

# While You Lay Sleeping

by *Southern\_Witch\_69*

Waking up to find a man in your room isn't what you thought it would be. Snape makes a terrible decision where Hermione is concerned.

## One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Yeah, I've snagged some of JKR's characters and am using them for a twisted tale. Speaking of twisted, this is not a happily ever after. Check the warnings.

*Thanks to ladyinthecloak for the beta job and advice on a tough subject matter. Thanks go to NSS also for the brainstorming after I wrote it. You know why, my dear.*

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I saw you tonight as I should have seen you all along. When you entered the Great Hall on the arm of Viktor Krum for the Yule Ball, I knew that I would never be able to look at you and see the same annoying, buck-toothed know-it-all again. For you are a woman hiding amidst those childish school robes and bushy hair. The hardness of my cock surprised me, as it hasn't seen fit to stand at attention in well over a decade. Why you? Why now?

Oh, how many nights have I tried to find release by my own hand, by another's mouth, by any means necessary? Nothing worked. Nothing *waber*. Neither are you. So why? I detest you. You annoy me. Yet, I want to slide my dick into your hot, wet little cunt and watch your eyes widen as I take you and make you mine.

The Gryffindor common room is dark, as I knew it would be. Even the last to leave the ball are tucked away in their beds and won't rise for hours yet. I had to come, you see. I had to see if it would happen again... now that you are no longer in that lovely shade of periwinkle with artfully made-up eyes and face. The silly staircase will not deter me. I am no boy, but a man, a man who will not let something so ridiculous stand in the way of him and his prey. Flying over the steps is easily done. And there your room is.

Ah, the door has opened without a sound. There's only moonlight shining into the room, and your dorm mates are sound asleep behind their little curtained beds. It would be prudent, however, if I place a few charms anyway to ensure that they do not wake. A locking charm on the door wouldn't be amiss either.

Now then. Where was I? Oh, yes. I was going to have a look behind your curtain.

Again. I feel a tingle in the pit of my stomach, a jolt that shoots down to my balls and forces my cock to twitch and harden. One of your lovely legs has slid from beneath the cover, and I long to stoop down and taste its length with my tongue.

What would you do? What would you say? Surely you wouldn't mind. For why would you date someone such as Viktor Krum and not find me appealing? The boy resembles me greatly. "Ah..." It's twitching again, my cock. Dare I procure a hair from the boy's head and use Polyjuice to approach you? To fuck you?

I cannot take this. I must touch you. Can you imagine how odd it is to see my hand shaking as it moves to touch your ankle. The bone protruding beneath your flesh seems to call to me. It wants me to continue. The travel upwards along your soft skin makes my mouth go dry. Am I doing this? Is this a dream? Why would such a young girl evoke such a reaction?

Your breasts aren't overly large, likely not fully developed, and you haven't the curves of a woman. Yet I want to know all the angles of your body, all the flesh that it offers for the feasting. This duvet, it will have to go. It's lessening my ability to touch further than the lower part of your thigh. Ah, there we go. All gone, and you've not even stirred yet.

Light-colored knickers. At first touch, they feel like cotton. Yes, simple enough. Are they blue or white? I cannot be certain without more light, and I'll not risk waking you just to find out. I care not when it comes down to it all, for before long, they will be peeled away and discarded... along with your nightshirt, which is, fortunately, very short.

Good girl. I wonder. Did you have an inkling that you needn't wear much to bed this night? That someone would be coming for you? Would be making you come?

I must learn your scent. Even as I lean down to bury my nose in the juncture of your thighs, I am overcome with the feeling of being lost. My cock is straining against my underpants. Luckily, I don't wear trousers under my robes. I'll be able to make short work of this. God, you are divine. I must taste you. Oh, so you are a heavy sleeper then? Good. Good. Slipping my finger beneath the hem of your knickers and running it along the sparsely haired labia has not stirred you.

I will watch your face intently as I allow it to delve a little more between those sweet lips, allow it to find that which I seek. Was that a furrowed brow? Perhaps the ill lighting is playing a trick with my eyes. It is quite dark in here, isn't it?

Wetness! I feel your heat now. Your body knows what it wants even though your mind is asleep. "Mmmm... you taste delicious."

