nervously chewing on it as she watches me with haunted eyes; her nostrils flare as she sucks in an uneasy breath.

I lean in close and whisper: "You and I have business to discuss." I watch with some measure of satisfaction the way her eyes go large; I can literally see myself reflected in them.

"We ah I have nothing to say to you," she responds primly, donning an austere air even as she backs away from me, into the library table.

I step into her space, looming over her; I can smell the faint scent of lavender and sandalwood clinging to her skin.

"Oh, but we do, Granger," I whisper in her ear.

Narrowing her eyes, she places a hand on my chest and pushes me back.

"I think you are mistaken," she says coldly, turning from me so she can escape.

My arm snakes around her middle, and I pull her tight to me. She gasps in surprise as her back crashes into my body. I splay my fingers across her stomach as I bend her forward. Her hands grasp at the edges of the table, her knuckles whitening as my breath fans against her ear.

"I wouldn't have taken you for a fool," I growl out against the nape of her neck.

She bucks back, trying to gain some space between us, but only succeeds in pushing her arse against my pelvis. Reflexively I grind my hips against her.

"Please..." she whimpers, "don't."

"Don't what?" I ask in a rough voice against the back of her neck. I reach around with my free hand and stroke down her throat, letting my palm glide over her right breast. "Don't do this?" She moans, throwing her head back against my shoulder as I slowly tweak her nipple between my fingers.

"Spread your legs," I tell her gruffly. Her body tenses at the command, and she starts to turn her head to look back at me. I push my weight against her back, making her lean over the table. She tries to brace herself, as I shift, my body almost flattening her against the tabletop as I reach for my wand. With a quick incantation, I've ensured that she'll stay in that position until I'm ready to release her.

I step back to admire my handiwork; her legs parted slightly, her torso bent at the waist over the table, her arse in the air. I mutter another spell, cloaking us from prying eyes. I've no desire to give the students a practical lesson in anatomy. I kick her feet apart, just a bit wider, and then flick my wand at her robes; she is far too overdressed for what I intend. Her clothing unbuttons, hanging limply at the sides of her body, leaving the front exposed.

"I you let me up," she demands breathlessly, squirming on the table. "This is highly inappropriate."

"Inappropriate?" I hiss in her ear, as I step directly behind her. "I hardly think you are in any position to talk about what is inappropriate, Granger." I snake my left hand around her body, stroking my hand down her stomach. She pulls in a deep, gasping breath, sucking in her stomach as my hand slides down.

I move my right hand across her back, sliding it under her arm until I can feel the weight of her breast in my hand. I press my body against her back, grinding my pelvis against her arse as my fingers tease at her flesh. The right hand tweaks the taut nipple of her breast through the material of her bra as the left hand pushes past her navel thrusting down the front of her knickers.

"We... not here," she moans as my fingers brush along the top of her public hair. I curl my fingers inward, tracing the around the curve of her pouty lips before parting them. "Don't," she shudders out as I gently circle my index finger around her clit.

"Again with the don't," I hiss out, putting some pressure on her clit. "Don't what? Don't do this?" I ask as I push my finger into her. She moans in response, her hips rocking against my hand as I roughly push another finger into her. I place a kiss on her neck, flicking my tongue against her ear lobe.

"Or don't do this?" I twist at her nipple, pulling it with just enough force to be a little bit painful.

"This can't be happening," she moans.

I push up her bra, freeing first the right breast and then the left; they hang down to brush against the top of the table as I shift my weight over her. The pad of my index finger brushes against her clit as I pull my fingers out from under her knickers. She moans, hips flexing as my hand trails up her stomach.

It takes considerable effort, but I pull myself from her, eyeing her pert arse. I walk around the table, words cannot describe the feelings her flushed face and glassy eyes invoke.

"Let me go," she sputters, trying to pull herself up from the table. She is quite demanding, given her present situation. I place a finger under her chin and raise her face up so she has to look at me.

"I hardly think you are in a position to give out commands, Granger." Her face turns pale for a second.

"How dare you " I cut off her words with a kiss. Her lips stay motionless under mine; she could be carved from stone for all her stillness. I let my tongue trace the seam of her mouth, flicking the tip lightly against her plump bottom lip. She makes a throaty moan, her lips relaxing just a fraction, as I delve my tongue into her mouth. She tastes of chocolate.

"Oh," she whispers softly as I end the kiss.

She says nothing as I walk back around, stroking my hand down her back; she shivers in response. I cup her arse through the material of her clothing, gently squeezing before sliding my hands down her thighs. I gather the material of her robe and skirt pushing them up and on to her back, leaving me a lovely view of her knicker-clad arse.

I nip at the base of her back as I hook my fingers on the waistband of her knickers and slowly pull them down over her hips. Instead of pulling them all the way off, I leave them stretched between her knees; my cock throbs at the sight of this decadent pose.

She reacts by tensing up as I slide my fingers between her legs. Using my index and third finger, I spread the flesh of her mound, pushing my middle finger inside of her with no warning; she grunts at the invasion. Her knees start to buckle as I flick at her clit with my index finger, the weight of her body resting on the top of the table.

"We can't be doing this," she mutters. "We have to stop we can't do this here."

The sound of my hand smacking the bare flesh of her arse sounds particularly loud as I swat her.

"You bastard " she chokes out, tensing up and pushing her hips towards the table in an attempt to get away from my hand, despite the fact that it had been a light slap.

"I believe I told you how tired I was of that axiom, Granger," I say, slapping her arse once again. I thrust my fingers into her again, circling her clit, as I land another blow on the cleft of her arse with my other hand. Her hips buck into my hand as I tease the folds of her flesh, her muscles clamping down on my invading finger with every stinging smack.

"Fuck," she groans as I continue to slap her arse every few seconds, flicking her clit in time with the smacks. Her hips rock into my touch, until she is literally thrusting her pert arse out into my slaps.

"Ah, god, don't," she moans as I pull from her. I strip the robes from me, and step directly behind her.

"Don't ," I grunt, grabbing her hips. "Always with the don't." With a hard, deep thrust, I am all the way inside of her. I stay still for a moment, enjoying the sensation of her tight heat all around me. "Shall I stop?" I whisper against her ear before drawing the lobe into my mouth. She whimpers in response.

I pull out slowly, only to plunge deeply into her once again, her body shuddering as she drives back against me. I grind my hips against her, moving at a slow pace. Sliding my hands up her body, I cup her breasts, tweaking both nipples with my fingers.

"Harder," she whispers so quietly, I almost miss the words.

She clenches around me as I move faster, the force of my thrusts pushing her into the table. I can feel my orgasm coming, feel as her inner walls close around me every time I push into her. I reach down between her legs, and stroke her clit as I slide deep.

"Severus..." Her voice breaks on my name, her orgasm hitting her hard. With each spasm I come closer to my own release, thrusting once, twice, and then a third time before I follow her into nirvana.

As soon as I come to my senses, I move off her. Her forehead is resting on the table, her chest heaving with the effort to bring air to her lungs. I quickly don my robe, and then smooth the back of hers over her arse.

"Tomorrow morning first thing," I whisper in her ear. "I doubt you will like the consequences if you ignore me." I mutter a "Finite Incantatem," releasing her from her bonds, before striding out of the Restricted Section. It isn't until I'm halfway out of the library that I wonder why she hadn't had her wand on her.

Consequences

Chapter 6 of 9

Sometimes punishment comes in unexpected ways.

I pull a towel out of the wardrobe and make my way into the lavatory. I've charmed the mirror above the sink not to talk, so the reflection of me just mouths silent words as I reach into the bath and twist on the hot-water faucet. I slowly strip the constricting faculty robes from my body there are times when I wish I could wear the simpler Muggle attire, but that's the price I pay for working here.

