

The Trouble With Hexes

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Trouble with a mutated hex leaves Severus Snape with a distinct problem that leads to him viewing Miss Granger in a whole new light.

1-Jan

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter.

A/N: WARNING: Do not read if you are offended by light BDSM (spanking and a little dominance for the purpose of seduction) and/or explicit sexual descriptions and/or initial non-consensual seduction.

Just as a note, in this fic, Hermione is 18 years old. Also, this fic is AU after OotP, and the O'Connell twins are not Harry Potter characters but added here for the purpose of plot development.

That said, read on and enjoy the SSHG goodness! ;-)

(1/1)

Hermione leaned against the chilly stone wall outside the Potions classroom, dropping her heavy bag at her feet with a sigh of relief. She rubbed her shoulder to alleviate some of the ache left over from the straps of her bag. Realising she still had a good ten minutes before class started, she bent down, rummaging through her bag 'til she found her essay on the effects of dragon blood in healing potions. Standing up once more, she re-read her essay for the fifth time, gradually become less aware of her surroundings.

A hand clapped onto her shoulder, making her jerk and look around with a bit of surprise. Harry's vivid green eyes crinkled up behind his glasses as he smiled down at her. Behind him, the rest of the class was milling around.

"Harry!" she exclaimed with a smile and then glanced down at her work. "Just a minute, let me finish reading this..."

Harry tugged the parchment out of her hands, ignoring her feeble protests. "Hermione," he said firmly, "you've read that about ten times. I think it's perfect by now." He reached down and slipped it into her bag.

"It doesn't hurt to go over your work a few times." She eyed him speculatively. "In fact, in your case, *you should* be reading over your essays."

Harry grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, maybe."

"Oh, Harry, if you want to be an Auror, you need to get good marks," Hermione sighed. Harry rolled his eyes at her and then grinned when she tried to bat him over the head.

Snape appeared in the hallway and spotted the two friends laughing as Harry held Hermione's hands to stop her hitting him. He strode over to loom above them, sneering at the juvenile display. "Potter, Granger... do feel free to enter my classroom when you decide to act your age."

He swept round and headed towards the classroom. Pausing in the doorway, he said silkily, "20 points from Gryffindor for that shameless display of teenage hormones," then entered the classroom.

Hermione leapt away from Harry, blushing profusely. She grabbed her bag and hurried inside, avoiding the gazes of her classmates. Harry glared balefully at his professor as he came in behind Hermione and took a seat beside her.

* * *

Severus Snape stormed down the hallways of Hogwarts, snarling at students who crossed his path and docking points with a vicious pleasure. How dare that little twit hex him? He seethed at the mere thought of the O'Connell twins in a few years' time, they'd be worse than the Weasley brats. He wondered sometimes what happened to his sanity that day he allowed Dumbledore to coerce him into teaching and spying on the side. Perhaps being a bona fide Death Eater and helping Voldemort gain control of the world hadn't been such a terrible idea. At least Voldemort would have let him strangle a few kids, he thought sourly.

He thought about a world ruled by Voldemort, had the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Be-A-Prat not defeated him once and for all late last year. Ah, that brightened his day somewhat; now, he only felt like killing half the wretched students in this castle instead of the whole snivelling lot.

As for the O'Connell twins... he smiled darkly as he envisioned handing them over to Filch with instructions to 'use all necessary force'. They'd certainly never pull a stunt like the one earlier today on him ever again. He scowled in remembrance. Patricia O'Connell had approached him in the hallways and to his utter horror broken down crying at his feet. He had been forced to stand there awkwardly, wishing fervently for Minerva to hurry up with her breakfast and get out there to deal with the sodden lump of hysterical female. Fed up with the pathetic whimpering, he had sneered and told the girl to take herself up to the hospital wing. Unfortunately, the girl had had the audacity to fling herself forwards and grab his pant leg. He had been too horrified to take notice of his surroundings, and that was when her twin, Corey, struck.

