

# Smokescreen

*by Delayed Poet*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** Dear JK Rowling, thank you for allowing us to play in your world. ~Delayed Poet

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The first time she'd come to him, he'd been surprised, but he'd indulged her because she'd paid for it.

He wasn't surprised anymore.

He knew what it was like to have that insatiable craving. It lured her back, though she claimed each time would be her last. And who was he to complain? It wasn't like he wasn't getting anything out of it.

It was exhilarating to see how the potion affected her. It was different every time. He ensured that the potion was more potent every time, that things would go one step further with each of her visits.

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He heard the timid knock on the door and made an effort to wait before answering it. He wanted her anxious. Opening the door, he noticed the way her eyes shifted back and forth.

"Do you have it?" she asked as soon as she was inside.

"Of course." He held out his hand—payment was always made in advance.

She dropped a small bag of coins in his hand and waited for him to bring her the potion. As soon as he handed it to her, she uncapped it and downed its entire contents.

The effects were almost immediately apparent.

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Her posture changed dramatically, and she looked up at him with sultry eyes. He watched as her hands smoothly pulled her robes from her body. As they fell away, his eyes were immediately drawn to her attire. Apparently the potion was having a more permanent affect.

She walked to him, her hips swaying, and he allowed her to push him back to sit on his worn couch.

Relaxing, he indulged in the feel of her body dancing over his. He nearly groaned when her ass rubbed against his groin. She straddled him and captured his lips in a

searing kiss.

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The next morning he woke with his mind fogged and his body on automatic. Hermione was doing delightful things to his body with her mouth. Wanting more, he pulled her up to straddle his body, urging her to ride him. When their completion was found, Hermione rested her head against his shoulder.

"Severus?" Her voice was tentative. Curious, he motioned for her to continue. "The potion is only a means to satisfy a much different addiction."

Still fogged from their activities, he only managed an absent, "Hmm?"

"You, Severus." Her voice was soft.

He smirked in satisfaction at her admission.

END