

Geelicious

by Mazzy

Severus spies a disguised Hermione in an "adult" shop and decides to have a little fun with his former know-it-all student. (PP Post DH challenge prompt #33)

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is a response to the Post DH Prompt Challenge prompt #33. Full prompt is below.

Special thanks to CharmedForce for the hard work (and sometimes the coddling) needed to change my rantings into something readable.

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Geelicious

I.

Hermione took a long look at her reflection, wondering if the simple glamour she'd used would be enough to disguise her true identity.

The sleek blonde hair certainly changed her look, but was it really drastic enough to put off even those who knew her well? Circe forbid she should run into one of her friends on the streets of Diagon Alley.

"Maybe green eyes?" she asked aloud to the reflection staring back at her.

With a swish of her wand and a short enchantment, her eyes glowed as brightly as Harry's. She always did love his eyes.

"There, that should definitely do it."

After studying herself a moment longer, Hermione scowled. She now had long blonde hair, shiny and straight, and a lighter eye color. She almost looked like... *Malfoy*.

She scoffed. This would never do. Disguise or no, she would not parade around looking like one of those pureblood sods!

Changing her eye color back to the original deep brown, she shrugged and decided that the blonde hair should be adequate. After all, it was very doubtful anyone she knew would be creeping around Knockturn Alley anyway.

Donning her most ambiguous black robe and boots, she headed out of her flat towards the Leaky Cauldron.

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"Ah, Mr. Snape, timely as usual I see," Bartley commented. "Were you able to improve the sensitization formula we discussed? A shame about that witch, and I daresay her husband was most unhappy to find that he would be unable to enjoy his bride for a full month what with the rash and all."

"Yes. I imagine that put quite a damper on the honeymoon," Snape drawled. "Perhaps if you'd used a more reputable supplier, the happy couple would have remained so."

"Yes. Well, we all have to do what's in our best interests. Can't begrudge a man for trying to save a Knut now, can you?" Bartley gave a crooked grin as he cuffed Severus on the shoulder.

"Indeed," Snape smirked, just as the tinkling of a bell sounded behind him.

Bartley leaned to the side to see the form of a young witch walking quickly through the shop door. Her head was down and cloaked, and she took no notice of the men standing at the counter.

"Is there something I can help you find, miss?"

"No," was her only reply as she made her way to the back of the shop.

The storekeeper frowned, causing Snape to glance backward at the retreating figure. He shrugged and turned back to Bartley. "Let's finish our business here. I certainly don't need one of my old colleagues or students recognizing me in such an establishment."

Nor did he have any interest in recognizing one of them!

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Hermione quickly headed for the back of the shop. She noticed a person standing at the counter, and even though it was probably a complete stranger, that didn't stop the flush from rising on her cheeks. She didn't want anyone to see her in here, stranger or not.

How did I let Ginny talk me into this?

The redhead had persistently tried to get her to pursue some of the wizards who frequented the Hogsmeade pubs, but Hermione maintained that she just couldn't find interest in boys who could relay their entire thought process in the form of a single grunt. Not one to be easily dissuaded, Ginny pointed out that Hermione had become a bit snarky since her break up with Ron and a meaningless encounter with one of these boys may be just what she needed. When Hermione still wouldn't relent, a defeated Ginny told her that she at least needed to find her own release. She suggested a trip to *Eros' Erotic Emporium* to lighten her friend's recent (and frequent) sour moods.

At first, Hermione had been offended by Ginny's comments. Soon, however, her growing irritation became impossible to ignore. She'd snap at her patients when they had trouble explaining their ailments, and Gods help any witch or wizard who had attempted to perform some obscure spell to land them before her in St. Mungo's. She'd told the most recent that the fastest way to cure his painful boils was to simply let her hex his bollocks off and be done with it.

When her boss suggested she take a few days off to refresh and relax, she knew it was time to take matters into her own hands literally.

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She quickly perused the aisles, walking past many potions designed to produce on-going orgasms or to 'keep your witch in the mood', such as the *Wailing Witch* Potion she had scoffed at as she read the title.

*A proper wizard should be able to get his witch in the mood without potions.*

There were other items as well. Just like the potions used on witches, there was no short supply of salves and creams to use on wizards.

**Hard as a Horntail:** Don't let age keep you away from your marital bed. Feel like you're eighty-five again and show your witch how much you still desire her all night long.

