

One Down

by PiperKirby

This was written by demand of Ladyofthemasque, who had taken my Muse hostage and refused to release her until I wrote:

"1,500 words (no less than, though she can write more in penance if needed) of hawt SS/HG smutty yummy happy goodness. No Unresolved Sexual Tensions that remain unresolved, either. Full-bore smut, as hawt as she can make it, and with love and happiness by the end of it--and that's by the Lady's definition of happiness. It can be Porn Without Plot, but must not be a Work In Progress."

Chapter One and Only

Chapter 1 of 1

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Of all the surprising things Hermione learned after her sudden and unexpected marriage to Professor Snape, who wed her as a last resort protection from the Malfoy males following the passage of the Muggle-Born Marriage Act, the most surprising thing was *not* that he turned out to be the Slytherin Sex God. *Or* that his robes had concealed a body that was distracting enough that she sometimes had to reread whole pages, should he disrobe while she was reading class assignments. And not even that he kept a yellow rubber duckie in his bathtub.

No, the most surprising thing about Severus Snape was his inexplicable passion for crossword puzzles.

So, in an effort to 'share your spouse's interests and hobbies,' a move advocated by several of the three dozen books she had read on how to have a successful marriage, Hermione was now trying to solve a crossword puzzle herself. Although, unlike her new husband, she was *not* doing it in ink. It was very boring and a silly use of time, she decided.

Standing up and stretching, Hermione gave a huge sigh of disappointment and tossed the puzzle section of Sunday's issue of the *Daily Prophet* to the floor. "Truly, Severus, what do you see in spending your limited free time doing this... this... nonsense? When you are done... well, all you have is a filled-in bit. Why bother?"

Severus looked up from reading his own section of the *Daily Prophet* and reached down from the comfort of his armchair to retrieve Hermione's puzzle. "Hmm, let's see what you have. Oh, this one is by Eugene T. Maliska he's one of the better creators." Quickly scanning the clues, he handed the puzzle back to his young wife, with a query, "Do you find it too challenging?"

Hermione snorted. "That is part of the problem. The answers are obvious to anyone with even half a brain. Where's the fun in that?"

"Perhaps I might demonstrate. Read me the clue for, oh, 11 Across."

She dutifully read "The back of the neck. Four letters."

"And your answer would be?"

"The nape, of course. What idiot doesn't know that?"

Rising from his chair, he crossed to stand behind her. Lifting her thick curls up, he gently stroked his long fingers down the nape of her neck, softly counting in her ear as he did so. "One... two... three... four... five... six... seven... eight... nine... ten... eleven."

"And now, perhaps you might read 8 Down?" he requested.

Hermione purred a bit from his touch and complied. "'Humorous; to amuse a body part'."

Severus breathed in her ear, "And your answer, Madam Snape?"

"Well, that's a long answer one, so... 'tickle the funny bone' would fit."

He moved his hands to slide down her bare arms, stroking the delicate skin inside her forearms, moving to cup her elbows briefly, firmly, then trailing his fingers along the top of her arms to her wrists. Repeating the movement as he counted out another seven times, he ended by encircling her wrists with long fingers, holding them lightly.

"And 30 Across?"

"Near miss: A _____ with Death'." She immediately provided the answer, "'Brush'."

His fingers left her wrists and ever-so-gently brushed across her nipples... as he once again counted, this time to thirty.

"Twenty-seven Across?"

"'Not really mean it'. Hmm. *Oh!* Tongue in cheek!"

Severus leaned down and kissed her. To be truthful, he tongued much more than her cheek. And he didn't count, at least not out loud. But Hermione wasn't complaining, except when he stopped.

"Eighteen Down?" he murmured.

"'Jonah's location'. Well, *that* one makes no sense at all. It isn't even a wizarding reference; it's a Muggle one... Jonah was swallowed by a whale... and the answer needs to have a 'y' in it...Ah! *The belly.*"

Wordlessly, he spelled the buttons on the back of her gown undone, then slipped the dress from her shoulders and let it fall to the thick rug. He ran his tongue down from the narrow part of her waist, over her tiny stomach, circled her navel, dipping into it briefly, and then playfully traced the outline of a whale - using his tongue as a quill - on her belly. And then repeated the process another seventeen times.

Severus practically purred as he requested, "Ten Across?"

Running her finger down the list of clues, she found, "'Punishment for a naughty child'. Er, that would be 'Spanking'. *Severus!* You *wouldn't!*"

But apparently, he *would*. Pulling his naked wife with him, he settled onto the sofa and positioned her across his lap. "Ten Across, I think you said?" as he applied his palm to her round bottom, her protests mostly due to embarrassment, not fear of him hurting her. "I believe that it is your turn to count, this time," he instructed.

