

Human

by Fervesco

Hermione helps Severus feel human.

One

Chapter 1 of 3

Hermione helps Severus feel human.

She is so precious, so delicate in my arms. This is undoubtedly her first time, though I doubt that she would confess that to me. I am convinced that this is simply Miss Granger ridding herself of her blatant virginal status. Being the discerning witch that she is, she must be more than painfully aware of how she is perceived; a walking, breathing textbook, exhaling and inhaling knowledge, apathetic to anything that is not intellectual. Inhuman.

Sounds astoundingly familiar.

The desire, yet slight fear in her eyes, as she lies here waiting for me to make the next move, defies her image, one she has worked so hard to acquire and maintain, now grown to despise with a passion. Passion. Miss Granger is brimming with passion. If only some of those imbeciles would stop to take note I would not have to be here, doing the sordid job that belongs to some spotty-faced inexperienced twat with the endurance of a spotty-faced inexperienced twat. It would appear the current enrolment of students is even more inept than most, even when it comes to the unleashing of the beast that is pubescent hormones.

In a way, I pity Miss Granger. It is her last night on school grounds before she goes to find her way in the world, something I don't wish upon anyone. It will chew her up like most, and spit her out bitter and twisted, or tear her to shreds until she is a mere shell of herself. And, to top this night off, she has plunged so low as to succumb to me for solutions to her quandary. The greasy-haired git of a Potions Master whose students both fear and detest him, and whose fellow professors snigger at. Constantly. To his face.

Opportunities like this saunter my way so rarely that I can scarcely deny myself this release. A reminder to myself that I too am human.

I descend upon her, capturing her lips with mine, engulfing her in a slow, explorative kiss, drowning myself in her taste. Her own mouth parts tentatively to allow me access, her tongue sliding over mine, cautiously returning the gesture. Hermione tastes innocent. There is no other word to describe her. I can feel my stony exterior liquefying, allowing a little of my inner being to take a rare flight. My hands bury themselves within the soft curls of her hair, pulling her in for a deeper, more meaningful kiss. I feel intoxicated, yet totally in control. I can yield my power over her now in any way I so desire, yet no matter how much I know that not only she, but I, am expecting myself to make this brief, to the point and utterly dispassionate, I would rather allow myself a little indulgence. Besides, I try to convince myself, the world is going to be foul enough, why not give Miss Granger a little sanctum?

I slide my lips from Hermione's and she lets out what almost sounds like a disappointed sigh, quickly turned to a soft moan as I redirect my attentions to the velvety skin of her neck, nuzzling at her skin, inhaling her scent, tasting her luscious naiveté once more. As she murmurs incoherently, tiny gasps and moans escaping those delicious lips occasionally, I can feel myself responding suitably. My arousal must be blazingly clear to her, as my hips drive gently into her own, allowing myself just a diminutive release from my mounting tension.

Slowly I work my way from her neck down to the opening of her shirt, grazing my way along her barely exposed collarbone. As my chin brushes against the coarse fabric of her shirt, disturbing my flow across her soft skin, I remove my hands from her hair in order to release the buttons. Each newly exposed piece of skin is given lavish attention, the slow journey to my final goal arousing me further, urging me on, yet I am stronger than my needs. This shall be all the more satisfying for the expense taken.

As I reach the last button, my tongue circling her navel, I pull her shirt open, exposing her to me. Hermione does not wear a bra, and for that I am thankful. I slide my hands up her torso, bringing each to rest upon one perfect, firm breast. My thumbs circle her nipples, grazing over them, eliciting a whimper. I can't help but smile at what I am doing to her, turning Miss Know-It-All into a blathering puddle of lust. The power I hold over her is exhilarating. In turn, I place my mouth over each of her nipples, repeating the moves I made with my thumbs with my tongue, sliding over her overly sensitive skin, taking in each and every noise she makes in response, relishing in the way she moves against me, physically demanding more.

I consider slipping down her to taste her arousal, to slide my tongue through her slick folds, wet with excitement from what I have been doing to her. I could lick her clit, stimulating that tight little bud until she screamed as she came for me, watch her writhe on my bed by my doing, admire as she let down all her barriers completely because of me. Yet, selfishly I would rather be within her for her first orgasm; at least her first brought on by a man. I want to feel her convulsing around me, pulling me within her, and consuming my very being. Gods, how I want that.