Hermione laughed out loud at that one. A vision of some wrinkly old couple, both on the verge of strokes, came flitting through her mind's eye. Her smile faded quickly, however, when it occurred to her that she may be the Healer assigned to cure the long lasting erect state of said wrinkly old man.

*Just get what you came here for and get out* she mentally scolded.

Finding the aisle she'd been searching for, Hermione looked around at her choices. There were so many of them!

Magical vibrators were stacked on every shelf running along the entire back wall of the store. She quickly began reading various labels to find an adequate choice.

**Tantalizing Tongues:** This unique magical device will have witches squealing like a Banshee. She only need lie back and enjoy as the masterful tongue glides over her entire body. Don't worry, ladies, this guy knows exactly where to go and what to do, and he never gets tongue-tied!

*Oh my.*

**The Gorgeous Engorger:** This combination potion and vibrator allows a witch to enjoy a daydream fantasy of her perfect wizard while the extra-large organ thrusts and grinds to pleasure her into pure bliss.

Curiosity caused Hermione to open this package, wanting a first hand look at just how *extra-large* the Engorger really was.

*Good God! Even a working girl wouldn't need something that big!*

She quickly repacked the device and placed it back on the shelf, glancing left and right to make sure nobody had seen her holding it. She then grabbed the box right beside it just for good measure, wanting to look as if she had simply picked up the wrong package should any prying eyes be upon her.

**The Wonderfully Gee-licious Wizard:**Worth every Galleon! This device pleasures both internally *and* externally. While the enchanted tongue goes to work on your most sensitive areas, the accompanying organ is charmed to seek out the G-spot, giving any witch the ultimate in pleasure. Be careful ladies, after experiencing what this wizard can do, you may not want any other!

Hermione slipped the package open to double check the size. Not too big, but definitely not small either.

*This looks promising.*

She tucked the package discreetly under her arm and made her way back to the counter, grabbing a daydream potion she saw on a hanger to round out her purchase.

When she rounded the last aisle, she saw the tall stranger was still standing at the counter.

*Bugger!*

She was just about to turn around, under the pretense of continued browsing, when the sales clerk noticed her approach.

"All set then, love?" Bartley asked.

*Shite!*

"Um, yeah," Hermione mumbled, walking forward and placing her items on the counter. She kept her head low so her hood would continue to hide her face.

"Excellent choices. We've received rave reviews on this item here," Bartley said, pointing to the *Gee-licious Wizard*.

Severus glanced down at the woman's purchases and raised an inconspicuous eyebrow at the name on the toy.

"Oho! A daydream potion. This is your lucky day, miss. We have just received this new line," Bartley continued, not noticing the red flush rising on the woman's low-hung face.

"Top quality. The very best for our customers, you know. Made by a Potions *master* these are." He pointed at the small crate of potions that Severus had set on the counter. "They are slightly more costly, but we believe they are well worth the extra Sickles. Step aside, Snape, let the lady browse."

At the name, Hermione's head whipped around to the man standing beside her.

Huge brown orbs met a deep ebony gaze as she stood rigid and mortified, staring at her ex-professor.

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Those eyes.

Why did they look so familiar?

From the white-blond hair he would have assumed her a Malfoy relative if it weren't for her height and more prominent curves. That family seemed to produce nothing but tall, slender witches. They were all beautiful of course, but a little too thin for Severus' taste.

This girl was slightly plain, though her eyes, if they hadn't been looking at him in complete horror, were spectacular. A deep brown with flecks of amber highlighting and brightening them beautifully.

Having a better look at her now, he could see that she had used a glamour on her hair. It was adequate spell work, but there was always something slightly fake about a glamour. Like a Muggle wig, it just never looked completely natural.

Where do I know her from?

He began raking his memory, trying to place her the fact that she obviously knew him, fueling his curiosity.

"Pardon me, miss," Severus said as he stood aside and gestured for her to look over his potions.

"NNo problem," the woman stammered as she turned away from him and hung her head again.

That voice!

He'd know it anywhere.

After years of hearing the insipid know-it-all spouting off answers in his classroom, her voice was ingrained in his brain the same way one could recall the sound of fingernails on a chalkboard irritating and bone chilling.

Well, it didn't surprise him in the least that she would be here buying devices to make up for Weasley's shortcomings. The dunderhead was inadequate at everything Severus could recall. Why should he be any different with a woman?

I could certainly show her what the Weasley brat lacks.

He mentally dueled with the fact that he didn't find these thoughts for the girl more disturbing.