The insolent whelp had hexed him. Him! Potions master and ex-Death Eater, caught unaware by a snot-nosed trouble-maker. And the worst part was that the soon-to-be-strangled boy had mispronounced the hex, leaving him suffering from something entirely different than the intended boils. Thank Merlin the two pranksters had merely assumed he had silently blocked the hex somehow when boils didn't appear. He really would have had to find a place to stash the bodies if they had noticed what had really happened, Dumbledore be damned.

As it was, a few acidic comments from him and many, many detentions later, the two had bolted, not looking nearly as sorry as they should have been, in his opinion. He had snarled out after their retreating backs something about enjoying their last few days before expulsion. That threat never failed to panic wayward students, though to his regret, Dumbledore didn't approve of it.

Then he was left in the hallway with his... problem. Furious, he had stalked down into the dungeon to his private quarters. Had the twerp mis-hexed anyone but him, he would have been interested at the unexpected results, but as it was, he was distinctly not amused. The spell had been mutated, leaving him with similar effects to if he had consumed a glass of the lust potion, Amortentia.

His iron-hard control had slipped, allowing the tiniest things to bring lust roaring through his body and straight down. He had headed straight for the shower, ducking under freezing water, but even that had not been enough, and he had been forced to reach down to his now painful erection, almost savagely pumping his fist along his length until he came, coating his hand and feeling lazy satisfaction and immense release.

It was only when he was leaving his quarters that he realised his problem was far from over. It seemed that just like many lust potions, the effects of the hex would last until he had... bedded a witch. He swore quietly under his breath, realising that he'd most likely be stuck with the uncontrollable hormonal urges of a teenager for hours yet before the effects faded after he had found a suitable witch and he would be able to exert control over his baser instincts once more.

It was with that distinctly unpleasant prediction in mind that he strode down to his classroom. Rounding a corner, he sneered as he saw his Advanced Potions students waiting outside the classroom door. His lip curled at the sight of Potter and Granger play-fighting. What in Merlin's name did the silly girl see in Potter and Weasley? Sweeping up beside them, he made sure to loom over them, extending his magical aura to increase the effect.

"Potter, Granger... do feel free to enter my classroom when you decide to act your age," he drawled out, delighting in the embarrassed squeak Granger made as she leapt away from the arrogant prat. He paused on the way inside the classroom behind the other students, smirking as he added in his silkiest voice, "20 points from Gryffindor for that shameless display of teenage hormones."

Striding to his desk at the front of the class, Snape felt positively gleeful at the idea of having Potter at his mercy for the next three hours. Verbal punching bags were, after all, an excellent way to relieve pent-up anger.

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Snape stared down his nose at his students attempting to brew Skele-Gro potion. He eyed Draco Malfoy warily. The boy was looking decidedly suspicious today, glancing up far too often from his cauldron, eyes calculating. The boy was a spoilt prat, but Snape tolerated his antics, mainly because he had the good sense to keep out his hair, targeting Potter instead. Snape was all too willing to give his Slytherin pupil some leeway if he caused pain for the bane of his life.

He narrowed his eyes as the blond student eyed the table next to his, failing to completely hide his smirk at Potter and Granger beneath the sweeping fall of his fringe. So, Malfoy was planning something. Snape scowled. *The idiot had better make sure he doesn't accidentally destroy the entire classroom while trying to sabotage Potter's potion, or there'll be hell to pay.*

Snape mentally catalogued the ingredients of Skele-Gro. He determined that Malfoy would probably attempt to drop stinging nettles into Potter's potion straight after the Murtlap essence during the simmering stage, which would render the potion useless and beyond salvation, even for a genius like Granger. Without the hawthorn, added after the ten minutes of simmering, the stinging nettles added too early would react with the Murtlap, creating a potion that would burn through most materials. Snape eyed Potter's cauldron and deduced that it was, thankfully, made from iron instead of pewter. Pewter would dissolve under the corrosive power of the ruined potion, but iron would be able to contain the mess. Snape had no desire to replace an entire table that had been melted because of a prank.