Retrieving my wand from inside my robes I flick away my clothes, not wanting to break the moment any more than necessary. Hermione gasps as my skin meets hers, and it takes all my self-control not to moan agreeably. Sparks fly over every inch that her skin touches mine, clouding my mind for a moment, and when I come back to my senses I am poised outside her entrance, the very tip of my arousal teasing at her opening. I meet Hermione's eyes, checking that this is what she wants, still wants.

"Please," she begs the first real words she has spoken since I began. They sound like honey to my ears, sliding through my brain and turning them to syrupy mush.

Gently I push forwards, sliding into her, and now I can't help but moan. She feels so hot, so tight and so right. This is utterly extraordinary. I have never felt such complete passion for any other woman. A flimsy barrier thwarts my slow entrance, confirming what I already knew. My eyes lock with Hermione's and she nods ever so slightly at me. Gently I push forward, not wishing to hurt her but knowing this will. Her eyes slip closed for a moment as I break through, descending until I have filled her completely. I should be feeling quite satisfied now, but I am more concerned for Hermione. As she raises her eyelids, I see tears welled within those chocolate irises. I move one hand to her forehead, brushing back strands of hair. I nuzzle at her neck and beg my forgiveness from her skin, caressing her until Hermione places her gentle fingers within my hair and assures me that she is fine.

With as much control as I can muster, I slide gently back from her, before delving back in. The pace is excruciatingly slow, but I dare not push her any faster than necessary, for fear of causing her anymore harm. Several more identical strokes and I am beside myself trying to keep myself in check.

"Severus," Hermione murmurs, her fingernails digging into my tensed shoulders, "more, please."

Oh dear Merlin, she is begging me to take her harder. Letting go, my body takes over, thrusting into her, urged on her moans. Her eyes flick open and closed, trying to watch me, but unable to keep control. I am so very, very close now, just a few more delves into that velvety softness and I am going to be a done man. With an almighty effort I hold on as long as I can, until I feel her starting to quiver around me, her inner muscles pulling me in deeper as she throws her head back and lets out a long, low moan. Her hips rise from my bed, her sporadic movements starting my undoing.

"Severus!" she whimpers, and that is it. I can hold on no longer. With one last uncontrolled thrust I spill myself within her, my arms shaking under my weight as all my body's efforts are drained by the intense feel of my orgasm and the thought that this is Hermione, a willing, needy, Hermione, that I am coming within.

I recover slowly, rolling off of her and flopping back on the bed. Hermione rolls over to gaze at me, her fingers brushing at my hair as she smiles softly.

I can't have her doing that. Looking at me that way. I don't deserve it and neither does she.

I pull the crass, snarling bastard out from under the layers of needy Severus, and summon up what marginally passes as a glare. "You have what you wanted, now leave." With a flick of my wand she is fully clothed, barring her robes resting upon the back of my armchair.

Hermione stares at me, somewhat open mouthed, obviously trying to conjure up something meaningful in reply. Stupid girl.

"Save the niceties, Miss Granger. Do us both a favour and go."

Needy Severus is trying to escape, trying to coerce me into letting her stay. Letting her in.

She continues to observe me.

"Severus, I..."

"Professor Snape!" I bellow, stalking across the room, leaving her alone and exposed on my bed.

"Professor Snape," she says, almost sarcastically, "perhaps I could come and visit you sometime..."

"I said get out!" I sneer at her, throw her robes at her and shove open the door to my rooms. My wrath is not directed at her stupidity, it is at her daring to think my opinion of her has changed in the slightest, stinging all the more because it hasn't one iota. I still love her with every inch of my being as I did an hour, a day, a week, and a year ago. I have no time for such nonsense. The sooner she is out of Hogwarts the better.

Finally, Hermione makes her way to my door, pausing to give me a soft kiss on my lips. "As you wish, Severus," she whispers, and walks from my quarters. From my life. From my heart. A lump wells in my throat, tears sting at my eyes as I fight them back a feeling I have not experienced since I was a mere child.