Lecherous old man!

But her curves, such delectable curves, still very visible through her robes, screamed *woman*.

He stood quietly, schooling his features to show no sign of recognition, as Hermione quickly grabbed one of his potions *Erotic Entrancement* and tossed it on the counter next to her other purchases.

Interesting.

She knew him, knew he'd made the potion, and she trusted his craftsmanship to give her *pleasure*.

The doorbell tinkled again as Hermione grabbed her bag and rushed out the door, never looking back at the dark man still standing at the counter.

II.

Severus exited the post office, intending to head toward Scrivenshaft's for new parchment and quills. He stopped abruptly when he caught sight of the bushy nest of brown hair sitting at one of the small tables outside the Three Broomsticks. The girl was sipping her tea and seemed deeply engrossed in an article she was reading in the *Daily Prophet*.

It had been a week since he'd seen her in *Eros*, and he idly wondered not for the first time how often she may have used his potion to bring her to completion. He chuckled to himself, thinking about her sneaking away from Weasley's bed to find her own release. It had probably been the best week she'd had since she'd taken up with the oaf.

Would the blighter notice any difference in his witch's demeanor? And on the off chance that Weasley's miniscule brain would register a change, what would she accredit it to? *It would indeed be interesting to be a fly on the wall during that conversation*, he mused.

Suddenly Severus was struck with an idea.

This could be very entertaining.

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Walking up behind Hermione, he leaned forward to speak directly into her ear. "I am surprised anything in that rag could be so interesting. Pray tell, what is this news that has you so captivated?"

"ProProfessor!" Hermione gave a start, knocking her tea across the table and spraying both tablecloth and her ex-Potions professor with the herbal infusion.

He smirked at her as he Scourgified his robes and then the table.

"Forgive me, Miss Granger, I did not intend to frighten you," he apologized, purposely frowning as he spoke.

"Not frightened, Professor, just... just startled is all."

With impeccable timing, Madam Rosmerta walked up to the table and asked Hermione if she'd like a refill.

"Yes, thank you, Rosmerta."

"And would you like a cuppa, Mr. Snape?" the barkeep asked, presumptuously setting a second teacup on the table.

"That would be lovely, Rosmerta. Thank you." He took a seat opposite Hermione and watched her gaping astonishment as he sipped his tea.

"Mmm... geelicious."

"What did you say?" she nearly shrieked. Her eyes were as wide as saucers.

"I said this tea is delicious. You disagree?" His lips quirked up innocently.

"Oh, um, yes, it is very good."

Hermione was looking at him apprehensively, and he watched in silent amusement as a flush began slowly creeping upward from below her neckline.

The sight was rather enticing, and he found himself wondering just how low the redness went beneath her robes.

*I really am a lecherous old man.*

He had been telling himself this same thing since the day he'd seen her in the shop, finding it hard to concentrate on his normal affairs because the woman before him was so often invading his thoughts. Images of her using the personal item she'd purchased assaulted him almost nightly, along with fantasies of himself taking the place of that wanton little device.

"So, tell me, Miss Granger, what is this news that has you so...*entranced*?"

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What is he doing here?

Why had he taken a seat at her table? And why had he just chosen *that* word to describe her current state?

He couldn't have recognized her last week in Knockturn Alley, could he?

And now he was staring at her presumably waiting for something.

Oh, a question... he asked me a question... the news... right.

She tried to school her features and push back the flush rising on her cheeks.

Her efforts were in vain.

"Nothing... enchanting, Professor." With the word, she turned as red as any Weasley's hair.

Had he really recognized her?

I should have changed my eye color. Shite!

Well, regardless, she was willing to continue acting under the pretense that he had been oblivious to the fact that it was she in the shop.

Maybe I could Oblivate him.

Okay, that thought may have been absurd. He'd have her hexed into drooling on herself and not remembering her own name if she attempted it.

She dropped her eyes to the page she'd been reading, purposely avoiding his gaze. She certainly didn't want him to read those sinister thoughts in her very expressive eyes.

"I'm just reading about the Chudley Canons, sir. With Harry and Ron traveling so much, I rarely get a chance to speak with them. I was hoping the article would mention when the team will be coming back this way."

"Hmm. I imagine it must be very lonely not having your beau at your side... and in other places." He couldn't help the quirk of his lip at these words.

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For a second, he actually thought she might pass out. How was it possible for a human being to turn *that* red?

"Ron's... We're no longer involved in that way, sir."