The coolness of the room brushes against my skin, causing my flesh to break out in goose bumps. It's never warm in this part of the castle, no matter how many fireplaces are lit. I rub my hands up and down my arms as I wait for the steam to warm the room.

Just before I step into the streaming water, I reach over and slightly turn the cold-water faucet. I may adore hot showers, but I have no desire to boil myself to death.

I can feel the knot at the back of my neck start to loosen as I step into the now comfortable hot stream of water. I drop my head forward, resting my forehead against the cool stones as I let the water pulse against my back. I arch, stretching the muscles, feeling the tense line ache in protest.

I never truly appreciated Madam Pince whilst I attended Hogwarts, and now that I have her position, I can understand why she always wore that harried, pinched look. The demands of the students and the staff go far beyond the traditional librarian role; playing research assistant to a few of the professors is just one facet of that role. I have no doubt the poor woman was stretched out far too thin in many places with no real appreciation for what she accomplished; I know it's how I feel some nights.

I slowly stand straight, letting the spray of water wash down on me, soaking my hair, and streaming into my face. Like a blind-man, I reach to the right, feeling along the edge of the stone to where I placed my shampoo. The Wizarding world may have created some interesting beauty potions, but there's still nothing quite like the bubbling lather of the scented shampoo I've used since I was little.

My mind wanders as I push the foamy lather through the tangles of uncooperative hair. I've successfully avoided *him* all day today. Who is **he** to demand my presence, as if I'm some disobedient child in need of punishment? The residue drips down my face, sliding along my neck in a way that reminds me of his hand, inching across my flesh.

I try to shake that thought from me by pushing my head under the hot spray of water. I have to control myself; things have gotten far too out of hand. I shiver a bit, wishing that this room were warmer as I step into the spray of water, eyes closed. My heart skips a beat as a hand clamps over my mouth.

"Don't scream," his voice growls against my ear. My heart is pounding, and my breath catches tightly in my throat as I mentally go through all the different ways this could've happened. Obviously, my avoiding him all day hasn't worked out quite the way I expected.

He pulls my head to the side, and I watch his other hand slide from my waist to my left breast. I can feel him breathing on my neck as he uses those long, lovely fingers to manipulate my nipple into a taut peak. I close my eyes against the sensation, thinking this simply can't be happening. I struggle, trying to free myself, his hand at my mouth making it difficult to breathe, but he only pulls me to him tighter. I can feel the rough material of his trousers against my bare arse, and I flex my hips back, trying to dislodge him. He lets out a deep, rumbling moan in response to my actions.

With another twist of my nipple, he walks us forward, out of the shower, and I wonder what he has planned. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't apprehensive. I obviously miscalculated today. The tile floor is cold under my bare feet as we move forward towards the counter. With a sweep of his hand, he pushes my towel and toiletries from it.

"I did warn you, Granger," he says softly, pulling his hand from my mouth. He runs it down my arm, as I try to fill my lungs with the cool air, capturing my wrist with a strong hand. He reaches out to grab the other wrist, pushing me face down against the cold marble of the counter top. My nipples tighten as they encounter the ice-cold surface. I feel him pull my arms tight as he clasps both wrists in a tight one-handed grip, the edge of the counter biting into the flesh of my stomach.

We stand there, my arms behind my back, my body pressed against the cold marble, for what seems like an eternity. "I wonder," he says finally, running a hand across the curve of my arse, "what did you think to gain from your little display of defiance?"

I'm not sure if the question is rhetorical or not, so I don't answer.

"Well?" he asks, squeezing my flesh hard, causing me to gasp. "Nothing to say?" Panting slightly, my wet hair obscuring my face, I shake my head no.

"Strange, I don't remember you being this reticent as a student." His fingers trail over my flesh lightly, almost lovingly as he talks to me, and I have to bite back a moan of pleasure. "Or perhaps it's because you've never had to pay for your outright disobedience before?"

"Is that it?" he asks, spreading my legs apart with a deft movement. I moan and shift, trying to close my legs; but his leg, wedged between my legs, prevents me from doing so. He slowly runs a finger down the cleft of my arse to the front of my labia, sliding it in to tap against my clit.

In a light, circular motion, he begins to massage my clit. I clench my eyes shut, trying to will my body still, trying hard to keep my responses to myself. I don't want him to know how he affects me. I don't want him to have the satisfaction of knowing how weak I am when it comes to him. I can feel myself grow wet with every circle of his finger, my heart pounding loudly in my chest.

I am so close to an orgasm, strange how quickly he can bring me to this point. I try to think about other things anything to distract myself from what he's doing, but my hips seem to have a mind of their own. I can feel myself rotating against his fingers, rubbing in a way that causes a delightful friction.

Slowly he inserts a finger into me. God, this is so erotically decadent, and I bite my lips against the groan building inside my throat as my body throbs in pleasure. I can hear him breathing in synch with me as his fingers slide in and out of me.

"No response?" he asks lightly. He increases the pressure on my clit, flicking in it time with his words. "Come, come, Granger, surely you haven't been struck speechless. There was a time when your mouth would never cease such an annoying habit you had of continuously talking, even when you knew bloody well that you shouldn't."

I try to stifle my small laugh as I picture all the ways my never ceasing mouth could actually please him now. He abruptly releases my wrists, pulling his fingers from me. I try to push myself up off the counter in protest, but he pushes me back down. I can feel the scratchy, wet material of his trousers against my flesh as he presses into me, and I feel the outline of his erect cock as he grinds into me. I press down into the counter, pushing my arse against him, spreading my legs farther apart so I can feel more of him, yet he pulls away from me.

Behind me, I can hear him unbuttoning his trousers, and I shudder in anticipation. His fingers lightly caress my arse, and he presses against me. I can feel the tip of his cock rub against my cleft; he is so hot, it feels like his skin is burning mine. His fingers grip my hips hard as he slowly enters me. It feels agonizingly slow as his cock slides in, inch by inch, until I feel his stomach pressing against my arse. Once he's all the way in, he holds himself there, as if he's savoring the feeling of being deep inside of me.

I let out a low moan as he starts to retract. His fingers dig into the flesh of my hips as he pulls me back against him, hard and rough, burying himself deeply into me. Again, he holds himself still, and I wonder if this is his idea of punishment this slow fucking that drives me insane with need.

I feel his hair tickle against the nape of my neck just before his lips kiss me. His cock slowly slides out again, and his teeth sink into my flesh, making me hiss in pain as he thrusts into me again. He slowly licks the spot as he pulls out of me.

His hands run down my body as he starts to fuck me with brutal strokes, each one of his thrusts pushing me painfully into the edge of the cold counter. I try to push back, so I don't hit the edge at such an awkward angle, but the counter is slick with condensation, and the most I can do is hike my hips up against his. He grips my arse with a firmness that I'm sure will leave bruises tomorrow as our bodies move together.

I try not to gasp out in dismay as he starts to flick a finger against my anus. That, however, is nothing compared to the feeling of his finger slowly inserting itself into me. I automatically still at the feeling of this invasion. I may be sexually expressive, but I'm not *that* sexually expressive. Noticing my unresponsiveness, he pulls his finger from my anus.

Then, he reaches for my right leg, pulling it up so that I have to twist my body. The strange thought of how flexible the human body can be comes to me as he forces my body to turn over, so that I am perched awkwardly on my back. I grip the edge of the counter as he thrusts into me again, with a low moan.

His hands skim up my sides until he can cup my breasts. He gently kneads them, pulling at my nipples as he watches my face. I arch my back and try to wrap my legs around him, but this is an odd angle, so they hang, limply at his sides.

Reaching behind me, he grabs one of my lotion bottles, perched precariously on a shelf near the mute mirror. I gasp at the coldness of the liquid as he squirts a bit on my chest. His fingers feel heavenly though, moving on my flesh as he rubs the lotion in.