He looked up, surveying the room and relishing in the near-absolute silence. The two Slytherins, four Ravenclaws and two Gryffindors that made up his Advanced Potions class worked diligently, preparing ingredients and dutifully stirring their potions. He noted that Susan Bones, the only other female in the class, was falling behind in her work. Bones' potion was still a thick brown mix, whilst her classmates' potions had already progressed to the pale green stage of the potion with a smooth consistency. He was thankful for the platform upon which his desk stood, the higher vantage point allowing him to look down into students' potions.

It also provided a wonderful view for looking down Miss Bones' school blouse, Snape realised. Heat surged straight down to his groin, and his eyes were drawn against his will to gaze at the soft swell of her breasts, visible through her loosened collar. Snape snarled at his lack of control, white-knuckled hands clutching at the edge of his desk as he gritted his teeth and with a tremendous effort managed to look away. Trying to muffle his panting breaths from the effort it took to control his raging hormones, he shifted uncomfortably. By Merlin, he was going to murder that damned Corey O'Connell.

Bones was of age in both the Wizarding and Muggle worlds, he knew, but he'd rather spend time frolicking with Hagrid's Blast-Ended Skrewts than get caught staring at her, let alone use her to rid himself of this blasted hex.

While the school permitted relationships between students and teachers, provided students were of age, he didn't care to indulge in sexual acts with Susan Bones. His tastes ran to higher standards. Big breasted or not, Bones was only just above average in intelligence, and her face was dull. Besides, he enjoyed curves, but disliked excessively well-endowed witches. He would not be satisfied by anything less than a keenly intelligent mind paired with a delectable witch who appealed to his more subtle idea of beauty.

Snape hissed quietly through his teeth as his erection throbbed at the thought of taking a suitable witch to bed. Perhaps he should make a trip down to Knockturn Alley when classes finished.

A cough roused him from his thoughts, and he glanced over towards Hermione Granger, who lifted one hand away from the stirring rod to cover her mouth as she coughed once more. He found himself watching the unconscious way her hips swayed rhythmically as she then used both hands to stir her potion. He raised an eyebrow when she finally withdrew the stirring rod, leaving the potion to simmer quietly, and leaned back, her lips pouting slightly at the almost silent sigh she released. He watched, unable to tear his eyes away, as she lifted her arms above her head and stretched lithely, unknowingly providing him with an excellent view of how her white shirt moulded to her nicely rounded breasts and smoothed over the gentle swell of her hips.

His mouth went dry at the tantalising sight, and his length was now straining against his trousers. He eyed the 18-year-old thoughtfully, for the first time seeing her as a woman instead of a mere student. He would never have bothered to look at her in such a way if the hex hadn't left his control in shreds.

Snape let his eyes rest on her face, noting the delicate structure and wide, chocolate brown eyes. Hermione Granger, best friends to the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Be-A-Pain-In-His-Arse and his idiotic, red-haired sidekick. She had an astonishingly bright mind, fine-tuned after seven years of Hogwarts' schooling, a calm, level head indicative of a maturity that should have been well beyond her years and what looked to be a woman's sensuous curves. Gone was the bushy-haired, buck-toothed girl who strived to prove her worth and hide her uncertainties by leaping to answer any and every question. There was no question that Hermione Granger was now an adult: legally, physically and mentally.

Well, now. Perhaps he didn't need to go as far as Knockturn Alley after all.

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"Professor, there's something wrong with this, it doesn't look fresh enough," Draco Malfoy proclaimed loudly into the near-silence of the room.

Snape looked up from his desk, quill in hand and presumably grading the essays they had handed to him at the start of the lesson. He scowled and beckoned imperiously to the Slytherin. "Show me."

As Malfoy stood up, nettles clutched in his hand, Harry turned to Hermione and rolled his eyes, mouthing the words, 'What a whinger'. Hermione choked back her snort of laughter. The blond young man swept past their table, robes sweeping out gracefully, and stepped up onto the platform to reveal his handful of stinging nettles.