*Interesting.*

"Please, Hermione, call me Severus. We are no longer at Hogwarts. We are now simply a man and a woman having a conversation."

He paused for a moment to let that thought seep into her psyche and maybe his own as well.

Would it be so wrong to have relations with this woman who used to be his student? She was no longer a student and neither was he any longer a professor. How much time was needed before the taboo was lifted on their past standing?

"So, should I assume the separation was amicable since you obviously still speak with the boy?"

An intentional choice of words.

He was happy to note some of the flush leaving her cheeks at this slight change in focus. It was becoming painfully obvious to Severus that rather than embarrass this witch, he would prefer to lure her to his bed. That *pain* was his body's response to just how much he'd like to have her there. He should have worn less restrictive trousers.

"Yes, sir, Severus, we are still the best of friends."

"Indeed."

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Severus.

It was the first time she had ever allowed the name to roll off her tongue. At least, it was the first time she had done so publically.

Little did he know that his daydream potion had produced the perfect image of himself doing the most delicious and unspeakable things to her body. Oh, she had said his name several times, or rather screamed it privately.

Sitting here, listening to his sultry tones and taking in his graceful movements, she was sure he'd be visiting her daydreams again very soon. Maybe even as soon as she left the real man sitting before her.

It'd be even better to find out if the real man is anything like the daydream version.

But that was a silly thought. It wasn't as if she could ask him back to her flat. If she did, well...*he'd probably hex me into drooling on myself and not remembering my own name!*

"So, what has brought you to Hogsmeade today, Severus?"

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His name sounded delectable falling from her lips, and he began to wonder what it might sound like being screamed in ecstasy.

*Get a grip, man!*

He shifted slightly in his chair, trying to reposition his unyielding erection away from the snaps of his trousers. Damn his overactive mind!

"I had some parcels to mail. It seems some of my potions are doing rather well in the public sector."

"Oh? And what potions would those be?"

The little witch!

"Hermione, do you have plans for evening meal?"

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She was taken aback by the abrupt change in topic.

She thought she'd one-up the silky bastard by forcing him to discuss his new risqué ventures, putting him on the spot instead of her.

But now was he asking her out? On a date?

"Um, no," she answered cautiously.

"Well then, perhaps you would be interested in joining me this evening? Minerva informed me of a place just outside London that apparently serves a most appetizing Firewhiskey-battered fish and chips. We could go to dinner and discuss our current fortes."

This situation was starting to feel very surreal. Her ex-Potions professor was asking her to dinner. The same ex-Potions professor whom, just two nights ago, had done the most lascivious things to her body one could probably even call those things downright *lewd*.

She ignored the fact that those sexual encounters were *her* daydreams, not his.

"That would be lovely, Severus, but it's only four o'clock. It seems a bit early for dinner."

"I was thinking cocktails now and dinner later. Does this sound agreeable?"

Could she possibly get him drunk enough to come home with her? Could she get drunk enough to invite him?

It would certainly be more enjoyable than going home to her empty flat to sit in front of the telly talking to Crookshanks all evening. Not that the half Kneazle wasn't attentive company, but a night of passionate shagging with a dark and brooding wizard would be a welcome change to be sure.

"I'd like that, Severus." *Amongst other things.*

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Severus was feeling rather smug when he waved a young waitress over to order drinks for himself and hopefully the woman who would be his companion this evening. A couple drinks, just to take the edge off, would do their situation well. Rounded out by wine with dinner to lower inhibitions and they would have the makings of a very enjoyable evening.

Not that he wanted to get Hermione drunk.

No. That would never do. He had no interest in bringing some sloppy female into his bed just to have her leap up at dawn and run from his chambers screaming at what she'd done and whom she'd done it with.

Certainly not.

But a relaxed and slightly aroused witch... well, he could thoroughly enjoy himself with that combination, and he would definitely make it enjoyable for her too.

"More tea?" the waitress asked as she approached the couple.

"I think we're ready to partake in some of your other fine beverages," Severus answered. "I'll have a Firewhiskey, and for the lady..." He gave Hermione a questioning look.

"I'd like a Cosmopolitan if Madam Rosmerta is familiar with it."

"Certainly," the waitress answered. "Rosmerta is skilled in both wizard and Muggle brews."

"Thank you." Hermione smiled as the waitress jotted down the drink order and headed to the bar.

"Cosmopolitan?" Severus raised an eyebrow.