We move in slow tandem, each of his thrusts mild as his hands work the lotion into my body. He moans as I pull harshly on his shirt, wanting to feel his flesh under my fingers. The buttons give, clattering to the floor with a soft ping, as I yank the material across his chest.

"Destroy my property, will you?" he growls in a husky whisper, tweaking my right nipple. "That shall go on my list as well, Granger."

"Oh, please, as if," I pant, "you didn't like it, Severus." I reach around his neck and pull him down towards me, capturing his lips in a soft kiss. His slick hands slide down my back, pulling me up to his chest. I'm perched oddly on the edge of the counter, balanced between it and him, seemingly anchored only by his body pressed against mine.

He rocks into me with slow, deliberate strokes. I wrap my arms around his neck, my legs around his hips, trying to urge on his pace, but he moves with the slow ease of one used to this sort of torture. Each time he presses into me, I clench myself around him, loving the feel of him inside me. Every thrust, his breathing becomes heavier, though his pace holds maddeningly steady.

Leaning back against the cold counter, I rake my nails down his chest. He hisses in pleasure, bucking his hips against mine forcefully. I give him a small, satisfied smile as I arch up, ready for another hard thrust.

"You think you've won," he whispers in a dangerous tone, cupping my face gently.

"Haven't I?" I ask, nuzzling his palm.

He says nothing as he runs the hand that cupped my face down my neckline. It trails down my chest, over my stomach and across my hip. Slowly he strokes down the length of my right leg, his other hand follows suit with my left leg. Holding on to my ankles, he pulls my lower body roughly forward, so my arse hangs half way off the counter.

I instinctively try to pull my legs from his grasp; fully aware of how precariously I'm sitting. He chuckles deeply at my reaction, raising my legs up until they are almost on his shoulders. I grip the edge of the counter as tightly as possible as he begins to move in and out of me with hard, deliberate strokes.

His hands clutch at my arse, every thrust pushing me back on to the counter. I bite my lip, trying to stop the scream building in the back of my throat as each plunge brings me closer to orgasm. He watches my face with an impassive look, quickening his pace as my body starts to shudder in response. I cry out as the orgasm takes over.

As my body trembles, my muscles clenching all around him, he pulls out of me, and presses his cock against my arse. I have barely any time to react as he coats his cock with the lotion and then gently pushes into me.

"Severus!" I yelp, hardly daring to believe he is doing *this* to me. My body automatically tightens against his invasion. Shocked beyond all belief, I try to wiggle away, but he holds me firm.

"You really should relax, Granger," he grunts, pushing his cock into my arse, I can feel the head of his cock stretching me.

Relax? I want to scream, but all I can manage is a weak, "Don't." It feels so odd, and the more he pushes in, the more I want to squirm away.

"Severus... please," I gasp out as he starts to stroke my clit, all the while pressing his cock deeper into me. "You just can't do this."

"Ah, I knew the little chattering swot was still in there, somewhere." His fingers tease around my clit as he nudges his cock further into me. "You really aren't in any position to tell me what I can or cannot do, Granger. Besides, I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"No," I pant. "But... it..." My body feels stretched to the limits, and tears start to gather in my eyes.

"But nothing," he says, flexing his hips. "If you would relax your muscles you might find it enjoyable."

"Enjoyable?" I squeak out as he pushes that final bit he needs to nestle his cock fully within my arse. The feel of his cock all the way inside of me, stretching my arse so far I fear that he'll tear me if he moves, is an intense feeling. He holds himself still above me, restraining his movements as my body adjusts to his presence.

My stomach churns, as I fight back the shock of having a cock all the way up my arse. I squeeze my eyes shut, and one of the tears escapes, running down my cheek. He bends his head down and kisses it from me. Despite my shock and shame, the feeling is intense.

Stroking my clit gently, he starts to slowly pump his cock in and out of my arse. While not as painful as when he first pushed into me, I certainly can't claim it's enjoyable. Every time he thrusts into me, I try to relax my muscles as much as possible.

"That's it, Granger," he groans, thrusting harder. I bite my bottom lip as he grinds his cock into me. Suddenly, he tenses up, and with a groan, I feel him come in my arse. He collapses on top of me, panting, his cock still deep inside my bowels. My stomach is still churning painfully.

"Severus, move," I say in a panicked voice, pushing him from me as my stomach rolls uncomfortably. He pulls himself from my arse, and I scramble off the counter to the toilet across the room. I barely make it before a wave of nausea hits me, and I purge the non-existent contents of my stomach in to the toilet bowl.

As I kneel on the cold tile floor, my head resting on the seat of the toilet, too weak to get up, I hear the faucet behind me turn on. I can barely believe the kindness of his gesture as he takes a damp cloth and washes my face before handing me a glass of water to rinse out my mouth.

"I hadn't realized my touch was so noxious to you, Granger," he says with a sneer, moving away from me.

"It's not you," I say weakly as another wave of nausea hits.

"Indeed." That word is filled with disdainful disbelief.

"It's not," I firmly reassert. "My stomach has been off for the last week or so."

"What is Madam Pomfrey's prognosis?"

"I haven't seen her," I whisper softly, resting my chin on the seat of the toilet.

"Haven't seen her?" he asks in an incredulous voice. "Why the bloody hell not?"

"No time to."

"Ridiculous," he says, grabbing the towels from the floor and thrusting them at me. "Cover yourself, Granger, unless you want to explain to Pomfrey your lack of..." his eyes travel down my naked body, "modesty." With that, he vanishes, much in the same manner he arrived which means, I have no bloody clue how he got in or out of my lavatory.

Collections

Chapter 7 of 9

Collection time – all of Hermione's previous avoidances come down to this moment in time.

The cold emanating from the stone floor leaches into my flesh as I rest against the toilet. I have the strangest urge to call him back to explain to him that whatever it is he's thinking, he has it wrong, but the words are pushed back as another bit of unsettled stomach makes its way up.

I can't believe how bloody awful this entire escapade has turned; it wasn't supposed to go this far, and now now not only has it gone from being a pleasant diversion, it's morphed into gods, I don't know what this whole thing is. Wiping my mouth with the back of my hand, I reach for the towel just inches away from my feet. Sitting here, freeing my arse off, isn't going to solve the muddled mess I've made.

My stomach rebels with every small movement, as I push myself onto my feet and scramble around from something anything to take the edge off this nausea. Of course, there's nothing here I've never been that lucky.

Wrapping the towel around my body, I make my way through the sitting room to my bedroom. Sitting on the edge of my bed, I wonder if I have the energy to dress; between my interlude with Snape earlier and my body's desire to heave up my internal organs, all I want to do is sleep.

As much as I might not want to, I know I should call Madam Pomfrey; she's been monitoring my condition since I made the choice to deal with my illness by magical means. I stretch out across the bed, reaching for my dressing gown, where I'd carelessly tossed it earlier.

"Why aren't you dressed?" His voice comes from nowhere, startling me. I snatch the dressing gown from the bed, pressing it close to my chest as I sit up as if the fabric could shield me from his ire. My stomach rolls in rebellion.

He stands in the doorway, one arm braced on the frame. Behind him, I can see the vague, shadowy outline of someone else.

"Oh, do move, Severus," Poppy Pomfrey snaps, pushing past Snape. She stalks forward, placing a cool hand on my forehead.

"Nauseated?" I nod.

"How often?"

"On and off the last couple of weeks nothing terribly serious though."

"When was your last menstrual period?" I give a pointed look over her shoulder, not daring to answer whilst he is in the room.

Poppy whirls around. "Really, Severus! Give the girl some privacy."