Hermione managed to count "One," as he began. "Two... Three..." She squeaked.

"Four." She gulped. "Five... Six..." She was whimpering; Severus wasn't kidding around with this. "Seven... oooh... Eight..." She panted. "Nine... Ten!!!" she groaned.

"Sixteen Down?"

Still panting a bit, she scanned the paper, clenched tightly, now slightly wrinkled, in her hand, for the clue. "'To open an envelope properly'. I think... well, use a paper knife... but the answer is only four letters, so, maybe... 'Slit'?"

Severus' long fingers dipped between her legs, slipping them back and forth on wetness he found there, counting once again. "One... two... three..."

"Thirty-two Across?" Severus was also breathing rather heavily now.

Checking the paper once again, she read, "'To feed a child'... Six letters... ah...ah... 'Suckle,'" Hermione grinned.

Her husband pulled her from across his lap and settled her onto the sofa. Kneeling at her feet, he gently tugged her ankles apart and positioned himself between her thighs.

Once again, his tongue touched her-this time more intimately-and she pressed herself into his mouth, wiggling her arse and hips with pleasure. Hermione counted this time... although she cheated, Severus was not so distracted as to not notice.

"One... two... three... three...four... five... five..."

Apparently, Hermione lost her vaunted intelligence or at least her ability to count consecutively under her husband's oral dexterity. Unless she was purposely trying to prolong the 'answer'...

"One Across?"

Hermione was disappointed. One couldn't be a good number.

"'Atlas stance on world'? That's a bit harder... oh, I see. It's a pun. The answer is 'Astride'."

He finished removing her gown, which had pooled around her ankles, and lay her on the rug near the fire before he assumed the position dictated by the answer.

"One Down?"

"'Hat worn tipped'.... Ooohhh, that would be 'acock'."

Severus' wordless spell removed his dressing gown and pants, revealing both the body that left Hermione distracted so often in class and elsewhere, as well as his current level of interest in continuing the puzzle. Which was, apparently, sizable.

"Thirty-seven Down?"

She wasted no time in reading the clue and providing the answer. "Swordplay: _____ and parry.' Damnation! Only 37 Down!! 'Thrust', Severus!"

The crinkle of paper distracted him as he obligingly sunk deeply into her depths and began to count softly. Grabbing the newspaper from its position atop Hermione's breasts, he cast it aside. Pausing for a moment at, "Twenty-four...", he inquired, "Are you still convinced crosswords are a waste of time, my lovely know-it-all wife? I *could* stop now, although we haven't finished the puzzle...", he suggested, maddeningly. "Since you believe after completing one, all you have is a filled-in bit...?"

"No, no," Hermione begged, "I'm beginning to see the attraction now... please, don't stop. I think you were answering 247 Down, weren't you?"

"Hermione, crossword puzzles do *not* have that many clues."

"Pity. Fortunately, *you* do."

And so Severus felt compelled to prove that he did. To everyone's complete and utter satisfaction.

Late Monday morning found Severus and Hermione in the Hogwarts Staff Room, more or less privately ensconced in high-backed wing chairs. Due to the awkwardness of Hermione still being a student, yet married to the head of Slytherin House, and the resulting unpleasantness from some of the Gryffindors, she was permitted to use the Staff Room, rather than her house's common room, to study during the day. And of course that is exactly what she was doing, studying. Severus was reviewing paperwork.

Headmistress McGonagall and Professor Flitwick entered the apparently empty room, continuing what was a frequent discussion between them.

"I must say that I was most concerned about how poor Hermione might suffer in this forced marriage, given her youth and Severus' sharp tongue and obvious disdain for her. Under the circumstances, it is most surprising how well they *do* get along."

Flitwick squeaked his agreement. "Yes, there is a nary a cross word between them".

Hermione's cheeks took on a sudden rosy flush, as the wizard in the chair opposite her graced her with one of his rare smiles. True, it was only the left side of his mouth rising a mere quarter of an inch, but it was still a smile, after all. From Severus Snape.

Her husband turned back to his paperwork and reread the letter.

And it is with great eagerness that we offer you this contract extension for an additional twelve months with your requested rise in salary and the understanding that your nom de plume will continue to be 'Eugene T. Maliska.'

Sincerely yours,

Fagan Ffinch-Findly

Editor

Daily Prophet

Severus penned his name on the signature line of the contract with a very self-satisfied flourish.