Just then, two drinks appeared on their table: one, a thick amber liquid in a short tumbler, the other, bright red, held in a martini glass.

"Oh, it's a Muggle drink." Hermione waved her hand dismissively before taking her glass. "I developed a taste for them when I attended University. There was a little pub down our lane that had them on special on Tuesdays." She took a sip and smiled appreciatively. "My roommate and I began having a kind of Girl's Night each week. We'd catch up on gossip and rant about our own love lives and busy schedules while we drank Cosmopolitans," she ended merrily.

Severus took his drink and leaned back casually in his chair. A sip, a smirk, and a "do tell" on his lips.

Hermione smiled playfully.

He liked it.

"There's not much to tell really. Mediwizardry is fascinating and frustrating at the same time. I enjoy the research involved in the more allusive ailments. Finding cures for those cases can be very gratifying."

"Indeed. And yet you are *frustrated*?" he quipped.

Hermione rolled her eyes at the thought, not catching his double meaning.

"The frustration comes from dealing with those who've broken out in boils, or worse, due to shoddy spell work." With a sigh she continued, "I'm sure I should feel some compassion for them, but I find that compassion wanes when I see those same people time and time again for attempting magic they really have no business trying to perform on their own. Usually, they've made a home brew, with no firm knowledge in the art of potions, and had an adverse reaction to the concoction."

Shaking her head, she finished, "Then, I assume out of embarrassment, they try to heal themselves, only to make the problem far worse than it would have been if they had come to St. Mungo's straight away."

"Mmm. I can see how that would become annoying, especially to someone who's studied potions as you have. It would be the equivalent of dealing with Longbottoms all day. I can't imagine a greater hell."

Hermione smirked. "Neville excels in other areas, as you well know, Professor. I hear he is doing very well in Professor Sprout's old post, and his students excel as well due to his clever teaching methods and sheer love of the subject matter."

Deciding that a discussion of Neville Longbottom would only prove futile and fruitless, Severus simply nodded. "Indeed."

With another sip of his drink, he asked the question he was most wondering about. It would not bode well for him if she had another man in her life. "On the other subject, which *wonderful wizard* are you keeping company with these days?"

Well, he *was* a snarky bastard. One more little jibe wouldn't hurt.

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Hermione eyed him over the rim of her glass.

Was he toying with her?

His not so subtle hints would suggest just that, but her pride would not allow her to accept the fact so easily. It could truly be coincidence after all. She'd *only thought* he'd said *geelicious*, and 'entranced' was a perfectly normal word. Would he describe one of her past boyfriends as a 'wonderful wizard' though?

No, probably not.

Yet she was willing to explain away that one unexplainable fact by using paranoia and slight headiness from her drink as reasonable excuses. Besides, the alternative was too mortifying to contemplate. Especially now, when she was beginning to feel a pleasant tingle at the thought of later activities with this man.

"How did you know I studied Potions?"

"Pardon?"

"Potions. How is it that you were aware I studied it?"

"I am a Potions master, Hermione. I am aware of each of my former students who've decided to acquire a degree in my field. And even if that were not the case, I was still a Hogwarts professor while you attended University. I'm afraid Minerva still brags about her most prestigious students on a regular basis. Anyone within one hundred meters of the castle would know about the lives led by you and your friends during *and* after your time at Hogwarts. Flitwick and I had taken to conspiring about Oblivates for our dear colleague at one point."

Hermione snorted into her glass. She loved her Head of House, but Severus was right, the woman could be unrelenting when speaking about her brave and noble Gryffindors.

"It must have been agony," she said with a grin.

"Indeed. I believe Professor Flitwick could have easily wielded the spell..." Severus answered, absently running a finger across his lips and looking skyward as if remembering a fond memory. "A pity we couldn't agree on terms."

"Terms?" Hermione asked, still smiling as she took another sip of her drink.

Severus came out of his reverie and refocused his attention on the woman in front of him. "On just how much of the Headmistress' mental state to keep intact. Apparently, the Charms professor has a soft spot for the Yule and Valentine's Day Balls." He gave her a sly smirk.

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Dinner long forgotten, pleasant conversation and drinks flowed freely at the little table outside the Three Broomsticks.

Hermione was surprised at how easily she could converse with this man, although that may have been the three starting on a fourth Cosmopolitans she'd had. She was thoroughly enjoying the various topics they were discussing, and his dry wit was quite amusing; a side of him she had never expected but was pleased to witness.

