

The Sensual World

by *TeddyRadiator*

Two years after Voldemort's defeat, Severus Snape is placed in the care of Hermione Granger. When their personalities clash, who will Dominate, and who will submit?

One

Chapter 1 of 5

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Anti-Litigation Charm: None of the characters belong to me. They belong to JK Rowling, who let my entire reason for reading the Harry Potter series bleed to death on the floor of the Shrieking Shack. I'm building a better world.

Author's Notes:

This story is a birthday gift to the great Sempraseverus, whose art has inspired so many of my fics. If you know her art, you understand completely. If you do not know her art, go to deviantArt now, and look at her stunning work before you start this story.

The Sensual World is a story about a Dominant/submissive relationship. It is not meant as an instruction manual on the lifestyle. It is a work of fiction and meant for entertainment purposes only.

Mmh, yes,

Then I'd taken the kiss of seedcake back from his mouth, going deep South, go down, mmh, yes,

Took six big wheels and rolled our bodies off of Howth Head and into the flesh, mmh, yes...

I guess, in retrospect, making him my slave was a mistake. As if anyone could tame or subjugate Severus Snape beyond what he would allow.

When it came to light that Snape had survived Nagini's bite, he spent the better part of the next two years in St. Mungo's, recovering. The combined poison and magic of Voldemort's familiar almost killed him three times over, and it was the talk of Wizarding Britain for the eighteen months following the defeat of the Dark Lord.

The Ministry, in its infinite wisdom, said he had two choices. He could spend the rest of his life in the bosom of Azkaban, or as an unpaid retainer for Harry Potter. It was a shitty thing to do, and I was furious. He was good enough to save the Wizarding world, just not good enough to live free in it.

Now that they basically decided that Snape would make a good slave, Kingsley Shacklebolt, the Minister for Magic, confided to me that, more than anything, he was just trying to protect Snape. Living with Harry would provide our ex-Potions master with cover and protection until the furor died down. The moment I heard this, I knew Snape

would happily tapdance all the way to Azkaban rather than live with his old nemesis, and I couldn't have that. Not when I'd watched him die; not when I'd watched the memories Snape had given Harry in order to provide him with the clues to win the war.

Snape was still kitten-weak when I approached the Wizengamot and spun a series of lies so brilliantly cunning I seriously considered transferring my membership to Slytherin. I told them that Harry was not in a sufficient state of mind to 'properly discipline' Professor Snape, nor was he mentally fit to take care of another human being's welfare. Not to mention the fact that Ginny would most likely hex Snape's bits off his body at the first snarky comment, and I personally couldn't guarantee that his near-death experience had changed him *that* much.

I also didn't mention that my bright idea was the first coffin nail in the lid on the top of the bottom of my relationship with Ron. Once I restored their memories, Mum and Dad had decided to remain in Australia, and sold me their house. Ron and I had been living together for a few months; I had hoped Ron's presence would add a little bit of respectability to Snape moving into my old room in my parents' house.

Well, truth to tell, we weren't exactly getting on like a house afire before Snape regained consciousness in St. Mungo's. When I told him of my plan, Ron acted as if Snape was a new puppy he was allergic to. I shan't bore you with the dreary details, but the resulting fight left me feeling sick to my stomach, with the words, "It's Snape or me!" ringing in my ears. A quick Floo-call to Kingsley, and he became my Secret-Keeper. Together we made my folks' house unplotable in a matter of minutes. That night, Ron was sent his mother's Patronus to inform him he would find his belongings sitting in his parents' front room.

Molly never spoke to me again.

I guess I really should have thought things through a little more, but my logic was sound, as far as it went. In reality, bringing Snape to my house was akin to adopting a male baboon and bringing him home, in hopes of making him a pet. I knew being nice would do no good. I'd tried nice at the trial. When Kingsley granted me custody, and I presented myself to Snape while Aurors were attaching the wrist band that blocked him from doing any dark magic (What a crock, I thought. Snape's magic had been so depleted during the last two years, he could hardly perform the simplest *Alohomora*), Snape sneered at me with such contempt I nearly took him to Azkaban myself.

I knew this was a sham, but at least Kingsley was trying to keep the man safe until public opinion died down, and he could give Snape a real chance at a new life. I wanted to give him an environment to recover and, truth to tell, he still intrigued me. I wanted to get to know him, and I thought this might be a chance to understand the enigmatic man who worked so tirelessly to save us, and lost everything in the bargain. I wanted to give something back, without actually telling him that was what I was doing.

