

Forbidden Angel

by SevsAngel

The astronomy tower, some rain, and a mistake on Dracos part.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I'll fix these broken things

Repair your broken wings

And make sure everything's alright

My pressure on your hips

Sinking my fingertips

Into every inch of you

Cause I know that's what you want me to do."

A/N: None of it is mine. This was just a spur of the moment idea that popped in my head and wouldn't get out. Now maybe I can sleep.

The dark figure swept down the hall, his robes billowing dramatically behind him. The sleeping portraits slumbered on as if nothing was happening. The scowl set on the man's face made it look as if he was furious with someone, but very few people knew that that was just the way the man was.

He reached the staircase that led to the astronomy tower and after muttering the charm that would render him invisible, started up the stairs.

She was there just as he knew she would be. Standing in the moonlight, her honey brown hair hanging down to her waist, she reminded him of an angel, a forbidden angel whom he had no right to even know, let alone dream about. She had her hands folded and resting on the stone wall that reached to her waist.

He had flashes of those hands on his flesh, caressing his face as she kissed him, like some sort of Goddess sent to save his wasted soul from the hell he had put himself into. He had no idea how she knew, how she had found out that he needed her. It was a complete shock to him when she came into the classroom and stood next to him. Before he could find his voice and make a wounding remark, she put her finger to his lips and said in barely more than a whisper "It's alright, I already know. I feel the same."

Then she kissed him. At first it was soft and timid, like she was unsure of what his reaction would be. She brought her beautiful hands to his face and held him as he opened his mouth, inviting her in. The kiss was brief, causing him to be speechless as she turned away and walked out of the classroom.

He had sat there for what seemed like an eternity until he finally came to his senses and remembered what she had said. She felt the same? If she knew the extent of his feelings and thoughts (however inappropriate they were at times) and she felt the same ... He had to find her.

Storming out of his classroom, he searched the castle. The library and her chambers were both empty. So he tried the only other place he could think of. And now as he stood observing her figure in the night, he suddenly felt unsure. What if he had read the signs wrong? What if she was just toying with him? His mind was a jumble as he took the last stair and made his way to her. *Dash it all!* he thought to himself as he reached out and brushed a stray lock of hair from her face.

He let out a sigh of relief as he saw the smile form on her mouth.

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Hermione stared out at the lake as the moon's light caused the ripples on the water to twinkle like tiny diamonds. Her head was reeling. She couldn't believe she had kissed him. But what was even harder to believe was that he had been attracted to her for the better half of her 6th and 7th year. Draco had let it slip one night a week ago during a game of chess in the Great Hall. He immediately tried to back pedal and cover over his tracks, but the truth had already been revealed.

Draco had turned around at the end of their seventh year, finally realizing that his father was more evil and horrid than he could ever imagine. He had forged new friendships and alliances, shocking a lot of people, most of all Severus, who ended up taking Draco in as his confidant.

It took her a week to gather her Gryffindor courage and go down to his classroom.

When she walked into his classroom, she was drawn to him. She couldn't refuse it. She saw that he was about to make a rude and potentially mean remark, so she admitted her feelings and kissed him. When he looked at her, speechless, she decided to get out while she was ahead. She ran straight to the astronomy tower, in need of some fresh air.

She never expected him to follow her. So it was a bit of a shock when she felt him brush the hair from her face. She knew it was Severus from the scent of spices and pine that always emanated from him. *So Draco hadn't been wrong*, she thought as she smiled.

"I knew you'd find me," she said, turning her head slightly.

"Hermione," he whispered as he pulled her closer to him.

She could feel his warm breath on her cheek as his arms encircled her waist.

She covered his hands with her own as his lips brushed across her ear and down her jaw. Letting out a soft moan, she tilted her head so that he had better access. Bringing her hand up and behind her, she placed it on the back of his head, tangling her fingers in his silky hair.

His hands were slowly making their way up her torso, lightly brushing across her breasts as he ravaged her neck with his hungry lips. He murmured a word as he brought his hand to her face. Tilting her face towards him, he stared into her eyes, his invisibility gone.

His lips were scant inches from hers as his hand caressed her cheek. Dear Merlin, I hope he kisses me! Hermione thought to herself as he placed his other hand possessively on the soft skin of her belly.

Closing her eyes, she whimpered as his soft lips covered her own. His tongue darted out and traced her lips until she opened up, letting him in. He deepened the kiss as she turned in his arms.

She almost lost it when she heard the deep rumble in his chest, resulting in a groan as she dug her fingers into his shoulders.

She almost cried out when she felt his warm hand make contact with the bare flesh of her back. Letting her hands slide down his back, she grinned wickedly as she felt the bulge in his pants push against her stomach.

Grasping his backside, she pulled him closer to her and whispered against his lips, "I need you, Severus."

Moving his lips to her sensitive ears, he asked, "Need me to do what, Hermione."