I pull on my clothing, doing away with magic for the moment. This buys me a little more time. Before I know it, I am fully dressed and heading for the door.

"To hell with you, Hermione Granger," I sneer to the room, my voice resonating around the dreary place, as does the slamming of my door as I leave.

A/N: This is a year or two old, but I never posted it here so I figured, what the hey! It's actually one of the few things I've written and read yonks on and not hung my head in shame. Two more chapters to come :D

Two

Chapter 2 of 3

Hermione helps Severus feel human.

Two weeks. Two long, aching weeks. Two weeks since Hermione was in my arms, in my bed, begging me for more. Two weeks. More like an eternity. I know she is going to be here, bouncing around Grimmauld Place with her effervescent prat-like friends, pretending that all is right and glorious with the world and chocolate frogs wouldn't melt in their mouths. I sincerely hope Potter and Weasley choke on theirs.

I am quite aware, given that I need no longer attempt to educate those two, I should let sleeping dogs lie, so to speak of course. Not a chance. I know that the likelihood of Hermione...Miss Granger falling for either of those imbeciles is infinitesimally small, however they are still hormone-ridden eighteen year old boys and even with their moronic nature they will eventually notice that Hermione is a hot blooded, female of the species, and a fine specimen at that.

Thankfully I have only had to report in to Grimmauld Place once in the past two weeks, and I arduously made certain that visit was beyond midnight, a time by which Molly Weasley would surely have mollicoddled the 'kids' off to bed. I wonder what 'Mother' would have thought about 'baby Hermione's' discrepancies two weeks ago? Still your sweet, wee girl, Molly? Is it still appropriate to wrap her up in cotton wool and smother her with pitiful love because of your ludicrous need to play savoir to anyone you have ever seen in gentler years? Anyone you have ever seen as vulnerable? I must suppose that at some point I have shattered your rose-coloured Snape-glasses. Thank Merlin.

But I digress. Mother Weasley is not the reason for the uneasy feeling seeping through my body, taking up residency in my veins and promising to lead to an aneurysm in the very near future. I ponder what the inhabitants of this place would think of unscrupulous Snape having an anxiety attack on their doorstep? Answer, in brief: The Apocalypse has come.

I pull myself together. I have dealt with so much worse, I have spent all of my adult life living a lie. There are still many who doubt where my loyalties lie and, more often than not, myself included. One more façade should not be that impossible, all I require is to re-establish that stony exterior, the callous attitude, the 'holier than thou' persona and no one need know otherwise, least of all Hermione. Silly twat.

Silly twat that is quickly becoming an all consuming obsession. Pathetic.

My temper is flailing and anger directed at myself is unbelievably worse for the masses than when I possess a victim. No one will be spared my wrath. Least of all myself.

With that in mind, I slam the door to Grimmauld Place shut, setting the image of Mummy Black into an explosive raucous. Enjoy, Molly. No need to thank me. Consider it a gift. Foot steps with the grace and poise of a herd of over-weight ogres performing pirouettes thunder across the ceiling and, promptly enough for my taste, most of the inhabitants of this godforsaken place are bumbling around the entranceway in a pathetic attempt to silence the screaming vulgarity. Molly Weasley gives me a particularly disdainful glare, which, were it expressed by someone more satisfactory, I would have congratulated her on. Instead, in the essence of the moment, I smile sarcastically and drawl, "Whoops."

"Tonks! For Merlin's sake, can't you just for once attempt to..." Hermione. She stands on the stairs, her face frozen in red fury, her hair tousled from sleep, or at least I hope that is what that birds nest is the result of. She is stunning. Her dressing gown has been tied hastily, open enough to see the soft curve of one breast and much of her thighs. I ache to run my hands over her silky skin again. Many completely inappropriate yet infinitely more satisfying ways of having disturbed her slumber breeze through my brain. My eyes are drawn to hers and are unable to leave. Slowly she pulls her jaw closed. "Good evening, Professor Snape." I am totally unable to determine what she suggests by those words. Her voice comes out strained, yet her eyes soften. For a man who prides himself on his ability to read people, I suddenly feel quite the fraud. It is irrelevant though. I do not want Hermione, I do not care. Raising one eyebrow in my best sneer, I look her scathingly up and down and say, with the tone of a man who has caught a waft something disgusting, "Miss Granger."