"Mr. Snape," I started, still trying to get used calling him something other than 'Professor'. "I hope we can come to a mutually beneficial arrangement while you are recovering." I gave him my best plan. "I think we should first concentrate on getting you one hundred percent recovered; then we can worry about where we go from there."

Snape had given me a look that reminded me so much of my earlier school days as one of his students, I thought for a moment he was going to issue a detention. His lip curled into a sneer of mammoth proportions, and he looked me up and down with complete scorn.

"Ah, my new owner," he said, his eyes dark and unpleasant. His lovely voice, still husky from his tussle with Nagini and the ensuing months of his self-imposed vow of silence, was dripping with contempt. "Thank the gods you've decided to adopt me. And here I was, afraid of having to be shackled with someone I avidly disliked."

His less-than-handsome face grew more pinched and angry behind the curtain of stringy black hair. "I was reconciling myself to the idea of having to shag Potter, unpalatable as that seems." He looked me up and down, his face a mask of blatant distaste. "Having to service you is marginally less so, but at least I am still capable of brewing passable lust potions. Merlin knows, I'll need them."

"Don't flatter yourself, Snape," I snapped in return, and that's when I saw it: his barely concealed self-loathing and anger. He was a Death Eater, and all around Slytherin hardcase, but now he was just a defeated man, who hated himself more than the rest of the Wizarding world put together.

Keeping my voice neutral, I said, "Mr. Snape, I realise this is a very untenable situation, but I think if you could possibly put aside your obvious and largely unfounded animosity toward me, we might be able to come up with some "

"Please spare me, Miss Granger," he spat, his face twisted with resentment. "Unfounded?" he scoffed. "You have me exactly where you want me: at your mercy, and no doubt you are looking forward to reminding me of all of my shortcomings on a daily basis." His voice rose. "Well, boo hoo! If you think I'm going to jump for joy, or fall at your feet with gratitude, please think again."

I could feel my indignation rising. "You and I will be civil to one another. You will speak to me with respect, and I will do the same to you. You will conduct yourself like a gentleman "

"And you'll conduct yourself like a bloomin' lady. Is there anything else, Eliza Doolittle?" he mocked, and the Auror attaching the wrist band gave him a little shove.

"You watch your fuckin' mouth, Snape!" The Auror, Jenkins, I think his name was, turned to me and said, "Do you need any help with," he gave Snape a look of pure disdain, "this filth?"

I stood there, looking at both men. Auror Jenkins was about twenty-five, tall, dark and handsome. I looked at Snape, tall dark and ... well, words have always failed me when it came to this man. He was not exactly ugly, but his whole demeanor was so unpleasant as to make him wholly unattractive. I had never exactly been a slave to my physical appearance (anyone who knew my personal view of myself would attest to that), but I always had the sneaking suspicion Snape could at least be considered intriguing, if he'd just stop hating the world.

Now, he stood waiting for my reply. He was scowling at me, expecting me to take the Auror to task. Snarky, Slytherin bastard was already preening, waiting for me to defend him!

I decided on a compromise. "Auror Jenkins, as much as I'd love for you to slap him one *Mr. Snape* is his name." I turned to Snape and gave him a hard stare. "And if anyone is going to discipline him, it will be me."

I could see Snape trying to work out this phrase in his brilliant mind. He was holding it up to the light, turning it this way and that, trying to find the string attached, and the combination needed to click the tumblers in place. He worried at it for a few seconds, looking for the trick to make it fall apart, but he came up with nothing. Finally, he gave it up. He gave me a look, as if truly seeing me for the first time.

I put a hand on his arm, and he shrank away. "Mr. Snape? It's time to go. Please come with me."

Another of his famous sneers waited on the runway, preparing for take off. "By all means." He made an exaggerated bowing movement. "Lead on to our new abode, *Mistress* Granger. The heart soars at the prospect."

I Apparated the two of us into my home in Surrey, and the moment we settled, I removed the magic-restraining wrist cuff. He didn't have his wand anyway. I thought the only way I was going to help him was to show some measure of support and trust. I knew he was incapable of causing me any harm; he'd certainly had opportunity enough to hurt me when I was younger. He merely rolled his eyes when I took the cuff away.

I was fed up with his hostility in the first fifteen minutes of our meeting; now I knew I needed to do something proactive, or he'd have me babbling and drooling at St. Mungo's before the week was out. It's one thing to talk a big talk. It's quite another when the man who had alternately frightened, awed, disappointed and fascinated you for the last ten years moves in with you, and you know the only feeling he has for you is derision.

