

Thinking of You

by Danu

Severus walks in on something that makes him look at a certain know-it-all in an entirely different light

Thinking of You

Chapter 1 of 3

Severus walks in on something that makes him look at a certain know-it-all in an entirely different light

I got inspired with "Thinking of You" and the way Maynard just croons some of these lines. I know I dabbled a little in the smut area with "Missed Me," but I consider this my first full attempt into the smut area. So any helpful comments are totally appreciated.

Anyways, major thanks to my betas Mystic song (Amanda) and Aila.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to J.K. Rowling, I just like playing with her creations. "Thinking of You" belongs to A Perfect Circle, more specifically Maynard James Keenan

~~~~~  
Twisting and turning, huffing and puffing as he fought to get comfortable in the unfamiliar bed, he growled before punching a pillow. He had started the night on his back, but every time the lids of his eyes closed, the scene he had stumbled into what he had considered his rooms at number twelve, Grimmauld Place would start playing. Thus, he turned onto his left side, then his right before flopping over onto his stomach. Sadly, that had not worked well either. The pressure of the mattress against his rampant erection proved far too distracting and inspired thoughts that he was desperately trying not to think of. Snarling out a quiet string of expletives, he turned to stare at the ceiling.

*Lying all alone and restless*

*Unable to lose this image*

*Sleepless, unable to focus on*

*Anything but your surrender*

He wasn't sure when she had made the transformation from insufferable know-it-all girl to insufferable know-it-all temptress, but her image had ingrained itself on his mind. He wouldn't have even come to this place if the ever-maddening Albus and Minerva team hadn't threatened to hex his bollocks off if he skived off another usual absence from the anniversary celebration. Sure, he had just as much cause, if not more, to be happy that Voldemort had finally gotten his just desserts, but that didn't mean he wanted to be around such a boisterous and drunken crowd. 'And just look where their meddling has gotten me,' he grouched. He supposed the anniversary celebration was the reason why the chit had taken his customary rooms instead of finding another of the many bedrooms the house had. When he arrived, he remembered Weasley whinging about the girl retiring early, begging off with a headache. Some headache, his lips twisted into their usual smirk.

After enduring smouldering looks from a deeply inebriated Trelawney and the continued harping from the Boy-That-Couldn't-Keep-His-Trap-Shut, Severus finally left an hour after his arrival. Hopes of a good stiff drink, peace from the ever-maddening crowd downstairs and quiet bit of reading in front of the fireplace propelled him up the

stairs. Instead, he was greeted by pale flesh; round orbs peaked with hardened nipples as the witch writhed on the bed. The ministrations from her hands sliding up her body to cup those delicious breasts, her fingers deftly tweaking the pebbled flesh before a lone hand would delve back between her splayed thighs and swiftly part through her moistened curls. She had seemed oblivious to his presence as she whimpered and softly moaned. Her pleasure obviously increasing as her fingers increased their previously languorous pace to a more frenzied motion. Each sound that echoed in the still room caused Severus's desire to go up another notch.

He left before he had flung himself onto the bed and taken what she would have so willingly offered. The impassioned crying of his name nearly sending him over the edge. Hiding out in one of the less used rooms, he finally stripped down in an attempt to get some sleep. Staring at the ceiling so far had garnered him nothing, his thoughts always turning back to what he had seen in his rooms. The curve of her hips as she writhed in his bed, the sweet mewling sounds she made as she came closer to the edge, how the very room was permeated with the smell of her sex.

A hand wandered from where it had previously sat behind his head down to slide under the cool sheets. Grasping his erection, his hand began to drift slowly up and down the length as his eyelids slid shut. His thoughts swirling into what could have happened.

*Tugging a rhythm to vision that's in my head*

*Tugging a beat to the sight of you lying*

*So delighted with a new understanding*

*Something about a little evil that makes that*

*Unmistakable noise I was hearing*

*Unmistakable sound I know so well*

Her eyes clenched tight as he teased and tormented her breasts. Laving the hard buds before nipping on them lightly with his teeth. Lips trailing down her body, the tips of his hair grazing her already sensitized skin. He paused to skim his lips along her inner thigh before travelling to where they both wanted his mouth to be. His tongue traced a path through the wetness that was already gathered there, their combined moans echoing off the walls in the room. He tormented her with alternating licks on that bundle of nerves, groaning to himself as he plunged two fingers into her and found her so tight. Suckling lightly, he felt her come apart, her muscles clenching tightly. Looking up at her face to watch her rapturous expression and dazed eyes.

*Spent and sighing with a look in your eye*

*Spent and sweating with a look on your face like*

*Sweet revelation*

*Sweet surrender*

The hand underneath the covers pumped faster and faster.

As she began to breathe again, he would move up her body, resting between her splayed thighs. Leaning over her, capturing her lips in a long kiss, his hips twitched so that his erection tapped against her. Giving him a sultry smile, she wrapped her legs around his waist. And then, oh then, he thought as his breath hitched, he would enter Heaven.

The bed groaned as their cries mingled while their bodies crashed together again and again. His hips moving like lightning, her voice becoming staccato as she exploded around him. Groaning into her hair, he would lose himself.

*Thinking of you*

*Thinking of you*

*Thinking*

## 3 Libras

*Chapter 2 of 3*

The morning after Severus has spied Hermione, what might take place?

Thank you to everyone who reviewed and insisted that I continue this. I figured I would wrap everything up in two more smutty chapters, and that's all you're getting.

Major thanks to my beta Amanda (mysticsong)

Disclaimer: It all belongs to J.K. Rowling, I just like playing with her creations. "3 Libras" belongs to A Perfect Circle, more specifically Maynard James Keenan