Then Hermione executes the most amazing thing. She doesn't flee, she doesn't burst into girlish tears, she doesn't even return with a well-deserved, and somewhat expected, insult. She rolls her eyes at me like I am the biggest moron on the planet whom deserves no more of her precious time, continues down the stairs and wanders, quite indolently, into the kitchen. I do believe Miss Granger just ridiculed me with my own poison. Insolent little trumped-up trollop. How dare she?!

I love her.

Like a lovesick puppy, in a manner fitting for the pathetic third year girls who would flock behind Potter at school, my brain implores me to pursue her into the kitchen, and, even more deplorably, my body complies. Thankfully, I do manage to look livid as I stalk after her.

"Coffee, Professor?" Hermione asks quite sweetly, not even bothering to turn from the kitchen bench to ascertain that it is indeed me. She knew I would follow her in here. I am torn between letting my heart soar to think that she knows me that well and blasting her head off for being so damned presumptuous and smug as to think that she has me under her thumb that easily.

Instead I find myself sneering, "Black."

I can tell by the slight rise of her shoulders that she is grinning to herself. "Sugar, Sir?"

If that was supposed to be suggestive, Miss Granger, it was repulsive. Admittedly, it worked, but repulsive nonetheless. Unsure of how to answer her, I keep my mouth closed and glare around the room, searching for something to be a suitably fraudulent distraction.

"You'd better," Hermione answers herself. "Merlin knows you could do with sweetening up."

"Ha de ha, Miss Granger. Very amusing."

She shakes her head ever so slightly as she flicks her wand once more at the mug before her. Finally she turns to face me as she brings the steaming vessels across the room, plonking one down on the table before where I stand. Hermione slides onto the bench seat on the opposing side of the table, crosses her arms and rests them upon the top as she looks up at me expectantly.

"Wipe that smirk off your face, you stupid girl. I am not here to apologise."

For some reason I cannot comprehend, Hermione laughs. "Sit down, Sir. I don't wish to strain my neck just so you can attempt to keep a hold on whatever almighty power you believe you possess that makes you more than human."

Wrong, Miss Granger. It's less than human. Though my powers are failing.

"If that would make you more comfortable," I sneer at her, sliding onto the seat.

She gives me an utterly disbelieving look. "One chance, Severus," she whispers, in what sounds suspiciously like a threat. "Clearly I ... enjoyed your company that night and am willing to entertain the idea of something more...more. However, I do not intend to spend anymore time than necessary mulling over what could be unless you are willing to concede that it was more than you 'doing me a favour.'"

I am dumbfounded. It is wholly incomprehensible that Hermione Granger just gave me an ultimatum face my feelings or lose. I literally bite my tongue holding back the scathing remarks that automatically find their way to the tip of my razor-sharp tongue. Just as I can hold back no longer, Mr Moron and his sidekick, Imbecile, saunter into the room. They look at the scene before them, Hermione and I glaring at each other across the table, untouched cups of coffee sitting between us, and in his infinite wisdom, Potter pipes up, "Leave her alone, Snape. You aren't our Professor anymore." Thank you for that astute observation, Potter. Trust me, I am fully aware that I no longer have charge of you, and the celebratory party, though dismally attended, will be a memory I shall treasure for a long time to come. No, I won't say that I have a feeling insulting her friend is perhaps not the most congenial way of winning over Miss Granger.

I rise from the table knowing this conversation is at an end. Even if I could possibly fathom entertaining the idea of a relationship with Hermione, there are compelling reasons for complete and utter secrecy. Not that it is really an option. What am I saying? It is most definitely not an option. With a long look at Miss Granger, I open my mouth to inform her there is no way in hell this 'relationship' exists, let alone is going to proceed.

"Midnight, Miss Granger. I believe it is your turn to play host."

Whoops.

Three

Chapter 3 of 3

COMPLETE! Hermione helps Severus feel human.

This time will not be gentle. It will not be loving. It will not be needy Severus begging what is quickly becoming an insolently presumptuous Hermione to concede to his deplorable wants. It is high time I regained some of my own arrogance, some respect from both her and myself. Not that I particularly appreciate the name, but I would rather be forever known as a surly, greasy, overgrown-bat than a lovesick puppy. It is time to take control before Miss Granger has me contorting to her every whim.