She shivered after hearing her name spoken in that dark, silky voice of his. She had dreamed of his voice speaking her name like that ever since she first stepped foot in his classroom. Her memory of the speech he gave to the first years never failed to turn her on. In the darkest and latest hours of the night she would replay his words over and over again in her mind. "There will be no foolish wand waving or silly incantations in this class."

And now that same voice was speaking her name as his hands made quick work of her shirt and bra.

"I need you to consume me Severus. I need you inside of me." Hermione responded, yanking his teaching robes from his body.

Just then it started to rain, a torrential downpour that soaked both of them within seconds.

Severus broke away from her just long enough to lead her into the shelter of the tower itself. There were no doors really, just circular walls with a pointed roof. There were two openings leading to the balcony where they had just come from. Tossing his robes to the floor, he used his wand to transfigure them into a dark green down blanket.

She didn't wait for him to come to her. Closing the distance she reached out and grasped his shirt in her eager hands. Ripping it open and pushing it from his shoulders she brought her lips to his pale skin. She heard him groan as she took one of his nipples in her mouth and sucked on it softly. The taste of his rain soaked skin was enough to make her dizzy with passion.

She felt herself being brought down to the blanket as she kissed her way lower. Looking up, she smiled as she saw the dreaded Potions master's eyes glazed over, his mouth slightly open as he murmured her name.

She kissed her way down to where his very stiff, very erect cock was resting on his belly. Looking up at him she noticed that he was looking at her with barely concealed anticipation. She smiled slightly as she continued to kiss down his leg, purposely avoiding the spot that he so obviously wanted her to be.

She was kissing and nipping at his inner thigh when he started to twitch all over. "Please, Hermione."

"Please, what?" Hermione teased, blowing her warm breath across his quivering tip.

"Oh bugger." He groaned as he squirmed under her.

She enjoyed teasing him, but her own desire wouldn't let her continue for long. Grasping the base of his thick shaft, she took him in her mouth as far as she could. Swirling her tongue around his cock, she squeezed him, causing him to moan her name over and over as he clutched at the blanket.

Bringing him out and then taking him again, she created a rhythm until his hips were bucking under her, his release near.

She left his still quivering penis and kissed her way back up his body. She kissed her way along his jaw until she came to his ear. "My turn, Professor," she whispered before nibbling on his ear lobe.

"As you wish Miss Granger," he purred, before rolling them both over.

He crushed his mouth to hers in a bruising, passionate kiss before slowly kissing his way to her breasts. She groaned and arched her back as he began to suck and nip at her sensitive nubs. Running her hands through his soft black locks, she whispered, "Oh Gods, Severus, that feels good."

"Does it now? Well I guess I will have to move on then," he responded as he lowered himself between her legs.

A moment later she felt his wet tongue slide over her sex, his fingers spreading her folds. Her back arched as she let her head fall back in sheer pleasure. His tongue flicked over her swollen clitoris. His fingers slipped inside her, two at a time causing her to cry out his name.

His fingers pumped in and out of her as his tongue continued to tease her throbbing center. She tossed her head from side to side as she tugged at his hair. Breathing heavily, she pulled him back up to her. Bringing her lips to his, she tasted herself on his tongue.

And then as the lightning and thunder crashed outside, they became one. At first he was slow and hesitant, but with Hermione crying his name over and over, there was no way he could be anything but passionate and almost brutal.

He pounded into her again and again, each time harder and deeper than before. She could feel the pressure building deep inside of her, begging for release. Digging her nails into the flesh of his buttocks she screamed out his name as her orgasm rocked her entire body.

Thrusting one last time, he shouted her name, spilling his seed deep inside her.

After they caught their breath, he withdrew, rolled over and pulled her into his arms. Hermione sighed as she laid her head onto his chest. She had desired this man for years, always telling herself that he was out of her reach, that he would never desire her. She was so happy when Draco had let his little secret slip, and when she felt the first brush of his skin against hers, she had trembled with anticipation.

Lazily running her hands across his pale, well-defined chest, she couldn't think of any other place she'd rather be.

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Severus closed his eyes as he heard Hermione sigh in contentment. He had never thought in a million years that he would be lying naked and fulfilled in the arms of such a beautiful, caring and passionate young woman such as Hermione Granger.

He had been attracted to her intelligence and sharp wit from the moment she stepped through the door of his classroom. Over the years she had stopped being the bushy haired know-it-all and had grown into an attractive, strong-willed young woman. Her passion for potion making had led him to look at her differently.

Opening his eyes, he pulled her closer as he felt her soft hand caressing his chest. He didn't know if any relationship they had formed in this dusty old tower would last, but he did know that whatever happened between them, he would always remember this moment, the moment that an angel opened her wings and sheltered his shattered soul.

A/N: Much thank you goes to the patient and gracious notsosaintly for doing what she does best.