~~~~~

Hermione padded through the kitchen at number twelve, Grimmauld Place intent on having some tea and maybe making a bit of breakfast for herself. The anniversary celebration would have gone far into the night, and so she was sure she would see no one for quite some time. A rather pleased smile filled her face as she thought about her own special activities from the night before; she filled an ancient kettle with water and placed it on the stove before gathering what she would need while the water heated. Moving around the kitchen, her thoughts strayed back to last night, and she wondered if he had attended the party or if he had skived off as he usually did. Pushing a hand through her unruly hair, she scolded herself for spending any thoughts on him. It never did any good; he would never see her as anything but an "insufferable know-it-all," "the brain of Gryffindor," and she frowned with the thought.

It irked her. It truly did. There were times she wasn't quite sure, since she knew she wasn't one of those girls that were noticed for their looks, but it bothered her all the same. She had thought they had gotten on rather well when they worked together during the war. Moreover, their working relationship had continued after the war had

ended and he found himself in need of a lab partner for his business.

He hadn't changed particularly, he was still the same surly bastard she remembered from her school days. However, there were times when he was kinder to her. And she had really found their talks about the various professional journals or even simple fiction books they had read very enjoyable. She thought she had often made it perfectly plain how she felt about him. 'Doesn't matter what House a man belongs to, they all have to be hit over the head before the obvious becomes clear to them,' she mused.

Threw you the obvious

And you flew with it on your back

A name in your recollection,

Down among a million same

Difficult not to feel a little bit,

Disappointed and passed over

When I look right through,

See you naked and obvious

And you don't...see....me

Hearing the kettle shriek, she removed it and poured herself a cuppa. Deciding to forego making anything at the moment, she turned to sit down at the table and found herself staring into the onyx eyes of the very man that had her so vexed.

"Professor Snape...um...good morning."

"Good morning, Miss Granger." He moved just past her, reaching for the kettle and carefully pouring the water into a cup.

Hermione worried her bottom lip, trying to come up with something to say. She hadn't expected to see him here; he never came to the anniversary party, and she never would have expected him to stay the night. Clearing her throat, she moved to lean against the ancient table. "I didn't expect." She stopped at the quirk of his eyebrow. "Did you enjoy the party last night?"

"Not particularly so, no. Too much noise. Young Mister Weasley seemed most saddened that your headache took you away so early." Severus's lips twisted into a smirk.

Heat seemed to flood Hermione's cheeks as he spoke of the lame excuse she had given Ron for bugging off so early. Truth be told, she hadn't seen the sense in being around so much noise when the object of her desire wasn't going to be around. It made more sense to go and lay down in a place that he had once been and try to read. The reading turned into an earthier sort of activity. "I'm normally not much for all the drinking and noise. It seemed nicer to turn in before it became too raucous."

"Indeed. It was slightly off-putting to find a student in my usual rooms." He looked at her with an odd burning in his eyes.

'He didn't, he couldn't, oh Merlin, please tell me he didn't see me doing what I was doing last night.'

"An ex-student," she stressed.

"An ex-student then," he graced her with the ghost of a smile.