Yes. I shall storm up the hall and into her rooms, slam the door, tear her clothes off with absolutely no regard for that self-assured wench and take her up against the cold brick wall. No niceties. No feeling. I will fuck her until she begs for mercy and then fuck her some more. Or perhaps I'll bend her over her bed and put her in her place, on her knees pleading for more. I can almost feel myself plunging into her hot core, with not even an inkling of anything softer than the want for pure self-gratification. Yet, as my mind continues to wander along entertaining this little daydream, it is no longer Hermione in my thoughts but the face of any number of the Dark Lord's sluts, there by their own free will, for the most part, to keep his minions happy and pliable. They are faceless, nameless and power-hungry, and I would sooner become celibate before I descended into bed with any of them again. Most would as soon kill you as pleasure you, if they thought there would be any chance of gaining even the slightest inkling of influence from either act and I am not exactly the Dark Lord's most favoured servant.

The point being, that I am once again wimping out. Pathetic. And there is a word I use on myself too frequently of late.

I am not going. I will not give in to her; I will not give in to me. I am stronger than that. She will soon enough see me again for the repulsive individual that I am and run screaming anyway, so why not save her the torment and just quit while I am ahead. If I do not go running to her like a sappy twit and instead leave her hanging I will certainly have regained my bastard status. She will tell all her whinging friends what a complete and utter cunt I am, who will willingly agree, but forever look at her like she is a leper for even having considered the idea of being with me, let alone preceding to allow me to take advantage of her, and then I will be hunted down by said Boy Wonder and his faithful sidekick Half-Wit and be stuck with them making my life an eternal misery. I have just got rid of them; I don't want to go through that again.

Besides, I want her.

Severus, just go to her but do not let her get her hands on your balls this time. Well, at least not metaphorically.

Fine. I am more than capable of that. I am going to be late though, that should put her off her guard. Or have her coming down here to the room I keep at Grimmauld Place. Actually, that is infinitely preferable she can come to me.

The minutes, then hours tick by so slowly I am almost convinced someone has conjured a time-slowness charm upon my rooms. Now it is almost one. One entire hour past my meeting time with Hermione. There has been no sign of her whatsoever. Arrogant twat! How dare she sit up there waiting for me?!

I walk with the quiet gait of a man who is truly angry, glide up the stairs and find myself standing before Hermione's bedroom door. At least, I am fairly sure this is her room. Not wanting to disturb the rest of the house, I tap sharply and softly on her door and wait. And wait. Nothing. I try once more, still no reply.

Merlin. What if something has happened to her? When was the last time I saw her? Five hours ago? Six? Perhaps the Dark Lord has found out about us. Severus' little Mudblood lover. Oh, now that would go down a treat. Merlin, Hermione! Though they are there, clear as day, I will not allow myself to dwell on the things he would do to her, and then pass her on to his 'faithful servants' to indulge themselves as they desire. The mere illusion of those thoughts makes me sick to my very being.

I push open her door and glance around the dimly lit room there are several candles burning in glass holders, sending a warm glow off the walls, illuminating the room enough for me to be perfectly sure Hermione is not there. However, on the floor is a pile of her clothes, the clothes she was wearing when she smiled at me earlier on my way back into Grimmauld Place. The clothes she wore when I sneered back at her. Hermione!

Merlin. Right, you are a reasonable, somewhat sensible man, Severus, calm down, stop acting like a panicked old biddy...like Molly Weasley...and think rationally. Hermione is fine. She's gone for a walk. At one in the morning. In the dark, doomed streets of London. Yes, that is the way to calm your self down. Twit!

Arms snake their way around my waist. Soft lips press against my neck. A purely feminine body is pressed against my back. Gods, that feels amazing. Bitch.

Peeling her fingers roughly from their soft hold on me, I spin around to confront her.

"And where do you think you've been?" I sneer at her, my anger fermenting dangerously close to the surface.

She all but laughs at me. "Try looking at the evidence, Severus."

