

Aboard the Hogwarts Express

by RedOrchid

- **SFF grand prize winner** - A long, dreary journey spiced up with some sex, exhibitionism and fear of getting caught.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This story was entered in the Sycophant Hex: Spring Faire Festival under the PWP Story: Most Original Place.

The criteria is below:

Write a PWP using at least two canon characters getting down and dirty in the most original and/or unusual place you can think of. There is a list of places below that may NOT be used:

1. Snape's Dungeons (this includes the Potions classroom, Snape's office, and his quarters)
2. The Great Hall
3. Room of Requirement
4. Astronomy Tower
5. Broom Closet
6. Hogwarts Grounds (i.e. by the lake mainly, if you think of somewhere you deem original you may use it)
7. Forbidden Forrest
8. Charms Classroom
9. Abandoned Classrooms
10. Grimmauld Place

Aboard the Hogwarts Express is the Grand Prize Winner for the PWP Category!

Aboard the Hogwarts Express

Hermione Granger let out a deep breath and slumped back against the soft, padded seat. She was going home, away from Hogwarts, quite possibly for the last time. Seven

years had passed since she first set foot on this train, seven years since she'd found out she was a witch and that she would be going to a magical academy instead of the preppy public school her mother had had her eye on since before she was born. She tilted her head to the side and looked out the window, watching woods and fields swoosh by as the scarlet train made its way south. Her fingers went to the Head Girl badge at the top of her robes, stroking it absently. After today, it would go into a box of some sort, or perhaps she would give it to her parents to keep next to the small trophies from spelling and trivia contests she'd won in primary school. She wondered what would happen to her now.

Things were complicated, to say the least. She was quite certain that her NEWT scores would be high enough for her to apply to pretty much anything. That was the problem she had too many options. There were so many things she wanted to do, and to pick one seemed unfair to all the others. Sometimes, she envied Harry and Ron. They had to work a lot harder to get the grades they needed, but at least they knew what they wanted those grades for. Both had appointments with the Department of Magical Law Enforcement at the beginning of August, to be interviewed for possible positions within the Auror training programme. With Harry having only three months ago defeated one of the most powerful and evil wizards of modern time, and Ron having been with him at every step of the way, she really didn't think either would have a problem getting accepted even if their NEWT scores should come out less than perfect.

Then there was the other thing... She sighed again, closing her eyes. There was no telling where her current relationship (if she could call it that) stood at the moment. They'd never actually talked about what would happen after she left. She didn't know what she wanted on that account either. Keeping the affair secret had been a bigger strain than she'd imagined, always sneaking around, always having to lie to her friends and come up with excuses. It had been exhausting. And yet... Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the compartment door sliding open. She turned her head, expecting to see Ron, or one of the other prefects, and her eyes widened slightly.

"What are you doing here?"

"Not happy to see me then?" the man said, raising a mocking eyebrow. "Guess I should have used the Floo after all..." He slid the door shut and leaned against it, watching her.

"I'm serious, what if someone comes by and sees you alone in here?" A slow smile spread on his face.

"And just what did you have in mind for them to see that would be so very compromising?" Her jaw dropped a little.

"Oh, no. No way." He casually turned the lock and walked a bit closer.

"No way, what? I haven't even made a proposition." He put one knee on the seat next to her and leaned down, hands coming up to massage her shoulders. Her breathing became heavier.

"I know what you want."

"Do you now?" he whispered, moving his mouth very close to her ear. "And what do I want?" She scoffed at that, breaking the moment, and turned around to face him.

"You want to have sex, right here in the Prefects' compartment on the school train. One last little dirty tryst before putting *this thing* we have behind us. You probably figured that this would be the last chance to catch me wearing school robes and thought you'd better take advantage of it." She gave him a challenging look, which faltered a little as she saw the corners of his mouth curl.