Snape eyed the handful, noting there were significantly less nettles in his hand than there had been originally when he had scooped them off his chopping board. He needed to glance only briefly at them – sure enough, they were perfectly fresh – then sent Draco back to his seat with a wave of the quill in his hand and a muttered, "They're perfectly fine, now get back to work."

"Yes, sir," Draco said dutifully, heading back to his place and dropping his handful so he could stir his potion.

* * *

Twenty minutes later, Harry Potter was staring at his potion, aghast. He glanced over at Hermione's, which was rapidly cooling and now a transparent green colour, then looked into his own cauldron, the dark green mass bubbling angrily up at him. Hermione saw the strange expression on his face and leaned over to glance into his cauldron. She smothered her gasp of surprise.

Harry gave her a helpless look, and she sighed before beginning to mutter instructions at him. Fifteen more minutes passed, and Harry's potion still had not changed. Hermione frowned. There was only one mistake Harry could have made to ruin Skele-Gro to the point that the effects were, apparently, irreversible. But... she had seen Harry add the nettles at the right time.

"Time's up," Snape's voice sounded. He stood up, gathering his robe about him, and swept around his desk and down off the platform to the first row of desks. Harry slumped in his seat, resigned to being failed for the botched potion.

Snape progressed through the classroom, checking everyone's potions. He took 30 points off Ravenclaw when he saw Susan Bone's incomplete potion, merely sneering at the other Ravenclaws' potions and moving on. He approached Malfoy and Zabini's desk, muttering a barely audible 'good' to both, and then stopped before Hermione and Harry. He glanced at her potion first, nodding silently before turning his gaze to the bubbling mass within Harry's cauldron.

He smirked. "What have we here, Potter?" he murmured, picking up a small, wooden stirring rod and dropping it into the cauldron, raising an eyebrow at Potter when it was almost instantly dissolved. "You call this mess a potion?" He sneered. "Longbottom finally leaves my class, and you decide to pick up the slack and be the new class idiot?"

"No," Harry ground out reluctantly, glaring up at Snape and clenching his fists.

"No, what, Potter?" Snape hissed.

"No, *sir*."

"30 points from Gryffindor for your tone and for the senseless waste of valuable ingredients," Snape said, Vanishing the useless potion. He suddenly strode off to his storeroom with a firm, "Stay where you are," snapped at the class.

Hermione was still trying to work out what had gone wrong with Harry's potion when it hit her. *Stinging nettles... Of course!* Malfoy had gone by their table holding a handful, she remembered now. Hermione jerked, eyes widening at her realisation, and she glared at Malfoy. Malfoy smirked at them, dangling a strip of stinging nettle in front of him. Unfortunately, Harry saw him.

Harry leapt to his feet, knocking back his chair, and drew his wand on Malfoy, eyes blazing. "You – you bloody ferret, you did it!" He snarled.

Malfoy smirked. "So what if I did, Scarhead?" He lazily withdrew his wand and pointed it at Harry.

Before either could cast any spells, there was bang as Snape flung open the storeroom door, bottle in one hand and wand raised in the other. A split-second later, Harry's wand was soaring out of his hands, and Snape caught it.

Snape smiled at Potter and practically purred, "Detention with Filch, I think. Tonight at seven o'clock."

Harry shook with rage, glaring at his hated professor. Hermione glanced anxiously at him and then turned to look up at the older man. "Professor Snape, it wasn't Harry's fault his potion was ruined. Malfoy put..."

"Be quiet, Miss Granger. Potter lacks the skills necessary to ever become truly adept at Potions."

She hesitated, then steeled her resolve after a glance at Harry and soldiered on. "Sir, Malfoy provoked Harry into drawing his wand, and Malfoy drew his wand too. I don't think it's very fair to just..."