But I threw you the obvious

Just to see if there's more behind the

Eyes of a fallen angel

Eyes of a tragedy

It felt almost as if she were talking to another Snape. There hadn't been barbs on taking his rooms, but she could feel something between them. The almost pregnant pauses and the sense that they were both trying not to address the discernible about what she had been doing in what almost everyone in the Order had known were his rooms. Racking her brain, trying vainly to remember if she had cast a locking charm on the door or a silencing spell, she gulped her hot tea, almost scalding her throat. Watching him as she struggled not to choke, she turned to set her cup down. Turning back around, she found he had moved, silently trapping her between his body and the table.

Here I am expecting just a little bit

Too much from the wounded

But I see

See through it all

See through

See you

She noticed now that he lacked his usual flowing robes, the buttons on his frock coat reminding her of the fantasy that had had her writhing on his bed where the sheets had still carried a soft smell of potions ingredients, sandalwood and the slight tang of sweat. The slight press of his body reminded her of how very little she had on, clad in just pyjama bottoms and a worn tank top. She had only planned to get a cup of tea, maybe a few nibbles before going back upstairs. She hadn't thought she would encounter anyone.

But she had. Looking up into his eyes, she met his stare. And there was something there that hadn't been there before. The desire there, the frankness of how his body pressed into hers, had her longing for everything that she had imagined last night. Pressing herself slightly against him, waiting for him to bark at her, asking her what did she think she was doing, it was all for naught. He continued to look at her, as if seeing her for the first time. Hermione licked her suddenly dry lips and watched as his eyes tracked the course of her tongue.

Cause I threw you the obvious

To see if what I cause behind

The eyes of a fallen angel

Eyes of a tragedy

The pair continued to stare at each other, the air filled with electricity before they both moved together. His lips crashing against hers, her arms snaking upwards to latch onto his shoulders and their bodies straining towards one another. The kiss seemed to go on forever. His hands drifting from her waist, one slowly trailing up her spine before nestling into her hair, allowing him to dominate the kiss. And she revelled in it, waiting for the moment when she would wake from this dream, or the real Snape would appear and begin belittling her for being a silly girl. The kiss broke as they both gasped for air, but the words that she had been expecting never came. No, his mouth drifted across one cheek and trailed down her neck. Nibbling, licking, lightly sucking on her sensitive skin, as her fingers seemed to burrow even further into his hair. Finally, he captured her lips again, and she ground her hips into his and felt a thrill at his evident desire. Her actions seemed to drive him further, their lips and tongues mimicking what their bodies could be doing. She felt the edge of the table dig into her back, as their shared moans echoed in the room. Once more coming up for air, she suggested the obvious as his harsh breath filled her ear as his lips tugged on an earlobe. "Go... back... my room?"

He gave her a smouldering glance before he answered. *My room.*"

The Hollow

Chapter 3 of 3

And it goes from the kitchen to the bedroom...

My most amazing beta got this to me, and so I'm posting the last chapter for this. Thanks for all the reviews, and for the push to flush a one-shot into something a little meatier.