"Not at all up to your usual standards, only one out of three... I guess I'd better enlighten you then..." Before she had the time to protest, his right hand went into the hair at the back of her head and pulled her to him, eliciting a small yelp. Instead of just crushing his lips to hers, however, he stopped a few millimetres from impact, letting her feel him without really feeling him as he moved over her. He held her head firmly, preventing her from taking control. She was trapped, unable to escape and unable to get closer to him. He smiled again, moving his lips over hers, feeling the electricity jump between their faces, a tickling sensation spreading across the skin. She licked her lips in anticipation, parting them slightly, waiting for his touch. He lowered his head and brushed his mouth against hers, only for a second, but enough to make her tremble slightly in frustration when he pulled away again. Keeping his hold on her, he started teasing her skin with little nips and kisses, making his way from her mouth to her neck and ear.

"No, Hermione, you are wrong about my motives," he murmured, taking her earlobe between his teeth and biting down just to the breaking point between pleasure and pain, making her whimper. "What I have in mind is nothing as crude and unrefined as what you suggested." He made his way down her neck slowly, raking her smooth skin with his teeth and then soothing that same path with his tongue going back up. "I don't want to just fuck you, enjoyable as that would undoubtedly be. I want to savour you, take you slowly, achingly, make you beg for fulfilment before I give it to you." He moved his head up to face her again and waited until her eyes opened, holding them captive with his own. Her pupils were dilated, making her normally hazel irises look almost as black as his. He moved his left hand in a sliding movement along the front of her body, stroking her, moving upwards across her chest, neck and then her face. She moaned softly and leaned into his touch as he stroked her across the cheek, up past her forehead and into her hair. She tried to catch his wrist with her lips as it went by, tried to press herself closer to him. Sliding down into a sitting position, he shifted her weight and pulled her over to straddle him.

"Severus, we really can't do this," she protested weakly, pressing kisses on his arm, palm, fingers, anything she could touch. Her own hands were moving along his shoulders, pressing her closer to him, feeling his body beneath the heavy black fabric.

"Do you feel the movements of the train, Hermione? That rhythmic thumping reverberating in every part of your body, urging you to obey its call... Feel it, Hermione, the strength, the speed, the thrilling rush as it grips the rail and plunges towards its destination, feeling the pressure build, the temperature rise, a gush of steam surging out when it all becomes too much, allowing it to go on, again and again, a little while longer, just a little further... until, finally..." His voice trailed off, and she let out a trembling breath she didn't know she had been holding. Again, his lips sought out hers, but they still denied her everything but the briefest of contacts, building her need and her frustration, making her yearn for the kind of kiss she knew he *could* give her one that consumed, that left her feeling empty and fulfilled, drained and saturated, all at once.

"We really can't do this," she breathed, "There are people everywhere." He removed a lock of curly hair from her face and then let his fingers trace the skin downwards, descending in teasing spirals until they found the underside of her left breast. She closed her eyes, leaning her forehead against his, trying to remain in control.

"You're right," he murmured, moving his head to kiss her neck, "there are people everywhere." The brief relief mixed with disappointment she'd felt at his first couple of words quickly vanished as the implications of the latter part of the sentence hit her.

"Anyone could walk in. The lock's not even magical," she protested, trying to ignore the tingling sensation that was spreading from his hands down throughout her body.

"They could," he conceded, and the way he said it made her shiver. "Hundreds of students running around... your closest friends and your worst enemies... they're all on this train, waiting to slide open that compartment door at precisely the wrong moment and discover just what's hiding beneath the prim and serious exterior of Hogwarts' Head Girl." One hand was on her leg now, slowly pulling the fabric away from her ankles, hitching it up along her shins...

"So we should stop this. Now!" She tried peeling his hands off her, only to have them caress a different spot within seconds of their removal. "Please, Severus, it's too risky."

"I know. Exciting, isn't it?"

"Yes. No, please..."

"Just like the other time," he whispered, catching her earlobe between his teeth again, pulling gently. "That dark corner of the library, pushing you up against the shelves, the musky smell of old books surrounding us..."

"We almost got caught! It was..." she began to protest before he silenced her with a short, searing kiss that made her lose focus.

"Yes, those steps, the sound of feet clapping against the stone, coming closer and closer... You and I keeping still and quiet as mice, holding our breath... me still buried deep inside you, feeling you clench around me in nervousness, so scared you'd get caught..."