"I'm not leaving," he says, walking further into my bedroom. "I've an... *invested* interest here."

I roll my eyes at his pronouncement, muttering "nosy git" under my breath.

"It's your decision, Hermione shall I chase him out, or let him stay?"

I look into his face, and he quirks an eyebrow a subtle dare that says to try to kick him out.

"He can stay," I reply in an ungracious tone.

Poppy makes a small "hrmping" sound in the back of her throat. "Fine. When was your last menstrual period?"

"Two maybe three months ago."

"Ha," Snape barks out.

"Oh, do shut up," I respond, put out.

"Have you lost any weight?" Poppy continues on, as if Snape hadn't interrupted.

"About a stone, though to be fair, I haven't really felt like eating much lately."

"Stomach cramps?"

"Not really, and no diarrhea, no blood in my stool, I haven't had any muscle cramps either. The skin rash hasn't come back since the last batch of potions, and I, thankfully, haven't had any seizures at all. Does this answer the majority of your questions?"

"All right, no need to get stroppy," Poppy mutters. "I still have a few questions that need to be answered. Any tingling limbs? Have you had any mouth sores? And, most importantly, have you been taking the required potions daily?"

"No, no, and yes though they taste bloody awful. I've also been avoiding all products made with milk, too much fiber, and I haven't had any alcohol in weeks so yes, I've been bloody managing this disease!" My voice is calm, though I feel like screaming.

"Wait, you mean to tell me the Ileititis Potions I've been brewing in my spare time are *for her*?" He narrows his eyes a bit. "I was under the impression that those required potions were for a student not a member of the facility. Why the extra, unnecessary steps?"

"Because," I say with a sigh. "I didn't want *preferential* treatment, and because... well, this *is* a private matter. I'd rather it not be bandied about a part of interoffice gossip and all that."

Snape visibly stiffens. "Are you insinuating that I am unable to keep a confidence?"

"Enough," Poppy says forcefully. "Hermione, lie back and be quiet." She turns towards Snape. "Severus, sit down, and stop baiting the poor girl. I need to run a diagnostic spell on her, and I won't have a proper reading if she's overly agitated."

I hide my smile at the hagrined expression that crosses over his face as he sits in the armchair by my wardrobe. I lean back against my mattress, pulling the dressing gown firmly to me for modesty's sake though heaven knows why I bother. Poppy looms above me, the tip of her wand glowing faintly orange as she waves it over my body.

"Well, it doesn't look as if your condition is deteriorating though it is troubling that you didn't call me when your nausea first started."

"I didn't think it was important," I mutter.

"And you are in such a wonderful position to gage whether that is important or not, Granger," Snape snarls.

"Like it is any of *your* business!"

"I should bloody think so," he shouts. "You obviously agree with me, otherwise you'd have had Poppy chuck me out of the room earlier."

The bastard had a point. That didn't mean I was going down without a fight.

"I let you stay," I hiss, "because it frankly wasn't worth the effort to expel you from my room."

"Not. Worth. The. Effort!" he growls. I watch as his jaws clench, and I swear I can hear him grinding his molars together in frustration. He leans forward in the chair. "I

was certainly *worth the effort* when my cock was shoved up inside of you, and I was certainly *worth the effort* when you went through all that trouble of obtaining "

"Enough!" Poppy yells, cutting off whatever he was going to say. I had forgotten she was in the room; Severus does that to a person makes her forget their surroundings. "Obviously, the two of you have some issues you need to work out. However, considering the circumstances now is not the time."

She turns towards Severus. "Anything you have to discuss with her can wait I'll not have you disturbing my patient."

Snape says nothing as he stands up. With a curt nod to Poppy, he strolls from my bedroom.

She pulls the folded blanket up from the end of the bed and covers me with it. "Hermione, you need rest. I'll be back to check on you later this evening no gadding about the castle, I want you to spend the day relaxing."

"Thank you, Poppy," I say softly as she tucks the material around me.

"Think nothing of it it." With a final pat of the material, she, too, leaves.

The room is awfully quiet, and I'm feeling quite warm. Snuggling deeper into the mattress, my eye lids drift shut.

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"Severus," I murmur sleepily I'm having the most wonderful dream. It feels as if my entire body is tingling waiting for his touch. I try to reach for him, but my limbs won't move. I tug on my arms but nothing happens; I jerk fully awake. My hands are tied to the bedposts.

"Do you really think I would let it end there?" he whispers in my ear, gently pinching one of my exposed nipples.

"Severus, what " I lose track of my sentence as he slowly draws my right nipple into his mouth. He sucks on the taut peak, and I groan in response.

I can feel his fingers gently caressing my thighs, stroking the sensitive flesh in a leisurely pattern with the lightest of touches. A gasping breath catches in my throat as my hips involuntarily arch into his touch and the soft touch vanishes.

"Please," I whimper softly.

He rewards me with a gentle caress, the pad of his index finger moving deliberately over my thighs before tracing the outer lips of my labia. He nips at my puckered nipple, his teeth closing over the peak almost, but not quite painful followed quickly by his tongue, soothing away the ache.

His touch becomes bolder, as one long finger presses past the fleshy part of my vagina to tease my clit. It moves around and around, at a maddeningly slow pace, barely brushing against the hidden hood. I want, desperately, for him to pick up speed. Once again, my hips arch up, seeking to intensify the soft touch of his fingers. And, once again, he pulls back, removing himself completely from me. This time back across the room.

"Don't stop," I cry out, my chest heaving as I wriggle against the mattress. "Please, Snape - don't stop."

He ignores my pleas and I hear the creaking of a chair as he sits down.

"What do you want from me?" I'm practically on the edge of hysteria now - frustrated beyond belief.

He ignores me. I can feel his eyes on me as I struggle on the bed, squeezing my thighs together in an effort to alleviate the intense arousal he's left me in. The maneuver fails, miserably.

"Capitulation," he says after what seems like an eternity.

"Fine," I hiss out. "Anything you want it's yours."

"Really, Granger, you should know better than to blindly offer anyone whatever they want." The chair creaks as he shifts his weight before standing up.

"Then tell me what you want, damn it!"

"I told you," he whispers, moving closer to the bed. "Complete surrender."

"Please..." I beg. I need him to touch me I need to feel him.

"You beg so prettily," he murmurs, reaching out to push my hair back from my face. His fingers trail down my neck, across my chest until his hand is gently cupping my right breast. My back arches up as I try to press myself against his hand, and he removes it.

"None of that," he growls. "I want answers a truthful answer will gain you what you desire." His lightly tweaks my left nipple, and I moan. "Pervicaciously misleading answers will end this. Throughout it all you will not move I am in charge. Do you understand?"

I nod my head, not daring to speak.

"Do you understand?" he asks forcefully.

I bite at my lower lip, not daring to answer as vulnerable as I am at this moment, agreeing to his demands would make me completely defenseless; not a situation anyone should be in when dealing with Severus Snape.

The silent room seems to magnify every movement he makes; I can hear the rustle of his robes as he straightens up, the fabric whispering as he moves away from me.

The prat is leaving! How dare he leave me in this state!

"I promise," I whimper. "Please, don't go! I'll answer your questions truthfully, you bloody bastard just don't leave me like this." I can hear him move closer to the bed.

"There was one other condition," he says softly.

"How do you expect me not to move?" I screech.

Silence greets my question.

"Fine," I say, fairly gritting my teeth. "I won't move."

Softly just a whisper of a touch really his fingers return, tracing a small pattern across my skin. The wetness between my legs increases, and I desperately want to clench my thighs together for some relief. It takes all my will power to stay still as his fingers trail down my body. I groan softly as a finger slowly strokes the outside of my labia.

"Who supplied the Polyjuice Potion?"