Severus Snape was enjoying himself as well. Originally taking interest in this young woman strictly for her physical traits, he was finding that he actually enjoyed her company and wouldn't mind spending additional time with her, both inside *and* outside of his bedchambers.

"So, Severus, running your own apothecary seems to suit you well. Pardon me for saying, but you seem much more relaxed now than when I knew you as a Hogwarts professor."

His drink, getting the better of him as well, made him feel a little less inhibited when he answered, "Yes. I am rather enjoying the newfound freedom and lack of dunderheads in my life these days. It allows me to pursue... other interests." He kept his voice low and silky, and leaned forward to emphasize his last words.

Hermione visibly shuddered.

"Wh...What made you decide to stop and have tea?" She gulped. "With me?" Her heart raced and her breathing unconsciously increased.

Severus noticed, and his inebriated brain gave him the ridiculous notion that this witch might enjoy knowing he'd been aware of her private activities, thinking he could inform her that he'd be interested in quelling her appetites himself.

"Well," he looked as if he were pondering his answer, "I think it was your hair."

"My... what?"

*What did he just say?*

Her mind was a little hazy and she didn't quite register the implication.

"Your *hair*, Hermione. I remember how you used to fight with it in your school days. Yet now, it seems much less unruly. The way the sunlight reflects the copper and golden hues is quite pleasing. I do hope you never decide to *change it*."

He was toying with her! He knew it was she in Knockturn Alley.

"You bastard..."

"Unfortunately, no."

"You knew it was me in Knockturn Alley..."

"Yes."

"You've just been toying with me!"

"Only if you'd like me to."

Hermione stood abruptly, too engrossed in her own rant to register what he'd said. Her thighs knocked against the table in her haste to leave, causing their nearly full glasses to shake ominously. She gave a final huff to the man still seated at the table before she stomped off toward the Apparition point in the alley beside the bar.

Severus quickly pulled five Galleons from his pocket, throwing them on the table, and sped after her. He caught her arm just before she could Apparate and whirled her around to face him, flourishing his wand behind him to cast *Muffliato* at the alley's entrance.

"How dare you," she shouted, yanking her arm from his grasp. "I am a grown woman, Severus Snape..."

"I'm well aware," he stated calmly, crossing his arms over his chest and staring down at her with a wry smile.

"I have needs..."

"Perhaps I could help you with those."

"Just because I'm not interested in shagging some drunken dolt that stumbles into me at the pub..."

"Indeed."

"Those boys..."

"I am a man, Hermione."

"...barely speak in coherent sentences, much less have the ability to pleasure a woman."

Severus grasped her forearms and pushed her backward, pinning her against the cold stone wall with hands and pelvis.

"I assure you, Miss Granger, I am up for the challenge." His eyes glinted mischievously.

Hermione gasped and refocused her attention on the man before her. So caught up was she in her own anger and embarrassment that she had only vaguely registered the words he had said. But now now, she heard them, trickling into her psyche and settling into a warm ache, a yearning.

*I am a man. I can fulfill your needs* And a promise of pleasure in his intense, ebony gaze.

Without another thought, she wrapped her hands around his neck, pulling his lips to hers.

Severus leapt at the opportunity and plundered her mouth, wanting to taste all of her. His pelvis ground against hers, showing her his want in the hardness she felt beneath his robes.

She broke their kiss only long enough to gasp at the feel of him before returning to his mouth with fierce intensity.

With her body tightly pinned against the wall, Hermione was able to pull her legs upward to wrap about Severus' waist. She was pleased when he groaned against her lips, thrusting involuntarily at the sensation her actions caused.

She clung to him like a succubus, giving his hands leave to roam her form without worry of her falling. One hand cupped her arse while the other fondled a breast, feeling the hardened nipple underneath her robes and pinching it soundly.

"Ooh," she cried out before attacking the soft flesh of his neck.

She licked, nipped, and sucked at the sensitive skin; he thought he might come right there. Her hips gyrated against him and fingernails clawed at his back through his robes as if she were pleading with him to take her where they stood.

A whisper into his ear, "Take me home, Severus," was all he needed to hear as he jerked her away from the wall, spun on the spot, and Apparated them to his flat.

### III.

Fumbling bodies bumped and tripped against every piece of furniture between his sitting room and his bedchambers. If they had just pried themselves apart long enough to walk to the bed, they both could have avoided several bruises they would don in the morning but neither seemed interested in that idea.