He was hypnotising her with his voice, enchanting her, leaving her utterly powerless in his hands. The fear she felt only served to fuel the desire that was threatening to throw reason out of her being entirely. Images from the time he was describing were surfacing in her head, filing before her one by one on the back of her closed eyelids, making her heart beat hard and fast in her chest, an echo of the train's rhythmic movements.

"...My heart beating so hard, I was afraid it would give us away... and then... the feet coming to a halt, just at the other side of the row of shelves we were pressed up against... That sound... books being pulled out and replaced, mixed with someone's unintelligible muttering... being so close to danger and yet undiscovered by it... locking eyes in the semi-darkness, seeing your fear and your desire... starting to move again, slowly, carefully, still concentrating on the sounds made on the other side of the shelf... And then... that petrifying noise of shoes clapping against stone again... a moment of uncertainty was the sound moving closer or further away...? Looking at each other, swallowing hard... hoping and praying and willing the unknown creature to go away... Never ceasing our movements during this, not for an instant... feeling you tighten around me, sliding up and down... It was... well..." He smirked. "It was very satisfactory." His hands had pulled the hem of her robes to her waist now and were stroking her thighs roughly while keeping his mouth to her ear, continuing their stroll down Amnesia Lane. "...And then, hearing the steps grow fainter... overwhelming... the remaining adrenaline mixed with relief bringing such a rush... knowing that you felt it too... seeing it in your eyes... feeling it in the way you moved faster against me, moving with total abandon... like a creature who'd come face to face with death, only to discover its own immortality..."

He suddenly grabbed her head tightly and pulled her down, crushing her lips to his, taking her fully, invading her mouth, urging her to respond. She moaned and attacked him with the same ferocity, stroking his tongue with her own, sucking at his lips, biting down nearly hard enough to draw blood. As abruptly as the kiss had started, he ended it, ripping her off with a firm grip on her hair and holding her absolutely still as their eyes locked, fusing together, either utterly incapable of looking away.

"...The way you came, thrashing above me, clenching me so hard I thought I'd collapse from the sheer pleasure of it... The way I had to put my hand over your lips to stifle your scream, holding it there as I felt you tense again... and then losing control completely, having to grab your face and replace my hand with my mouth... the only way I could think of to keep myself from crying out as well... sagging to the floor, utterly unable to stand, much less support two bodies... It was... unprecedented." He tilted his head, fixing her with an intense look while one, long finger traced the contour of her lips. "And, Hermione... I know... *you* know... that we both want that again...*crave* to have that again... that loss of control... that reckless ecstasy... forgetting about caution, about risks and reputation... just for a little while."

His right hand wandered down to a naked breast, and she realised that sometime during his soliloquy, he had undone her robes and she had undone his. Both sets were hanging around their shoulders, protecting their bodies from outside view and allowing their hands free access. He lowered his head to take one hard nipple into his mouth, and she threw a worried glance towards the compartment door.

"One of the others could be back at any moment."

"The witch just passed the food trolley. We have time."

"You're being very reckless for someone who used to be a spy, you know."

"The Dark Lord is gone, Hermione. And besides... nobody will ever know."

"How can you be so sure?" He just smirked, a somewhat chilly gleam entering his eyes.

"Come now, love, you know me too well to believe that I would allow a blundering child to ruin my reputation." One hand followed the line of her inner thigh, reaching smooth satin, making her close her eyes.

"At least draw the curtains," she breathed, her chest rising faster and faster in response to the fingers' talented progress.

"Consider it done," he said, a look of triumph on his face. A snap of his fingers, and the crimson curtains flew shut, blocking them from view from any casual observer who should happen to pass by the Prefects' compartment.

He pulled her down for a deep kiss, silencing the moan that escaped her as he pushed the thin fabric of her knickers aside and thrust two fingers deep inside her, curling them, rubbing the uniquely textured spot on her inner wall slowly and with determination. She clenched her jaw, pulling her wand from the pocket of her open robes with trembling fingers.

"*Silenc...*" she started, only to have the incantation muffled by warm lips, taking her breath away with her words. Simultaneously, her wand was snatched from her grip and she heard it clatter to the floor somewhere towards the far corner of the compartment. The expression in his eyes was calculating, almost sadistic. In some twisted way, that only turned her on more.