Snape interrupted her again. "Potter was in the wrong for being the first to draw his wand. Fighting will not be tolerated in my classroom. Nor will students who talk back to their teachers." He smirked at her. "Detention, Miss Granger. Tonight in here at seven o'clock." *Perhaps*, Snape mused, *I should thank the Malfoy boy for creating the perfect situation.*

"Why are you giving her detention?" Harry spat defiantly.

"Why, Potter? Because she interfered needlessly." He glared around at all the students before handing back Harry's wand. "Now, get out, all of you."

Nobody spoke a word as they filed out. Snape smirked at the way Potter's fists clenched in rage as he stomped from the room. Granger was right behind him, her school skirt swaying deliciously from side-to-side with the movement of her hips.

Oh, yes, he was looking forward to tonight.

* * *

Severus Snape lay draped in his chair behind his desk, twirling his wand idly and watching the classroom door. At promptly seven o'clock, there was a knock, and he hissed out, "Enter."

He watched as Hermione Granger, still dressed in her school uniform, stepped into the classroom and closed the door behind her. He aimed his wand at the door under the desk and cast a non-verbal *Silencio* and, after a moment's thought, added a locking spell.

"Miss Granger," he purred. "You are here to be... punished... for trying to interfere today and undermining my authority in this classroom."

"Yes, sir," she murmured, lowering her eyes and controlling her lingering sense of outrage. Despite her feelings about this unfair detention, she hadn't been able to stop herself from noticing how good her professor had looked just then, sprawled in his chair.

She begrudgingly admitted to herself that the man had a huge amount of sex-appeal. Surprisingly enough, Snape had apparently never had any female students developing crushes on him and did not look at the students who were of age.

"Well?" Snape said impatiently. "Get over here and take this parchment." He tapped a thick roll of parchment against his shoulder.

Hermione gave a silent sigh of relief. She had been imagining what sort of horrors Snape would assign to her for detention, but it seemed he planned for her to spend her night doing lines. Sure enough, on the blackboard behind him, the words, 'I will not disobey Severus Snape ever again' were scratched out in white chalk. Thank Merlin. Ron had spent the entire dinner regaling her with stories of barrels of toads ready to gut, or extracting hundreds of beetle eyes. Worse still had been Harry's story about having to clean out multitudes of grimy cauldrons that would have made Neville's cauldron look positively squeaky-clean.

She moved forwards, stepping up onto the platform and reaching across her professor's desk for the parchment. She frowned when he placed it down right in front of him on the desk, making her stretch out, her torso flat along the desk 'til her hands brushed over the paper. The alternative was to walk round the desk towards him, something she'd rather not do.

Hermione wasn't expecting his large hand to suddenly come down and grip her wrists together tightly. She also wasn't prepared for the murmured spell that sent glowing green ropes slithering round her wrists and soaking into the wood, binding her to the table in the awkward position.

She gasped and jerked her head up to meet his dark eyes. "S-sir?" she stuttered.

He smiled darkly, almost viciously, at her, and then rose fluidly to his feet. "I said you would be punished, Miss Granger," he purred. "You disobeyed me earlier today."

"P-Professor Snape!" she gasped out, heart beating frantically. "This... this isn't right. It's unethical to... to tie up your students." She searched his eyes. "Something must be wrong... you must be poisoned. Let me up and... I'll help you find an antidote, sir," she said.

"Something is wrong, but it's about to get better." He smirked. "Don't worry, Miss Granger, I know the antidote." *And I know you will enjoy it as well, once you get over your surprise at this change in plans*, he added silently. Oh, yes, he had every intention of making sure she would find this very pleasurable indeed. Snape liked to see his partner enjoying his attention.

"Well, t-that's good, sir..." She trailed off, wide-eyed as he moved around the desk to somewhere behind her, out of her sight. She hoped he was going to the storeroom to get an antidote, but had a sinking feeling that he was standing behind her and had no intention of leaving the room.

She squealed and bucked when warm, slightly rough hands slid possessively round the backs of her knees then drew up across her thighs.