"I ah I made it myself." As a reward for my honesty, he slides one finger into me. I moan in pleasure as he pushes deep, curling his finger just so. The feel of him stroking

me is incredible, and my hips start to move with his hand. Abruptly, he pulls his hand from me. I let out a pitiful whine.

The bed shudders as he shifts his weight. His hand pins my hips to the bed. I can feel him breathing against me.

"How many people did you obtain samples from?"

"Does it mat " I start to ask.

"How many, Hermione?" he asks again, nuzzling the fleshy part of my vulva.

"Just you," I whisper as his hot mouth descends on my sex. His tongue lazily laps at my clit, drawing it out. I moan in pleasure. His hands curl under my arse, pushing my thighs widely apart as he angles my hips up. The light, teasing touch of his tongue drives me insane. He sucks my clit into his mouth, pushing me to the brink of an orgasm. I scream in ecstasy, trying to keep my hips as still as possible.

"Severus... please," I beg. I can't help it I need him more than I can say have always needed him.

The bed dips oddly, as the rustling of fabric fills my ears. There is just enough light left in the room for me to see his beautiful body disrobing.

The mattress absorbs his weight as leans over me. His breath tickles my chin as his body settles over me. I pull at the restraints, wanting to touch him needing to touch him.

"Not yet," he murmurs before gently kissing my lips.

He rises up on his knees, the base of his right hand wrapped around the glorious hard length of his cock. With precise movements, he brushes the head of his cock against the tip of my clit, teasing me with soft, gently touches. I know he's teasing me to see if I'll break our bargain and move.

I can scarcely manage to control myself as he positions himself, his cock slowly sliding into me. He hardly gives any length to me before pulling out, only to slide just as slowly back into me. The pace is maddening if he wanted to drive me insane, this is the surest method to it.

He pushes into me again barely half way this time. His face is a study of intense concentration.

"Why me?" he asks, holding himself perfectly still.

"Because," I whisper softly, my hips bucking up against him of their own accord, trying to draw him deeper into me.

He yanks back, pulling so violently from me that I gasp at the loss. Our eyes meet I know his intentions and feel a moment of panic. I squeeze my eyes shut, though it's probably already too late.

"Answer me," he says in a deceptively soft voice.

I shake my head no.

"Answer me."

Still I refuse to answer I dare not give voice to the reasons why I can't give him that sort of power over me.

He utters a harsh oath under his breath, and shifts his weight. My eyes snap open; I'm afraid that he's going to leave.

He grips my chin, forcing me to look into his face.

"Tell me, Hermione."

"I can't." My voice sounds husky and strange as I reply.

Suddenly his mouth is one mine hot and demanding in a bruising, conquering kiss. I can feel it all the way down to my toes. His body settles over me, his hands sliding down my body until they rest on my hips. His fingers dig into the fleshy part as he fits himself against me.

His mouth muffles my scream as he plunges his hard cock into me one deep thrust that has him almost touching my cervix. It feels glorious. My breasts bounce against his chest as he sets a harsh, driving rhythm.

He rises to his knees, pulling my hips up as he moves deeper. The bed moves, knocking against the wall with every thrust. My hips arch up, matching him thrust for violent thrust I want him so deep inside of me that I don't know where he ends and I begin.

I can feel an orgasm building, my body clenching around him as tingles start to make their way throughout my body. He surges into me, a nice deep thrust and then stops.

"Please, Severus, don't stop," I beg him, angling my hips up.

"Then tell me, Hermione." He moves a finger between our bodies and gently brushes it against my clit. I hiss out a small breath of anticipation.

"Just tell me..." He flexes his hips, and his cock moves a bit inside of me. "...and you can have what you want, Hermione."

Slowly he starts to move again, soft thrusts that make me want to cry out in frustration I was so close before, and now I'm just hovering on the edge.

"Tell me..." he groans, pressing into me. His finger circles around my clit, as he moves in and out of me. My hips move against his, trying to urge him on.

"Severus," I sob. "Please, Severus... I need... I need more!"

He makes a low, growling sound in the back of his throat as his hips begin to flex against mine.

"Severus... please."

Our bodies move in tandem, each of my upward thrusts is met with his answering one in perfect timing. I can feel the waves of pleasure surging through my blood so close to an orgasm it hurts. Faster and faster he moves, his cock filling me. I can feel every inch of him can feel his cock swelling as he nears his own climax. I arch my hips up once more, literally screaming "Severus" as my orgasm rips through me.

Severus thrusts into me once, twice, and then a third time before grunting harshly as his release floods into me. His exhausted body falls on top of me a hot, sweaty weight that feel wonderful and my hands, suddenly free from their bonds, instinctively wrap my arms around him. The only sound in the room is our heavy, harsh breathing.

I don't know how long we lay there, quivering and satisfied, before he shifts his weight to roll off me, pausing for a moment on the mattress before sitting up. There is so much left unsaid between us things I know he wants answers to, but I'm too exhausted to deal with that right now.

If I were in my right mind, I'd say nothing and let him go but... obviously I'm not, because I say softly, "Severus, stay," just as he reaches for his discarded robes.

He sits there, gloriously naked, his robes in his right hand, staring at me in silence.

"Please," I whisper.

"Budge over," he says gruffly.

I scoot to the other edge of the bed, and as he lies down beside me, I wonder if I've completely gone around the bend.

~~oOo~~oOo~~oOo~~

Author's Notes:

Well, after nearly an entire year (okay, technically longer than a year), I've finally something to share. Not sure if this is the end or not, but don't be surprised if another chapter does show up at a later date. Enjoy.

Hermione's condition is mild form of Crohn's Disease. While not fatal (at least it shouldn't be fatal if properly treated), it is quite uncomfortable for anyone experiencing it. To read more about this condition, please go here: <http://www.strengthforcaring.com/conditions/crohns-disease/overview/>

<http://www.mamashealth.com/stomach/crohn.asp>

The Beginning of the End

Chapter 8 of 9

This was a chance... a chance to make fantasy into reality.

The feeling of intense cold wakes me up enough to feel uncomfortable. I groggily reach behind me and tug on the blankets. They hardly move, and I shift my body to see what they might have caught on. I suck in a shocked breath as I catch a glimpse of the dark form beside me. Adrenaline surges through me, my heart thudding painfully against my chest before my brain finally catches up. This wasn't some faceless intruder, it is *him*. He actually stayed the night.

How appropriate, the man's a sodding blanket hog.

I roll onto my side as softly as I can and gently tug on the blanket once more. He lets out a small grunting sore and shifts his body just enough so that I can pull the material loose. With a shiver, I ease back against the mattress, pulling the blankets around me as I try to force the early morning chill from my bones.

He stayed.

I don't know what that means if it means anything. I hadn't anticipated that he would actually stay with me, at least, not the entire night. Nevertheless, he did. I have the strangest impulse to reach over and brush his dark hair from his face. Instead, I tuck my hand under my chin; touching him would surely awaken him, and I'm not ready to face an awake Snape... at least not yet.

I dip my chin down and gnaw on the fleshy part of my thumb pad as I observe him. I don't know which amazes me more, the fact that he stayed all night, or the fact that he trusts me enough to sleep. That he would, and is, doing either is incomprehensible to my sluggish brain.

Still, he is here. That has to count for something, doesn't it? I shift my thumb, letting my teeth nip at the nail.

Part of me wants to wake him up; conundrums always frustrate me, and I find I'm desperate for answers. We've been dancing around this... whatever you want to call it... for a while now, and it's gone nowhere (other than some fantastic sex). I'm no closer to understanding why he has actively engaged in my pursuit than he is of why I chase him. However, he's demanded to know why and has been fairly forceful about it.

Another part of me wants to let sleeping dogs lie. Do I really want to know why he went out of his way to replace the man I was Polyjuicing?