I am lost. I must have you. I want to be inside of you. A flick of my wand vanishes your knickers to the floor, as it also does with your nightshirt. Ah, your breasts... so nubile, so perky...possibly a little less than a handful. Just perfect for my mouth to taste and for my tongue to lave. I cannot be sure, but I'm certain that your nipples are likely a rosy pink. The cool air of the room has them hard and puckered... waiting to be loved, waiting for me.

My underpants have never been pushed down so quickly I don't think. I'll not take off my robes, no need. I can just pull it up and quickly leave when I'm done that way without having to dress. Movement. Are you waking? Do you sense me somehow?

Easing onto your bed and getting between your thighs is quite tedious, especially since my dick is now thinking for itself...pre-ejaculating, knowing what's to come. Ah, a delicious shiver is passing over me. The feel of the head of my dick rubbing against the tight flesh of your center is unlike anything I've ever felt. Even when I had *her*. Maybe because deep down I know this is something forbidden, which makes it all the more exciting?

"Viktor..." you mumble groggily, finally opening your eyes. "What do you think you're doing?"

You don't know it's me. You think I'm Krum. I couldn't ask for more. Deftly, I place my hand over your mouth while I reach for a pillow to cover your face. I can't have you seeing who I am, now can I? Nor can I have anyone hearing your pathetic calls for help...should you try.

I know I shouldn't do this. I know that, but I can't help it. It's been so long. Too long. I need this. I need you. If I can just have this, I'll be able to think, to breathe, and to concentrate on the upcoming tasks Dumbledore is setting for me.

Yes, struggle, girl, all you want. You won't stop this.

"Ahhh..." Sliding into you is heaven. Sinking into your heat is bliss. Yes. Mine. You are mine. No one has had you before. "So tight." I've penetrated your hymen and have claimed you as mine. You shall never forget this time, the loss of your most precious gift to me.

I should go slowly, I know this, but I can't help it. I have to pound into you. Each time you buck and struggle against me, I push harder. I need more. I want to plunge as deeply into you as I can. The way your breasts are jiggling with my movements and your body's twists only urge me on.

"Granger... Granger..." Your name will forever be engraved in my mind.

Thank you for not struggling any longer. I can now ease my grasp on the pillow and concentrate on sucking your nipples, on slamming into your welcoming flesh, though I wish your legs would move up and wrap about my waist.

"Fuck... fuck... I'm coming!"

And it's done. My seed has filled your hot cunt, and you have sated me like nobody has ever been able to. Ever*her*. As I pull out of you, I know that I'll always be able to call upon this memory and feel a hard cock beneath my palm in return. This gift you have given me is one that I shall always cherish. I am a man again.

One last lick of the undersides of your breasts and I remove the pillow... only to gasp. Your eyes are open and glassy, your mouth open in the shape of the letter "o" and your cheeks wet with tears. You're not breathing. I've smothered you.

How will I explain this? Fuck. As I slide my underpants up, my hand comes in contact with a hard phial in the pocket of my robes. "The potion!" The two words come out in a rushed breath. I quickly tip its contents into your mouth. There hasn't been a single day in over a decade that I haven't carried it with me. One never knows when stoppering death might be required...especially my own.

It works of course. You've not been gone long, and as your body is racked with coughs, I can't help but to grin. I shall have to learn from this mistake and not repeat it next time.

Yes, next time, for I will have to have you again.

As your eyes focus on me, they widen slightly. No, my dear, I am not Viktor, but I thank you for your time nonetheless. No harm done, eh? You'll live. As will I. You've just aided me in the fight against the Dark Lord. Indeed. For now I shall stay the course with an eased mind.

"Profe... ssor S-Snape, w-why are you doing this?"

Tears. I've always loathed them. Especially when they are mine.

I stoop down and whisper into your ear. "Thank you, Miss Granger."

My wand is drawn and an Obliviate is cast quickly, followed by a Stunner. A little bit more of foolish wand waving has your body and clothes set to rights. You'll not remember any of this. Damn.

Oh, but I will. I shall never forget it, and I shall look forward to our next encounter.

Soon.

I can't help but to hum all the way back to the dungeons. I've just fucked for the first time in many years, and nobody is the wiser...not even my partner. I thought I'd lost that part of me when I'd lost Lily.

"Severus?"

Dumbledore. In my quarters.

"Yes?"

"Where were you?"

"Patrolling the grounds."