"No Silencing Charms," he whispered, rubbing his thumb against her swollen lower lip. She felt something close to panic rise within her.

"But... Severus, *please*... people will hear!" she ushered. "There are six third-year Ravenclaws in the compartment right next to this one! And the bathrooms are just down the hall, right past this spot!" His lip curled.

"I guess that means we'll have to keep quiet, doesn't it? Come now, Hermione, I agreed to pull the curtains closed where's the challenge in using a Silencing Charm as well? Where's the *satisfaction* in that?" He scissored his fingers inside her and she dipped her head in frustration, latching onto his neck to stifle the sounds threatening to escape her. His cold smile grew wider. "No, love, I won't make it easy for you, or for myself for that matter. I want to watch you burn from the inside out, unable to release all that energy, unable to scream..." He punctuated the last word with a deep thrust inside her, a third finger joining the two already hard at work. "I want those little Ravenclaws to hear and feel every movement we make, every time I plunge inside you, every time we bang against the wall but without realising what it is they really hear, not knowing if what they experience is simply the effects of the train ride, or of another ride altogether..." He leered at her, enjoying the shocked expression on her face. Moving one hand to gently cup her chin, he pulled her down for an almost chaste kiss while his fingers kept hammering into her with relentless intensity. He pulled away slowly, studying her, seeing the passion in her eyes threatening to spill over. She was close, so close. He knew he could do anything to her right now and she'd be utterly unable to refuse. He loved holding such power over her, loved making her helpless, yearning, mindless, *his*...

"I want you." The tone of her voice as she said it nearly made his heart miss a few beats. There was nothing left of the prim little Miss Granger, nothing left of the know-it-all girl who used to annoy him to no end. The woman above him was strong, desirable and more than ready to take him. She was at once the hunter and the prey, domineering and submissive a walking contradiction. He loved that about her.

He felt her hands on him, searching through the fabric of his shorts. Within seconds, she'd succeeded and raised herself up slightly, preparing to take him inside. Her right hand slid to his, slowly pulling it away from her, breaking their intimate connection. Their eyes remained locked as she guided it up between their bodies, holding it firmly, stopping right below her face. Seeing the intensity of desire mirrored in his eyes, she leaned forwards, ever so slightly, and let her pink tongue run the length of his index finger, tasting herself.

"Take off my underwear," she whispered, her lips closing around the tip of his middle finger, suckling lightly before taking in more.

"Fuck your underwear," he managed, mind swirling with the erotic image of his wet fingers in her mouth, her tongue sliding up and down... Using his left hand, he brusquely pushed the fabric aside and slammed into her.

She bit down. Hard. And he had to close his eyes and clench his teeth not to groan loudly at the combined sensation of pleasure and pain. Blood was pounding in his ears, pulsating where he was buried deep inside her, pulsating where his fingers were firmly lodged in her mouth. He slowly opened his eyes and met her hazel gaze, darkened by desire and something more, something which sent a jolt of heat through his body, straight to his balls. She languidly removed his index and middle fingers from the

attentions of her lips and tongue, holding them close to her face, examining them.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, her voice holding a trace of insincerity and humour, showing him the marks of her teeth on his skin. A single drop of blood was forming where an especially sharp tooth had pierced the smooth protection, and her tongue came out again, running over the wound, tasting him. "Perhaps I should kiss it and make it all better?" A naughty smile spread across her lips as she once again took his fingers into her mouth, sucking them, mimicking the movements of her hips, sliding up and down along the length of him, clenching her muscles with every new stroke. A vivid image flashed before his eyes, of her the memory of her wearing that precise expression, on her knees on the stone floor in his classroom, sucking him dry... Another memory rose to the surface as well, one from the beginning of their liaison, while she was still nervous, unsure of what to do and how to do it embarrassed, shy almost. He smirked.

"You have learnt exceptionally well in three months." Her smile widened.

"Thank you... *Professor*," she murmured. "I always was a fast learner... Now... what was that you said before about going for a ride...?"