Stretching, my toes brush against the wiry hairs of his shin. I fight the urge to rub my foot along the length of his leg.

"If you persist in chewing on your thumb like a castigated three-year-old, you're going to cause yourself to bleed," he says, his eyes still closed.

His voice startles me, and I jerk, my hand falling listlessly to the mattress. "I didn't mean to wake you," I murmur in mortification.

I feel the bed shift as he rolls over. "You didn't."

"I should..." I trail off.

He is looming over me, his dark and intense eyes on mine. I can't look away. I feel open and vulnerable to his searching gaze. I swallow a small sob and close my eyes. I don't want to be that open with him, not now when he's got the upper hand. I can't let him have the much power over me.

His pale, scarred fingers stroke my cheek, and I blink up at him. His dark face searches mine his glance is questioning. My lips open in a soft gasp and his head dips towards mine. He kisses me softly in a way he has never kissed me before. There is no forcefulness, no domination. There is just the soft touch of his lips against mine.

His tongue gently slides across my lower lip, and I part them as I moan. His fingers caress my cheek, slowly tracing the sensitive skin around the curve of my jaw just the barest of touches. I wonder if he can feel the flush of desire burning across my skin.

His lips trail small kisses across my cheek until his mouth is against my ear.

"Shall I continue?" he whispers, his breath fanning out against my neck. I shiver.

"Tell me," he draws out. His fingers have worked their way down my body and are light pulling on my nipples. "Shall I stop?"

"No," I moan. "Don't."

His fingers still. "Don't?"

My back arches up and I know he can feel how I tremble. "Don't stop," I grit out.

He chuckles as his lips touch against the hollow of my neck, it reverberates against my collarbone. His mouth feels hot, seductive and sinful and I know, if he stops I will surely die. He moves over me I part my thighs as he settles into the cradle of my legs, his body resting on top of me; his flesh feels glorious against mine.

His lips play in the dip between my breasts; I can feel the slight roughness of his five o'clock shadow rubbing against me. He nuzzles his way up the swell of one breast, one of his hands holding me firm. He takes the hardened nipple into his mouth licking and tugging at the tight peak with his lips and teeth. All I can do is let out a soft sigh of pleasure, my legs restlessly rubbing against the outside of his.

Then he kisses his way across my chest to the next breast, nipping at my flesh with his teeth as moves. This nipple instantly hardens, waiting for his greedy mouth. How scary it is, how well he seems to know my body and my needs.

His hands wander over my body, touching every part in a manner that suggests easy familiarity. How easily he claims me, makes me quiver with just the touch of his mouth. I can feel my resolve to be strong weakening; were he to ask me why now, I'd tell him everything, pride be damned.

I slide my fingers against his jaw, feeling the roughness of his hair tickling my palm. He lifts his head; his hard eyes seem to pin me in place. I catch my breath, afraid to break this moment.

I watch as he lowers his mouth to my breast, sucking a tight nipple deeply into his mouth. My hands drop down to his shoulders, my nails digging into him as I feel his tongue roll around the stiffened peak, his teeth gently scraping across it. I arch up off the mattress feeling his hands stroke my flanks.

Down he moves, his mouth sliding over my ribs, moving back and forth over my fevered flesh as if he were branding me with his touch. I run my fingers through his dark hair, gripping at the ebony locks just as I arch up against him.

He licks the hollow of my navel, his tongue gently lathing my sensitive flesh. Playfully, he sticks the tip of his tongue into my belly button. His fingers stroke the insides of my thighs, teasing touches that make me tremble in anticipation.

The mattress moves as he shifts lower. I look down at the top of his head, just inches away from my mons. He gently blows cold air against my labia, and I suck in a deep breath. He raises his head, his eyes on mine. Holding my breath, I watch him as he lowers his head to me. He is watching me watching my reaction as his tongue plays against my flesh.

I feel his fingers part me, and watch as he parts his lips. I gasp, clutching the sheets. My head falls back. His lips and tongue play at my flesh, lapping against my clitoris with teasing flicks.

His hands go beneath me, cupping my arse as he pulls me up and open. I can feel his tongue teasing my outer folds as he presses his face against my mons.

I almost come as his tongue thrusts into me. I raise my hands, gripping his hair as I arch up into his mouth. I instinctively grind against his mouth, feeling his tongue pressing into me. I can feel his fingers squeezing my arse as I ride his mouth, twisting and turning as he lazily torments me.

"Severus..." I cry out. I'm on the edge of an orgasm, a hard flick or two and I'd be there. I try to urge him on, encouraging him to suck on my clit until I scream his name, but he holds me steady.

He softly kisses at my flesh, licking at the less sensitive parts holding me on the edge of my orgasm. I'm shaking with need, but he simply kisses the curve of my hip. The mattress dips under is weight as he rises above me, settling back on his knees.

His cock is gorgeous; straight and rigid with a pearl of pre-come coating the tip. I lick my lips as he begins to stroke the turgid flesh. I start to sit up, wanting to touch him when he places a hand on my lower stomach to still me.

"Shh," he says settling over me. The tip of his cock slides against my labia. Instinctively, I widen my hips. I feel him moving against me, teasing me with the hardness of him coating himself in my wetness.

"Please, Severus," I moan. I can't take much more of this teasing. He moves over me, his body resting on top of me; his flesh feels glorious against mine.

I gasp in pleasure when he starts to push slowly push inside of me. My arms go up and wrap around his neck, my legs going around his own, wrapping around the outside of his thighs. His fingers grip my hips as he moves with gentle precision the slow move ensuring that I feel every inch of him stretching me, forcing me to accommodate him.

I want to cry he's taking so much care. This is so unlike our other encounters. I try to arch up, to angle my hips so that I can take him wholly inside of me. This soft seduction leaves me too vulnerable; I need the fast, passionate encounters of our past - that will protect me.

But he moves at his own pace, pushing onward, inward into me. I can't stifle my sob once he's fully inside of me.

He does not move simply stays there, his cock buried deep inside of me. He watches my face, and I am afraid of what he sees there. I don't even realize that I'm really crying until I feel his fingers brushing at my tears. He kisses the tears from my face, holding me tightly in his arms.

"Hermione," he moans against my cheek.

"Severus," I respond in kind. I realize it is far too late to hide; I've gone too far and shown too much.

I stroke the back of his neck, letting my fingers tangle into his hair in a soft, soothing gesture. He lifts his face and looks at me. I can feel a tear wind its way down my cheek, and he brushes it away with the pad of his thumb.

I watch him watching me, noticing how impossibly dark his eyes seem as we move together in this dance of flesh. I feel him settling deeper inside of me, and I, wanting to hide from his knowing eyes, writhe beneath him. We share no words as he begins to move within me.

Automatically my body clenches around him, and he lets out a soft moan. I arch my hips urging him to move at the pace I so desperately need. He merely plunges into me in a slow, methodical method. I want to scream at him tell him to move his arse and fuck me harder, that I need him hard, fast and deep, but the words clog my throat. It is pure agony of the sweetest kind.

His head falls to my shoulder; I can feel his hot breath against my ear as he moves his body. There are no soft, sweet words of love between us as our bodies move together; I keenly feel their loss though I will never admit that. I've gotten more than I've a right to I've gone from the fantasy of some paid stranger to... to this everything I thought I wanted come true. I turn my head and kiss along his jaw line, trying to strangle the need to scream out my emotions.

His teeth scrape against my ear lobe; his breath hot and even against my flesh. The perverse imp inside of me wants him to feel as breathless and ragged as I feel.

"Fuck me," I tell him in a hoarse voice. I know, from past experience, what that does to him. "Fuck me hard, Severus." I let his name come out as a satisfied sigh as I feel him react to my words.