"Sir!" she choked out, offended and more than a little shocked by this new development. She jerked on the restraints holding her down to the desk and then tried to wriggle away from the hands, to no avail.

She felt her cheeks burn, absolutely mortified, when her professor slid his hands up under her skirt, flipping it over her arse and onto her lower back. He curved his hands over her arse, squeezing it once, twice, before letting go. Hermione let out a sigh of relief. She didn't like the way his hands had made something warm and tighten low in her belly.

She screamed when a hand slapped her arse.

"Are you sorry for interfering today, Miss Granger?" Snape inquired silkily.

Hermione bristled, outraged at this treatment of her. "*What?* No! Let me go, Professor!"

His hand slapped her arse once more, making her arch and scream out again. "Not good enough, Miss Granger. You're intelligent enough to know the answer."

"Pro-Professor Snape, please stop," she said, caught between shock and fear and yet... something in her had responded to the slap, enjoying it. If she were to be honest, most of that fear was because of how she had found some pleasure in this.

He smiled at her. "Call me Severus." He waited, and when she didn't say anything else, he smacked her again, albeit lightly. He discretely sniffed at the air, smelling faint traces of burgeoning arousal, and felt satisfaction ripple through him.

Hermione jerked at the slap and gasped out, "Se-Severus!" She felt another twinge down low and fought not to squirm at the sensation.

"Now," he said pleasantly. "Are you sorry for disobeying me today in class?"

She successfully clamped down on her desire to whimper and didn't immediately say anything, now determined to be stubborn. How could she have given in like that just now? This was not normal!

He raised his hand and brought it down sharply on her delectable arse once more. "Well, Hermione?"

"Yes!" she cried out, strangely aroused by the situation and forgetting not to give in. "I'm sorry for disobeying you, Severus."

She shivered as he rubbed a palm over the sensitised flesh of her bum. "Good girl," he praised. "Will you ever disobey me again?"

She was quick with her response now. "No, never!"

He rewarded her with a brief, sensual squeeze of her arse with his hands. "Excellent," he purred. He stared down at his hands massaging her backside and groaned

audibly, feeling his erection throb painfully. Unable to resist, he slid his hands up to grip her hips and ground himself into her arse.

Hermione gasped as the evidence of his arousal was pressed intimately against her. Against her will, she moaned. Her nipples had hardened almost instantly after the first slap, her arse tingling delightfully after each stroke. The tingling had shot down to her pelvis, making something down there clench involuntarily at the new sensation.

She had felt wetness beginning to coat her panties after only the second slap. She was mortified, but the combination of pain and the tingling aftershocks made something in her ignite down there, and his dark tone demanding her obedience had actually begun to turn her on against her will. Her body was betraying her she didn't want Severus Snape doing this to her! ... Did she?

Hermione couldn't deny that the man had to have the world's sexiest voice. It slithered over her like velvet and reminded her of spices and decadently rich chocolate. And, if she were to be brutally honest... she was enjoying him forcing her to submit to his will. There was something incredibly arousing about being forced to give up her prized control and just *feel*.

It had taken her ex-boyfriend, Seamus Finnegan, ages to prepare her for sex, but her professor had made her more than ready after only a few touches and words, combined with the slaps that were both painful and pleasing. It was obvious he was no stranger to pleasing witches, and the thought of what he was capable of with those dexterous hands and silky voice left her squeezing her thighs together to alleviate the ache in her abdomen.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to let him dominate her. Oh, hell, who was she kidding? She needed this, wanted this so badly. She admitted to herself that had she truly not wanted this, she would have been screaming for help right now instead of moaning for more. Though he was her professor, she was of age, and the school would not object, so long as this was kept discrete.

She was abruptly roused from her thoughts as his voice sounded in her ear, lips just barely grazing her ear and sending her heart beating wildly.