He grabbed her and pulled her to him, kissing her hungrily as she increased the tempo, falling into sync with the rhythmic movements of the train. He jerked his hips to help her, going deeper, going faster as the train seemed to speed up, the pounding of revolving steel echoing the pounding of their hearts and the pulsating need within their bodies. Quickly, gloriously, the Hogwarts Express raced towards its destination, unseen by prying Muggle eyes as it flew by fields and lakes, through deep woods and over high hills leaving the surroundings a frenzy of unnoticed colour. Inside the train, Hermione threw her head back in a silent scream, Severus' hand pressed firmly over her mouth as he himself burrowed his face against her neck, sucking hard. Their frantic movements culminated, bodies jerking violently against each other as their stifled moans were drowned by the sound of the train's piercing whistle...

A little while later, as they sat slumped against each other, kissing languidly and enjoying the sensation of complete relaxation in virtually every body part, fear re-entered the equation.

"Hermione? Are you in there?"

The voice came from the corridor, just outside the Prefects' compartment, and was accompanied by a rattling sound as the person tried to tug open the locked door. She froze, her first instinct to just scramble away from her lover, or try to hide, or just... Her panic was stopped in its tracks by a firm arm around her waist, pinning her down on his lap, keeping their connection intact. She looked at him and saw him look back, a serious expression in his eyes, demanding, as he mouthed a single word: "*Talk*." She nodded, clearing her throat.

"Yes, I'm in here, Ron. What's the matter?"

"The train's almost at King's Cross. We're a few hours ahead of schedule... dunno why, it's kinda weird, eh?" The two people inside the compartment looked at each other, initial astonishment quickly changing into amused smiles. "Anyway, we should do a last patrol, see that everything's alright... And what's up with the door?"

"Um... I was just sleeping, and I wanted to be left alone," she quickly lied, not daring to meet Severus' eye at the moment.

"Er, ok... Are you going to let me in then?" Ron's somewhat bewildered voice came from the other side of the thin wooden barrier.

"Just give me a second, I'll be right out," she managed, trying to keep her voice even and ignore the fact that the man holding her had moved his other hand from her hair down to her breasts. "Why don't you find the other prefects and we'll meet in the middle of the train in five minutes to do the rounds?" Her voice rose alarmingly at the end of the sentence as Severus took one of her still hard nipples into his mouth, rolling it between his teeth.

"I guess... Are you sure you're ok in there?" Ron asked, rattling the door again.

"I'm fine, honest," she called back, gasping for air as her other breast received the same treatment. "I just... I just need to fix my hair. I fell asleep against the wall and now it's all messy and horrible. Really, I'll be out in just a minute."

"Oh, alright then," Ron said in the voice he reserved for comments about how impossible girls were to understand. "I'll be in Hannah and Justin's compartment. Come as soon as you can, ok?"

"I will, see you there," she called, her heart settling back into a more relaxed rhythm as she heard Ron's footsteps walk down the corridor. She quickly pushed herself off Severus' lap, fixed her underwear and dug into her trunk to retrieve the Muggle clothes she needed to change into.

"Leaving so soon?"

"I have to, and you know it." She turned to face him, buttoning her jeans while fixing him with a would-be stern look. "And also, that last part was just mean. And stupid... and far too risky."

"And exhilarating?" he asked with a smirk, getting to his feet and doing up the row of buttons on his black robes. She felt her anger grow.

"That's beside the point. We almost got caught. *Again*. By one of my best friends!" She walked to the door, moving her hand to turn the lock, and then slumped against it. "Seriously, Severus, we can't go on like this. I can't take this mental stress any longer." He walked up to her, leaning in closely, his mouth inches from her own.

"Come see me this summer," he murmured, holding up a folded piece of parchment, "I'll make it worth your while." Without waiting for an answer, he pushed the note into the front pocket of her jeans and pressed his lips to hers in a short, heated kiss. Breaking contact, he raised his head, looked down at her and smiled briefly. Then he undid the lock and slid the door open.

"I'll be seeing you, Hermione," he said and then took a few steps back and Apparated with a 'pop'. She remained at the door, frozen for a few seconds, before shaking her head and walking out into the corridor, making her way towards the centre of the train, his note burning in her pocket.

THE END