"Yes..." I moan, nipping at the nape of his neck. My fingers dig deep into the flesh of his back, clawing long trails down as he starts thrusting in and out of me at a faster pace. I move with him, urging him to take me deeper wanting him to move faster.

"More, I need more..." I beg, my voice choked with emotions. He lifts his head, his dark eyes filled with a confused look as they lock on mine. I know I should look away

avert my eyes from his, but I can't I can't hide any longer.

"Hermione," he groans as I writhe beneath him. As impossible as it sounds, it felt as if he was deeper inside of me than ever before. I arch against him as his movements become erratic. He starts to plunge in and out of me; driving his cock so deeply into me it almost feels uncomfortable. I don't care though I needed this; I needed him.

I shudder around him, climaxing in sharp spasms that shake my entire body. I bite his shoulder, stifling the scream that I have no control over. He holds me tight, holding himself completely still as I orgasm around his hard flesh. I arch my hips against his, needing the friction of our bodies moving together. He lets out a strangled gasp and grips my hips painfully as he grinds deeply into me.

I can feel him throbbing inside of me; I know he's close to an orgasm, but for some reason he's holding back, his pace slowing down to a steady rhythm. I run my hands down his back, clutching at his arse.

"Please..." I say softly. "I Severus... please." I watch his jaw work as he grits his teeth in concentration trying to keep the slow pace he's set. He thrusts into me, pauses, then slides out. I arch my back, angling my hips just so and he sucks in a gasping breath. His fingers dig into the flesh of my hips.

"Faster," I tell him as his cock slowly slides out of me. "Fast and hard I want to feel you." He lifts his head, his dark eyes on mine; I don't know what he reads on my face whatever it is, though, it causes an immediate and welcomed reaction. He pushes his cock into me, his hips slamming against me with the force of his thrust. I groan in pleasure.

My heels dig into the mattress as I arch up to meet him, our movements erratic and frenzied. As impossible as it sounds, I can feel another orgasm building. I bite his shoulder as his thrust become shallow and fast, only to turn deep once more.

"Severus!" I cry out as my next orgasm hits hard, feeling him push into me, his cock throbbing inside of me as he reaches his own. His body shakes with the force of his release, a harsh moan slipping from his lips as he collapses on top of me.

I don't know how long we lie there before he rolls off of me. The cold air attacks my flesh and I sit up, intending to grab a blanket.

"How long?" he asks, just as my fingers brush against the edge of a blanket.

I freeze I know what he's asking, but answering his query would make it real. Would let him break me. I bite my lip, trying to think of a suitable reply that wouldn't reveal too much though it's probably too late.

He sits up and grabs a hold of my hand. "How long?" he asks again, a bit more forcefully. I look down at our hands clasped together, my hair falling into my face; the words just won't come. He uses his other hand to tilt my head up by my chin, forcing me to look at him. "How long have you been in love with me?" he demands.

I shake my head. "Does it really matter?" I ask in a soft voice.

"*Does it really matter?*" she asks..." he says with a hiss, swinging his legs off the mattress. "*Does it really matter?...*" He reaches down and picks up his discarded trousers from the floor. "Of course it matters!" he says harshly, thrusting first one leg and then the other into his trousers. He stands and roughly pulls them up his hips.

"Why?" I ask, my heart aching as I watch him.

He stills in the middle of picking up his discarded shirt, his body oddly bent as he glares at me. "Because I don't do *love*," he growls, straightening. "Besides, what do *you* know of love?"

"Not much," I say as he stalks over to the door. I want to say, *don't leave me*, but I've too much pride for that.

"Too bloody right," he snarls, pulling the door open. "Not much and neither do I." He stares at me for a moment. "I didn't ask for this," he states bluntly. And with that, he is gone. I sigh and reach for the blanket again, feeling far colder than I have for a while.

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Author's Notes:

As sad as it makes me to say this, I think there's just one last chapter left to this little saga - I'm about 1/4 of the way through on writing it (and yes, I know it takes me a long time to write). Before you ask, no, I don't know if this will be a happily ever after story or not.

As always, thanks to SgathachaptainAine for the beta work - any and all errors you find in here are solely mine.

This is the End...

Chapter 9 of 9

This was a chance... a chance to make fantasy into reality.

I take one last look around my room, trying to gauge if I have missed anything. No. Not *my* room...at least not any longer. Strange. It wasn't mine any longer. I sag against the door-frame, panic and remorse snaking up my spine. This room had been my home...my refuge...for the last few years, and now there was nothing left of me in it. It was a surreal feeling.

Letting out a soft sigh, I shifted; it was time. Time to let go. Time to move on. I suppose anyone would feel this way; change isn't easy to accept, even when it's supposed to be good for you.

I straightened my spine. No use quibbling over something that I knew was going to happen; something I had, in fact, orchestrated. I couldn't stay here; not anymore. I had made the decision to leave months ago, eager to start somewhere fresh. Somewhere I didn't have to face heartbreak every morning as I drank my morning tea.

Still feelings of trepidation swamped me. I could feel the icy claws of fleeting panic dig themselves into my brain as I slowly left the one place I'd lived for nearly half my life. The door closed with a firm *snick*.

With the exception of my heels clicking down the hall, it is eerily quiet. Term had ended just a few days ago, so the castle seems... bereft of life. Apropos in some ways.

I'd said goodbye to everyone who mattered...or at least those who I knew cared...the rest could bugger themselves.

Yet I couldn't help but feel desolate as I walked down the long stretch towards the Great Hall.

"Where are you going?" His voice a harsh whisper that came from nowhere.

I froze at the sound of his voice. I hadn't heard him approach, but then that was why he was so bloody good at patrols; no one ever heard him. Without turning around, I pretend a nonchalance that I don't feel.

"I asked you where you are going," he growls.

My chin takes on a stubborn tilt. "I don't believe it's any of your business," I reply coolly.

I hear his robes swish behind me; the handle of my rolling chest bites into the palm of my hand as I clench it tightly.

"*Really?*" he hisses. The words caused the hairs on the nape of my neck to stand up.

I give him a scornful look over my shoulder. "Really."

I barely have time to gasp as he pushes me up against the wall. I can feel the handle of the rolling chest slip from my fingers as my grip loosens in a reflexive gesture. I quickly bring both hands up to protect myself from running face-first into the stone wall. The cool granite scrapes against my palms as I try to push myself up and away from the wall, but he is an unmovable force behind me.

"I beg to differ," he purrs against my ear. "It is very much my business."

I squirm against him, kicking backwards in the hopes that I can loosen his hold on me. Unfortunately, it only allows him to move in closer. I can feel every inch of him against my back as he presses me against the wall.

"Let me go, Severus," I demand in a low voice.

"I think not," he rasps, the breath of his words brushing against the nape of my neck. He slowly grinds his erection into my cloak-covered arse. "In fact, I find you quite fetching this way."

"And here I thought your affections for me had waned," I snap, squirming to break his hold. "You've shown your distinct lack of interest in me quite well these last four months."

"Perhaps I merely needed a reminder."

"Well, it's too late for that," I say in a vicious tone.

"That is a matter of opinion, Granger." He places a hand on either side of my head and moves in closer. I close my eyes and try to ignore his arousing scent...a mixture of man and potions ingredients. "In fact," he continues, "one could feasibly say that the situation is entirely in *my* control."

I twist in his arms, surprised he allowed that much movement, forcing myself to face him. "I'm leaving, Severus." My voice is low, barely above a whisper. "I'm leaving and that's the end of it," I continue a bit louder.

He lifts my chin with his long, tapered fingers forcing me to look up...I'm caught by his penetrating stare. "Ah, but you are quite wrong." He presses his body closer to me; I can feel my heart beating savagely within my chest. "See, there is a little matter of... *legalities*... as it were."