Still attached at the lips, they fumbled with buttons and clasps, shedding clothing as they hastily made their way to the bed. Hermione was left in only her knickers, her jeans about her ankles by the time they reached their destination.

Severus' incessant buttons made it impossible for Hermione to divest him of more than his robes and shirt. She yanked greedily at the waistband of his trousers, and he thanked Merlin that they were made of thick wool or she would have shredded them in her haste. She'd only managed to undo the buttons of his fly before he broke their kiss and pushed her, none too gracefully, onto the bed. She kicked off her jeans and waited anxiously for him to follow.

Hermione looked up at the wondrous sight before her. Raven black hair hung about his strong features, and pale skin covered muscled chest, arms, and stomach. A line of dark hair ran from his naval down past the gap in his slightly opened trousers, promising something more underneath.

This was so much better than her daydreams. She would finally feel him against her, really feel him, not just the magical hallucination that his potion provided. She ached to feel his breath against her skin; his lips, his hands, all of him.

Severus stared down at his conquest waiting for him with eager arms. She looked magnificent. Pert breasts heaved with her quick pants, and he wanted nothing more than to take those sweet orbs into his mouth, laving them until she cried out. He could smell her arousal and wanted to taste her. She was like a banquet laid before him, and he didn't know which succulent morsel to try first.

"Severus," she almost whimpered. It was a question as much as a plea. She wanted him, and she wanted him now. He'd never been so hard.

Placing one knee on the bed, he braced himself above her with his left hand and hungrily grasped a breast with his right. Nimble fingers rolled a hardening nipple as he leaned in for a deep, passionate kiss.

Hermione moaned and arched into his touch, silently asking him for more.

Growling at the action, Severus quickly ran kisses down her throat, wanting to give her all that she asked of him. He nipped the underside of her breast; it was truly his favorite part of the female anatomy. The weight and roundness most pronounced in that curve beneath the areola. He smoothed his tongue over the sensitive flesh before circling around the now hard nub and sucking it deeply into his warm mouth.

"Ahh," she cried out, pressing herself firmly against his mouth, then snaked her fingers in his hair to pull his head closer to her skin.

Severus briefly considered the idea that this might be her plot to murder him for knowing her secret. Suffocation by breasts he could live with that.

Sliding a hand down her smooth stomach, he slipped it beneath her knickers and slid his fingers through her already wet folds.

The sensation caused Hermione to drop back flat against the bed as her hips came up to buck against his hand. This gave Severus some much needed, and much appreciated, breathing room as he made his way to her other mound, wanting to deprive neither of his ministrations.

His mouth was eagerly attentive to its charge while two fingers slid in and out of her wet canal, occasionally slipping through her folds to tease her clit. He felt the shudder run through her and knew she was about to come.

Thinking of the daydream potion she'd purchased, he made a split second decision not to be outdone by some ruddy fabrication of her perfect male and slid her knickers off while he dipped his head between her thighs to lick and suck the orgasm from her.

"Oh, Gods, Severus!" she cried out in ecstasy, clutching his hair and again holding him tightly against her body as pleasure wash over and through her.

He was really a breast man, but asphyxiation inside Hermione's sweet essence wouldn't be so bad either.

Her thighs quaked momentarily and then the hand clutching him relented. He pulled back with a gasp, all grace and tact forgotten with his body's need for air. Luckily Hermione didn't notice or at least didn't seem to care about his crude display. He looked up at her to see her eyes hooded, and her lips drawn into a small smile, staring lazily back at him.

A small hand reached out to encircle his bicep and tug lightly to bring him back to her.

Running his hand across his jaw and discreetly wiping it against the sheets she had really made quite a mess of him he kissed and licked his way back up her body. A pause at her breasts, just long enough to tug lightly on a nipple with his teeth, earned him a soft whimper.

He smiled against her skin, relishing her eagerness and surprisingly uninhibited nature.

Nuzzling her neck, he sucked lightly on her soft skin while he kicked off his trousers and positioned himself at her center.

His hips rocked back and forth, slowly, seductively, coating his stiff cock in her juices. He occasionally allowed the head of his shaft to brush against her swollen nub, bringing whimpers and gasps lovingly to his ears.

Pulling back a little farther, he felt his tip push at her entrance before sliding back through her folds. The sensation was almost too much for him, and he groaned against her neck, a hint of desperation in his tone at his own need for release.