Severus was aching to slide himself deep within her, but he held back for now. "I've been aching to bend you over my desk like this all day, witch," he rasped, bending over her to speak near her ear. He ducked his head and pressed his open mouth to the wildly flickering pulse point at her neck. He drove himself against her again, pushing her hips into the table's edge. "I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't be able to move for a week." Underneath him, Hermione whimpered.

He groped for his wand and used it to carefully sever her blouse, tie and skirt, sliding the material away from her and dumping the scraps onto the floor. He muttered a contraception charm, then let his wand clatter onto the desk. Stepping back from the now panting witch, he unbuttoned his clothes, dropping his shirt and black vest carelessly to the floor, and then kicked out of his pants and briefs.

He pressed back intimately against her, sliding his hands up over her curvy waist and cupping her breasts through the silken bra. He smirked and ran his thumbs over the stiffened peaks, and she started to moan, but choked it back. He frowned, driving against her arse as he slid one hand to her back and unclasped her bra. Ripping the straps, he slid it out from underneath her and chucked it somewhere to the side.

Hermione gasped as Snape's hands slid over her breasts unhindered. She shuddered as a roughened palm scraped against a pert nipple and he took hold of it, pinching and rolling it between thumb and forefinger as he rocked his erection in-between the cheeks of her arse. She moaned then as heat shot through her core, feeling her juices soak her panties completely and start sliding down her inner thighs. Oh, Merlin, Seamus had never made her feel this way. She was beyond caring that the man behind her was her teacher.

Severus slid his hands back down to her hips, his left hand gripping her there and the other sliding around and down to the front of her thigh. When she didn't part her legs for him, he took matters into his own hands, forcing a leg in-between her own tightly clenched ones. His hand slid up her inner thigh 'til he reached the barrier of her panties. Stroking a finger over them, he inhaled sharply as he encountered the sopping wet material.

He groaned, pressing himself against her backside. "You're soaking wet, Hermione." The way he purred her name made Hermione bite her lip to stop herself from moaning. And then she did moan when he literally ripped her panties off, snapping the thin elastic on the edges and tearing the sides.

Severus allowed a single finger to run up her slit, hissing through his teeth at how easily his finger slipped along. Without warning, he thrust the digit into her, making her scream out hoarsely. He smiled savagely and added another finger, pumping them into her until her hips started jerking wildly and her legs unconsciously opened wider.

"Do you like that, my little witch?" He smirked, watching her panting form. He withdrew his fingers, and she let out an involuntary whimper at the loss. He leaned over her, pressing her down into the desk. "You're going to scream again for me, Granger. You're going to enjoy me fucking you into this desk, dominating you."

He suddenly plunged the two fingers back inside her, thrusting them back and forth until he felt her muscles start to tighten round his fingers. He rubbed his thumb hard across her clit, and she screamed as she came, her juices flooding out and dripping down her legs. He lifted his right hand to his mouth and licked at his forefinger. *Delicious*. He'd remember that for the future.

Hermione breathed deeply after the last aftershock of her climax washed over her. Merlin help her, but she wanted more, even though a voice in the back of her head still screamed that this was wrong. Hesitantly, she tilted her hips up and pressed back against his engorged length.

She was rewarded with a hiss through tightly clenched teeth before he seized her hips in his long-fingered hands, pressing hard enough to bruise, but she was beyond caring at that point. He jerked her hips up at a certain angle, and then she felt him rubbing himself along her slit, coating himself in her juices.

When he made no further move other than teasingly rubbing himself along her, she whimpered, pulling on her restraints, trying to let him know what she wanted without having to say anything.

His velvety chuckle sounded behind her. "Want something?"

She controlled herself, remembering that although she definitely wanted this, he hadn't exactly asked her politely at the start. There was no way she was going to give in without at least a semblance of a fight to uphold her dignity. "No," she snapped at him.

"Then I'll take what I want," he purred. She opened her mouth to reply, but she found herself screaming out instead as he thrust into her.

Snape groaned as he slammed into her over and over again, relishing how tight and wet she was as she writhed under him, moaning. He'd been waiting all day for this, and she was even better than he'd imagined her to be.