"Legalities?" I splutter as my mind races, trying to figure out what he means. "What are you talking about?"

"Do you really think I'd let you go, given the crime that has been perpetuated against me?"

"Crime? What crime?"

"Yes, crime. One that could potentially send you to Azkaban for a few years, not to mention cost you that new, shiny job you've recently acquired...oh, and of course all the ramifications that come with being a known felon and procurer of illegal potions."

"What on earth are you talking about, Severus?"

"Did you really think you had gotten away with it? Polyjuice is a regulated potion for a reason, Granger, and you just *had* to play around with it." He pulled back enough so I could see the smirk on his face, and I wanted to smack it off. "I'm sure the members of the Wizengamot High Court would love to hear all the sordid little details of how you stole parts of my essence to indulge in your illicit, carnal cravings. I'm sure the man you hired would be more than willing to tell his tale to the court; he had no qualms about telling me every little detail of what went on between the two of you."

"I I..." I could only stutter an incomplete sentence. I had known he'd discovered what I was about, but I hadn't really thought about what it meant.

He places his index finger against my mouth, effectively stopping whatever it was I was going to say. "I'm not, however, an unreasonable man," he continues, as if I hadn't interrupted. "I am more than willing to eschew all of that for..." He let the sentence trail off.

"But that's blackmail!" I gasp out.

"Is it?" he asks in a droll voice.

I narrow my eyes. "You know damn well that it is."

"I could hardly make *any* demands of you that you haven't already given freely. I'm merely"...he looks me up and down..."showing you how the continuation of such an arrangement is to both of our benefits."

I look up at the ceiling, the back of my head resting against the cool stone of the corridor and take a deep, cleansing breath. "I can't," I say softly. I lower my head and look him right in the eyes. "I can't do it."

His mouth thins into a harsh sneer. His fingers grip my upper arms with a bruising force that normally would have me wincing in pain, but I refuse to be cowed.

"Don't bloody lie to me," he snarls, pressing his face close to mine. His left hand releases the grip on my upper arm, and I feel the cool air of the castle brushing against my ankles as he starts to pull the material of my robes up. "You forget, I *know* you," he hisses. He presses his body against mine as he releases my other arm. His right hand snakes down between us, his fingers delving into the exposed juncture between my thighs. "You're wet for me now."

He moves his head down, his lips right against my left earlobe.

"I could fuck you right now...have you screaming my name," he says, his clever fingers stroking me, "just to prove to you just how much *you can*."

"I'd bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?" he asks, pressing his fingers up and into me just before he bites my earlobe.

I suck in a quick breath, trying to calm my body down. I can't deny that he arouses me...he has always aroused me, even when he didn't know I existed as an adult woman with needs. But I am better than this. Aren't I?

"Gods," he groans against my throat. "You are so bloody wet." He shifts his body, wedging a leg between my knees. I could feel his erection pressing against my stomach.

He starts to undo the front buttons of my robe; I know I should protest, tell him again that I can't, or rather won't, but I can't seem to make myself say the words again. His pale hands push at the material of my robes, freeing my breasts; those clever fingertips tease my nipples to aching points.

"Shall I?" he asks in a taunting voice.

I take a deep breath and force myself not to answer; especially since I don't know what I'm prone to say at this stage.

His teeth scrape against the nape of my neck. "Shall I?" he asks again. "Tell me, Hermione... Shall I fuck you against this wall?" He bites down on my neck right below my earlobe, and I moan softly. His hands unbutton his fly, and his cock is hard and hot against my flesh.

My body aches for his touch. His fingers torment me, and I writhe, eagerly seeking the stimulation he holds just out of reach. My hips surge against his fingertips, and his slowly thrusts a finger into me.

"Severus," I moan again. Every one of my limbs shakes with need. I can feel a bead of sweat slide down the side of my face. The exquisite tension climbs higher and higher as he slowly finger fucks me against the wall.

I bite my lower lip trying to hold back a frustrated scream as he pinches my clit with his thumb and forefinger.

"Tell me, Hermione," his dark voice whispers against my ear. In and out, those lovely fingers stroke my silken flesh, teasing me to the brink but giving me no relief. "Shall I fuck you?"

"Please," I beg in a harsh whimper.

With no further preliminaries, he thrusts hard and straight inside me. My breath catches in my throat. He feels glorious. My back presses against the wall as he establishes a demanding, pounding rhythm. I can feel myself clamping around him with each aggressive thrust.

My hips arch against him with each stroke, the pleasure of him inside of me is nearly unbearable. But I can't deny that I want this... that I want *him*.

I close my eyes and feel his mouth on my breast. He sucks my nipple deep into his mouth, gently biting at it, and then stroking away the sting of his teeth with his tongue.

My fingers dig into his shoulders as I clutch at him, trying to press my body closer. His hips jerk and arch, sending him impossibly deep into me.

His mouth moves up to mine, it is a bruising, forceful kiss. His fingers dig into my hips as his thrusts become erratic.

"Severus," I hiss. I can feel the rippling onslaught of an orgasm happening. His breath rattles in his throat as I tighten my muscles around his cock. His body starts trembling as his own orgasm threatens to overtake him.

I try to speak, but my throat clenched too tightly to allow any words. All I can manage is a strange, broken whimper as I come all over him.

I'm ashamed of myself. Ashamed of how easily I capitulate to him. It's all gone sideways. I want desperately to say that how he makes me feel when we're connected like this is enough, but I know now it isn't. I lied to myself the first time I stole his hair to do this, and I lied to myself continuously when he discovered my perfidy...there was no way he'd ever truly succumb to what I feel. How could he?

I pause, swallowing down the welling grief that is poised to overwhelm me again. It is pointless. He wouldn't... or rather couldn't understand. Severus only saw the immediate...me leaving him...and not in terms of emotion, but in terms of me depriving him. I've battled with this for the last few months.

When I originally started this whole perverse episode, I thought I could handle any and all repercussions. How foolish I had been.

I remember an old adage my mum used to say: Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it.

And I had obtained the full measure...every glorious bit of it...and it had shattered me.

All that was left was for me to sweep up those tattered pieces and start anew.

I raised a hand to cup his cheek, pretending not to notice the way he slightly flinched as my palm connected to his flesh; even after all these years, kindness was not something he expected from anyone.

He focuses his whole attention on me...those dark, piercing eyes almost rob me of speech, but I am determined.

"I love you," I say softly. He tries to draw back, but I don't let him.

"I love you," I repeat. "But I can't do *this* anymore." His lips curl into a sneer, but I forestall whatever he was going to say by placing a finger against his lips. "I know you don't love me, and I know you don't believe that I love you, but I do, and this whole situation just hurts too much for me to continue any longer."

He pushes from me with a harsh exhalation. I pull my clothing around me then button them slowly.

"I have to go," I say in a shaky voice.

Severus shoots me a searching glance, as if gauging whether I am earnest or not.

He finally speaks in a cold, stiff manner, forcing the words out between clenched teeth. "I'm not finished with you yet, Hermione."

Authors' Notes:

I want to thank everyone who has taken the time to read this rather long, drawn out piece that wasn't supposed to go beyond the first chapter; I can't believe it took so bloody long to finish. I am eternally grateful to those readers who started reading this when I released the first chapter (back in 2005) and have continued to come back, even though I didn't update more often..

I especially want to thank Betz for coming up with the Gigolo challenge on WIKTT, even though this really didn't answer that challenge properly. That challenge is what spurred this whole idea.

I would also like to thank DeeMichele for agreeing to Beta this; any and all errors or problems are all mine-she had a hell of a job just making this readable.

When I originally started, and stopped, and started again on this chapter, I figured it would be the sad, but genuine conclusion to this. But.. who knows. Maybe it isn't.