"In the Gryffindor girls' dormitory?"

Fuck. "I... Peeves, he said there was a party going on."

"And you saw fit to tend to it yourself? Not to alert Minerva?"

"I happened to be right near, so..."

His wand is out before I can finish my sentence, and I fear he's learned about what I've done to you. But how? How could he know what went on? I've only just left your bed.

"Harry came to me with his map. Said he saw you entering their common room and going up to the girls' side. When he saw you in Miss Granger's room, he wasted no time, Severus."

"Absurd."

"The dot with your name on it was hovering right over hers. I saw that for myself. What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"You lie to me? After all I've done for you? She's fifteen years old, Severus!"

I should to point out that by my calculation, you are truly sixteen, as you used that Time-Turner a great deal last year, but for some reason, I don't feel that it would make much difference to Dumbledore. "Headmaster, I assure you that...ARRRRHHH!!!"

His wand is flicking and twisting angrily in the air. Pain. So much pain. There's a blinding white light. Why is there blood? My dick! My balls! What has he done?

"W... Nooooo!"

"You will never assault another student again...or any woman for that matter!"

He's looking at me with such disgust as I move into a fetal position, hands over my bleeding crotch, already missing what I had only just found again. I hate him. I will kill him.

"If you weren't needed, Severus, I would ship you off to Azkaban this time. I thought that this spell would last forever after I had to use it on you when you crossed the line all those years ago. What did it? What broke the spell, hmmm?"

What the fuck is he talking about? What spell?

"Any adult who preys on the young deserves a fate worse than this. I took the memories away from you last time, thinking not being able to perform your manly duties would be punishment enough. I'll let you keep them this time. I think that it will make your loss all the more acute."

His voice is hard and rough, and his eyes are the coldest I've ever seen them.

I've done this before? To whom? He's the reason for my impotence?

"Ba-bastard."

I'm weak. Tears are coming now. Damn. I've been violated. There's such pain. There's... Is this how you felt? I fucked you and nearly killed you. You cried and had pain. Ah, I close my eyes to try to remember the way you felt as I slid in, but all I can feel is a blinding, burning pain. It feels as though someone's taken a knife to my bits.

I am less than a man. I am nothing again.

"Ah, well, maybe I should just... *Obliviate*," Dumbledore says.

And I still know that I've fucked someone... you. But who are you? I can almost see your face. Didn't he say he'd leave the memories for me? I can see your body, but not your face. Who are you?

"You needn't try to remember her," he says, seemingly reading my thoughts. "She'll not remember you, thankfully, and my plans will continue as they should. Even the person who alerted me to your whereabouts will never remember this happening. Keep yourself out of trouble, Severus, and perhaps one day, when your duty is done, I might let slip the countercurse." There was a snort. "One day when you can't prey on children, that is."

I watch as the headmaster leaves me, alone on the floor, curled up in pain. Knowing, yet not knowing, is madness. Emasculation...

"God, no."

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Hermione watches as Harry takes the memories that are pouring from Professor Snape's eyes, mouth, ears... everywhere. For some reason she can't fathom, she knows she will not shed a tear for him, however gruesome his death might be. Why? She'd mourned others, even Moody. Why not this man? It's as though seeing him this way is justice being carried out.

Ron touches her on the shoulder, and she knows it's time to get back to the castle. Blinking rapidly, she only gives Snape's body one last glance before she flees the room. Deep down, to her horror and surprise, she is glad that the man is dead.

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SW: I just had to write this. I'd skimmed over something that someone else wrote, and while she did a good job with imagery and her writing, I was more shocked that so many people thought older!Snape panting over a young girl was "hot" or "erotic" just because of the sexual tone of the tale. So, I thought I'd write a version of something horrid where he's at least punished somehow. The muse demands it. Trust me. Waking up to find some creep lying next to you...an older man no less...and touching you is nothing sexy. It's sick. It's scary. It's wrong. It's not the great fantasy one might make it out to be.

Snape got off easy here. I'd like to take his dick, slice it off slowly with a serrated saw that's been laced with lemon juice, and put it in a jar on my desk. That's how I roll. Any man who does this deserves the heaviest punishment allowed. Women aren't fuck toys.

FYI: This is not an attack on the other story. This is just what I came up with when the muse got inspired and wanted to write something dark where the male was punished.