He loved how she had struggled against him earlier, trying to be stubborn and deny her body's cravings. It made her submission to him all the more intoxicating. And the little Gryffindor was so responsive under his touch. He had no doubt that she had wanted this almost as soon as his punishment, or rather, seduction, had begun.

Hermione shuddered at the pleasure rippling through her as he kept sliding in and out. She panted, trembling in exhaustion at the effort of pushing her elbows into the table to hold herself up a little, and flopped down flat, crushing her breasts into the wood. Behind her, Snape merely tightened his grip on her hips, tilting them up further and driving into her forcefully, making her rub against the table. She moaned at the exquisite sensation of the wooden grain against her breasts.

She felt him slide one hand down to her core as he began rolling his hips into her more wildly. Her flesh, already over-sensitised, was easily stimulated, and she felt that same hot pressure building up down low. Two fingers slid over her engorged clit, once, twice and then she exploded, screaming his name as she came. She vaguely heard him grunt deeply before slamming into her so hard she saw stars even as she felt him climax.

Hermione lay quietly on the table, panting and exhausted and feeling incredibly satisfied. She felt Snape pull out of her and gently lower her hips down to rest upon the edge of his desk. He picked up his wand and murmured the counter-charm to release her hands, and she gratefully slid her arms down to her sides and pushed herself off the desk.

She stood with her back to him, not ready to face him yet. What had she done? Horrified guilt threatened to swamp her, but she firmly squashed those feelings, reminding herself that she had just had the best sex of her life. She wondered what it said about her that she had actually enjoyed being tied down and made to let go of all control. Hermione still couldn't deny that although the idea seemed strange, it had turned her on, though at first she had been apprehensive at the unexpected events.

The young witch chewed her lip and thought hard. What now? Go back to being the student and teacher and forget that this ever happened? She doubted he wanted a student as his girlfriend no, that word didn't suit him. Would he want her as his... what? Partner? She scoffed at the absurd thought. No, most likely she was a quick, convenient shag for him, a simple fling. She stiffened her spine. If that was the case, then so be it. She turned slowly, resolutely, to face the now silent man.

As he pulled his pants back on, Severus watched the young woman as she stood facing away from him, evidently deciding what to do next. He cocked an eyebrow at her when she finally turned around to face him, arms demurely covering her chest. He decided to let her keep her paltry sense of modesty for now. He crossed his arms, waiting for her to work up the courage to address him first.

She licked her lips, missing the heated look he tossed her for that little action. "So," she said nervously, feeling incredibly awkward *What the hell do you say after you've just been shagged senseless by your Potions professor?* "Prof Severus," she amended, "I suppose we just... go back to normal after this?"

Severus snorted. The silly chit thought he was going to leave this as a one-time only fling? There was no way in hell he was going to let her get away from him now that he'd had a taste of her. She was incredible and highly addictive; already, even feeling the last vestiges of the effects of the mutated hex fading, he wanted her again. Perhaps the hex hadn't been so bad; it had forced him to take action and finally led him to notice the brunette witch as more than a soon-to-graduate student. If he had his way, she'd be back in his bed and in his life on a permanent basis.

He bent down and picked up his outer robe and strode over to her. Flinging the robe around her slim form, he fisted his hand in the material above her chest and used the leverage to jerk her towards him. She stumbled, surprised, and fell into his chest.

With his free hand, he seized her chin and tilted her face up, devouring her lips with his own, groaning at her sweet taste as she gasped, letting him explore her mouth. He pulled his mouth away and nipped at her earlobe. "My office. Tomorrow night after dinner." He pulled back to stare hard into her eyes. "Don't be late." He smacked her arse lightly and then kissed her again, smothering her surprised yelp.

Severus stepped back, picked up the rest of his discarded clothes and stalked out of the room without a backwards glance. Hermione was left to stare wide-eyed at the door as it closed behind him, one hand raised to her lips.