Smarmy tart. Though, of course, she is correct. Damp hair, dressing gown....damp skin...lots of it. Damn it all to Hades and back! How can I possibly be angry with her with all that delightful flesh to devour?

"It is one in the morning. One hour past the time I instructed you to be here. What gives you the right to wander off and shower when I specifically informed you midnight!"

I know I am being a complete and utter ridiculous bastard. It is what I excel at, why not use it?

Because, Severus, you dolt, there is a perfectly willing woman standing before you, scantily clad in the loosest robe imaginable and looking so thoroughly alluring any better man would have forsaken his ego long ago and taken what he rightly deserved.

"Well," she says with the voice of someone talking to a two year old in the throes of a tantrum, "having spent three-quarters of an hour talking Harry and Ron out of staying here to protect me from your darling self, I was late getting ready, and I assumed you would prefer me not stinking like I hadn't bathed in days. However, if you prefer the stench of someone who has spent the day sweating like a troll while training in Dark Arts defence, then by all means, next time I shan't bother!"

Leave it alone. So she is ridiculing you? So what? She is also very, very attractive when she is in a rage.

Not-so-idiotic Severus wins. I lift her chin roughly, and devour her with all my pent up rage and desire. My mouth crushes hers, my tongues ravishes her own. Her damp hair tangles around my fingers, and I use my grip to indulge myself in a deeper, more devastating, exploration of her sweet mouth.

Having thoroughly assaulted her mouth, I move my endeavours south to her neck. I nip at her soft, moist skin, leaving my mark upon her. She is mine now. The noises that evanesce from her throat are both pleased and pained, but so long as they are massed on the side of bliss I am not going to cease. Hermione wants this she needs it. I need it. This is not one of those aforementioned harlots of the Dark Lord's. This is a woman who desires me for me, not for what I can do for her. Merlin only knows why, but that is currently beside the point.

I allow one hand to slide from her hair, move down her robed back, crushing her against me in the process. My palm slides over the arch of her lower back, the soft curve of her backside, down to mid-thigh where it triumphantly reaches the edge of the towelling and meets silky soft flesh. Hermione gasps at the contact and my arousal leaps of its own accord.

Slowly I slide my fingers up her inner thigh, my palm brushing over the back of her leg. Hermione moans. It is an utterly amazing sound. I reach her folds to find her slick, and not from her shower. I did this to her. I made her so aroused she is grinding herself against my fingers in desperate desire for more contact. This utterly amazes me.

I can restrain myself no longer, and I see no need to. She is definitely ready, and if there was any doubt in my mind, her whimpered, "Severus, please!", evaporates that concern completely. She protests as I remove my hands from her, but it is only for a moment as I unbutton my pants and liberate myself from what has become a very uncomfortable confine. My hands return to curvature of her backside, hoisting her from the ground, and in three swift steps I have her pinned against the cool wood of her bedroom door. With a soft grunt, I delve inside her then still, revelling in her warmth as she moans ardently against my shoulder, her breath tickling my skin and driving me on.

I plunge into her, setting a frantic pace, crushing her against the door. Her fingernails dig into my back and I am sure there will be marks there tomorrow. She has claimed me as hers. Juggling my grip on her a little, I manage to free on hand. As oblivion approaches I slide my fingers inside the loose opening at the top of her robes, circling her breast, grasping her nipple. Hermione gasps, tosses her head back and convulses around me. It is the most beautiful thing to watch this woman, whom I tentatively admit I am obsessed with, her eyes closed with a look of utter peace and passion on her features. She sighs my name once more. I am gone. Somehow, I keep a hold on her, though admittedly my legs are shaking like the onset of the Cruciatus Curse, only in an infinitely more pleasurable way. Trust me on this one, I know.

With a mighty effort, I carry Hermione over to her bed as she murmurs incoherently wonderful things against my neck, and gently place her on the covers.

And now, I want to run. This is all too overwhelming for a man who prides himself on having no emotion, no feelings and certainly no concern for a bushy-haired know-it-all. Hermione is watching me with soft eyes.

"Severus?" she whispers.

"What?" I practically snap at her, angry with myself for loving her. Angry with her for accepting me.

"Stay."

She extends one fine hand to me, grasps my wrist and tugs me gently down by her side.

I suppose I could stay here just for a while.