Soft hands clasped either side of his jaw and pulled him toward awaiting lips. Severus tried to resist the action, knowing that some women didn't like to taste themselves. He didn't want to give this witch a single moment of displeasure. However, Hermione continued her gentle coaxing until his lips finally landed on hers. When she slipped her tongue into his mouth, he knew she didn't mind, and at that moment he loved her for it. Her tongue twined with his and passion once more erupted between them.

Reaching down to hook one knee into the crook of his elbow, he pulled her leg upward to spread her wider.

"Mmm, now, Severus," she whispered against his lips. "Do it now." And he plunged himself into her wetness.

They both gasped and opened their eyes, staring intently at each other. Severus rested his forehead against hers and continued to slide in and out of her, rolling his hips in a slow, sensual rhythm. Hermione could only maintain eye contact for a short time before her eyes fluttered closed and her body arched into him.

The feel of her rigid nipples scraping against his bare chest stifled his control. He dropped his head to her shoulder and began to thrust in earnest.

"Ah, oh, yesss..." Hermione moaned. She gasped when he hit a particularly sensitive spot, and Severus took note, grinding his pelvis into hers, making sure to continue the contact.

Hermione began bucking her hips to meet his thrusts which came harder and faster with her movements. Hips met in hard slaps as they both tried to deepen the action, each seeming unable to get enough of the other.

What felt like talons scraped across his back, clutching his arse, while Hermione's free leg wrapped around his thigh, pulling him to her with a silent plea *foMore. Harder. Faster.*

With every muscle working beyond its means, sheer adrenaline was all that allowed him to keep up their frantic pace.

Death by exhaustion; indeed, he would die a happy man this night.

He clutched her shoulders and pounded into her relentlessly, swirling his hips every so often just to catch his breath.

"Ah, Severus... I'm... It's... Oh GODS!" Hermione's body arched stiffly, fingernails digging into his shoulders, as her inner walls clamped down on his shaft.

He let out a feral growl and thrust into her as hard as his exhausted body would allow, holding himself deep within her core as she rode out her orgasm and his seed spilled inside her.

He collapsed against her then, shaking arms no longer able to support his weight. Their bodies entangled in a heap, sweaty, panting, and sated. It was all he could do to roll himself off of her moments later so she could properly catch her breath.

Every muscle twitched and ached, but Severus felt as if he could scale the Eiffel Tower. He knew he'd done well by the shudders he still felt racking her body and the faint smile he had seen on her lips.

Turning his head, the only part of himself he could move, he gazed at Hermione's glistening form. She was staring at him, eyes half closed and grinning stupidly. It was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

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Lying together in post-coital bliss, Hermione lifted her head from Severus' chest to look into the face of this amazing man before her.

"Severus?"

"Mmm?" His eyes were closed, body begging him for sleep, but he didn't want to give in to Morpheus' call. He didn't want to wake up to find his bed empty and this woman gone. So he willed himself awake and held on to her tightly, silently asking her to stay.

"We missed dinner."

"Mmmhmm."

"I think you should make it up to me."

His eyes fluttered opened at her proclamation, finding Hermione smiling playfully back at him.

"I thought I just did," he replied with a smirk.

"Yes," she smiled more broadly. "But I think you should make up for all the nights I had to settle for a potion instead of the real thing."

He looked at her curiously. What did she mean? Did his potion not work as intended? Impossible!

Hermione nuzzled his neck, still smiling as she peppered kisses upward, finishing with a flick of her tongue on the sensitive spot behind his ear.

"It was you, Severus," she whispered, "your potion gave me *you*."

She didn't see the large grin that crossed his face as he whispered *Nox* and pulled her into the curve of his body, wrapping himself around her form. She would be here in the morning, and he would greet her properly, making up for his previous absence in her life over and over for many days to come.

He'd survived the Dark Lord, the war, and even Albus Dumbledore and the dunderheads the man forced him to teach. Well, he thought, if this was his fate death by Hermione he would leave this world a happy and contented man, wrapped in the arms of the beautiful witch now lying at his side.

~FIN~

This fic is in response to the DH Prompt Challenge prompt #33: EWE, SL (Snape Lives); Hermione slips into an "adult" shop on Knockturn Alley to purchase a new magical vibrator. She is horrified when she brings her purchase to the register, as she bumps into an amused Severus Snape. What happens after?

The prompt sounds as if Snape is supposed to acknowledge that the woman is, in fact, Hermione, but I took some artistic liberty in that to allow him to have his fun later on while Hermione sweated it out a bit. Hope you all liked it.