Anyways, major thanks to my betas Mystic Song (Amanda) and Aila.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to J.K. Rowling, I just like playing with her creations. "The Hollow" belongs to A Perfect Circle, more specifically Maynard James Keenan

~~~~~

He had thought they would be able to control themselves until reaching his rooms. They were both adults after all. It seemed one of the few times he was wrong. Watching her bottom sway back and forth, as she climbed the stairs ahead of him, proved his undoing. One moment Hermione was ahead of him, just having finished climbing the stairs and walking onto the floor that held his room, and the next he was ahead of her, turning her so that her back hit the wall as he enveloped her lips with his own. Hermione's arms lifted as her hands tangled in his hair, her hips pressing brazenly against his as she moaned into his mouth. His hands were rather busy; one hand slid underneath her pyjama bottoms cupping and squeezing her arse. The other slid along her waist to caress the underside of her breast, a thumb feathering back and forth across a quickly hardening nipple.

*Run, desire, run*

*Sexual being, run him like a blade*

*To and through the heart, no conscience,*

*One motive, to cater to the hollow*

Breaking the kiss, Severus gave her a dark smile before taking her hand and resuming their trek to his room. As the pair entered the door, Hermione quickly cast both locking and silencing charms to protect against any possible interruption. No words were spoken, none were needed. Giving Severus a hungry, predatory look, Hermione ran her hands up his frock coat before quickly undoing the buttons that lead to the white linen shirt underneath. Her patience with the buttons growing shorter, she let out a slight groan of frustration before she grabbed the material and pulled, buttons littering the ground. Severus forgot to complain about the damage as her hands snaked along his chest, her fingers trailing his stomach before toying with the clasp of his trousers, her knuckles brushing his already rampant erection.

Kneeling, Hermione looked up at Severus as she began to undo his trousers, pulling the material down his narrow hips, her fingers hooking onto his boxers and pulling until there was a pool of clothing at his feet. Focusing at the thick cock in front of her face, Hermione opened her mouth and slowly began to lick her way from the base to the tip before taking the entirety of it into her mouth. Swirling her tongue, her head began a steady bob as she felt fingers weave into her hair. Looking up at Severus's face, seeing the ecstasy there pushed her onward.

Growling out the words, "Not yet, not yet...", Severus fought not to lose himself inside her mouth; wanting to prolong the pleasure. Looking down into her gaze pushed him over the edge, electricity travelling up his spine as he cried out his release. Hermione let go of Severus's member with a soft pop. Standing quickly, she kissed him,

*Screamin' feed me here*

*Fill me up again*

*Temporarily*

*Pacify this hungerin'*

Breaking the kiss Severus tugged her tank top over her head, his eyes darkening before he attacked her pyjama bottoms. As the cloth pooled at her feet, her body unadorned, he drank in the sight. Lips meeting once more, the pair eventually made it to the bed. Falling onto the sheets, her thighs splaying open to receive him, he loomed over her.

Just like his earlier fantasy, he kissed her lips like a man who had just found water after wasting away for days wandering a desert. Their tongues tangling, moans rumbling into each other's mouth, Hermione's hips rose and fell against his while her hands trailed up and down his back. Leaving her mouth, his mouth trailed down her neck where he suckled the skin as her cries echoed into the room.

Her skin was like an addiction. With every lick of his tongue, it seemed as if there was a new taste for him to discover. He had thought her lips were an aphrodisiac, but it was nothing compared to her skin; the shimmering alabaster skin that was all lush curves waiting, begging for his touch.

*So grow, libido, throw*

*Dominoes of indiscretions down*

*Fallin' all around, in cycles,*

*In circles, constantly consuming*

*Conquer and devour*

Hermione wrapped her legs around his hips as he attacked her neck before eventually moving up to suckle an earlobe. "Minx, temptress, siren, you have no idea what seeing you like that..." He breathed into her ear. Hermione could do nothing but bask in ecstasy as he continued his assault. Moving downwards to lave her breasts, the nipples begging for his attention, as her fingers threaded through his hair in an attempt to draw him to where she wanted him. A dark chuckle escaped him as he captured a pebbled nipple between his lips, drawing it into his mouth before he gently nipped it with his teeth. Alternating between nips and soothing licks from his tongue as his fingers pinched and rolled the opposite bud, as she writhed on the bed under him.

He moved onward; his hair dragging along her already sensitized skin, she squirmed and panted. Raising her hips silently in plea before finally whimpering her frustration. "Patience," he growled before dipping a tongue into her navel.

Moving even lower, he nipped a thigh as he heard her breathy and frustrated reply, "Patience is not a virtue I have right now."

Another chuckle escaped him before a groan rumbled out as he dipped a tongue and tasted where they had both wanted his mouth to be. "So wet..."

*'Cause it's time to bring the fire down*

*Bridle all this indiscretion*

*Long enough to edify*

*And permanently fill this hollow*

Moving back and forth between swiping licks of his tongue and suckling on the little bundle of nerves, Severus slowly slid two fingers into her tight entrance. They groaned together as he continued his ministrations before she was quaking beneath him, the telltale rhythmic clenching of her muscles around the tapered fingers.

*Screamin' feed me here*

*Fill me up again*

*Temporarily*

*Pacifyin'*

*Feed me here*

*Fill me up again*

*Temporarily*

*Pacifyin'*

Rising above her like a dark god, he leaned over her and captured her lips in a heart stopping and toe-curling kiss. Wrapping her legs tightly around his hips, their eyes caught in a heated gaze. He pushed into her and the room was filled again with their shared cries. Another place and time he might have gone slower, with languid thrusts to torment her further, but they were both beyond that point. Hips whipping like pistons back and forth, locked in an embrace, their bodies moved as one. The bed crashed against the wall with their movements, and the air permeated with the distinct smell of sex and sweat. Nearing the edge once more, Hermione's voice became nothing more than a wail as Severus, with a roar, drove on even faster, sending them both crashing over the edge simultaneously. Exhausted, their bodies curled around each other as a hoarse voice whispered out, "Nox."