As I walked him through my parents' house, I led him into the first bedroom on the landing. It had been my old room; I couldn't make myself relinquish my parents' bedroom for him. I had magically repainted it a nice neutral caramel colour, and to me it looked fresh but masculine. I wanted him to feel at home, but I couldn't see painting the walls black. "This is your bedroom, Mr. Snape. It has an en suite, and "

"It's an awfully small bed, Granger," he drawled, and gave me the most insultingly lascivious look I've ever been given. An ugly light gleamed in his deep, dark eyes, and he stepped toward me menacingly. It took all my rapidly deflating courage not to edge backward. His eyes raked over my body with all the finesse of a pirate in a swashbuckling, bodice-ripping, trashy novel.

Upon closer inspection, it was all too knowing; too practiced. He leered at me, saying, "I was under the distinct impression that your interest in my talents exceeded that of the potions lab, or were your Legilimised thoughts just a red herring to throw me off the scent, as it were?"

I forced myself to remain impassive, but I was ready to give him a proper slap. Conceited arse! "Mr. Snape, I have never intimated any other services required of you other than you heal from your injuries and occasionally help me with the housework and kitchen duties." I tried to match his sneer. "I'm afraid your particular charms are a little lost on me."

"That's not what you were thinking," he retorted, and again, his black eyes gleamed wickedly. "You were distinctly imagining what it might be like to fuck me. You can contradict me all you want, but your thoughts don't lie."

He was bluffing, and I knew it, and the puzzling thing was that he knew I knew it. He took a small step toward me. "I'm sure I could be motivated to help you release a little tension, especially after all that bullshit you shoveled in the Wizengamot. I guess you are expecting a little gratitude, after all. I'm usually on the receiving end of a pity fuck, but I suppose in this instance I could still be persuaded to do my bit for the Greater Good. No? Oh well," he drawled with an exaggerated sigh. "Thank Merlin for small favours."

He deliberately looked back to the bed, and made a mock little pout. "So you're telling me we're not sharing that big bed in the back bedroom?" Something clicked in my head, and it was as if I were hearing him, truly hearing him.

Nothing he was saying was actually what it meant. It was like watching a film with subtitles, and knowing the actual dialogue had nothing to do with what you were reading. But that was Snape personified. He gave me a look of pure, exaggerated lust. "Shame. And I thought it was my body you were after."

I tried playing the 'ignore him and he'll stop' card. Doggedly, I continued, "It has an en suite, and downstairs is a library. I've taken the liberty of bringing your books from Hogwarts there's still your private library at Spinner's End, which is safe and protected. Now, the kitchen is on the ground floor, and the basement has enough room to set up a Potions lab if you wish it "

He stepped closer, and his self-hatred radiated off him with as much heated vehemence as his loathing for me. "Why are you doing this, Granger? What sort of sick pleasure do you get out of making me your little pet project? And don't tell me it's to keep me out of Azkaban." When I didn't respond right away, he went in for the kill. "Go on, tell me. Is it misguided loyalty? Payback for all your perceived slights?" His voice took on a more wheedling tone. "A schoolgirl crush come to life? What makes you think that I find anything about your skinny little arse attractive enough to even manufacture a hard-on?"

Shocked, I stared at him, feeling like he'd just slapped me across the face. We blinked, our eyes locked together. Suddenly, without thought or design, my hand shot out and grabbed his crotch, hard. His eyes flew open, wide, and he grew very still. I thought I knew something about this man. It turns out I knew nothing.

Some perverse monster in me tightened my grip, just to see what he would do. His eyes bored into mine, and instead of pushing me away, or telling me to release him, or fighting me, or smirking and deriding me, or any of the other twenty things I thought he'd do, he merely stood still, and relaxed slightly. It reminded me of the way a kitten will go slightly limp when picked up by the scruff of the neck. He stared at me, his expression stricken and shocked.

His face slackened, and he watched me expectantly, his face a bottom-heavy blank. His breathing grew more rapid, and I saw something in his eyes I had never seen before: surrender. Even seated in the prosecution chair in the Wizengamot, chained and bound, he had kept that knife-edge of defiance in his demeanor. It was totally absent now.

That little monster in my head made me aware of his sac. It was large and heavy in his loose hospital-issue trousers, and when I looked into his eyes, they were lidded and slack, his mouth parted and relaxed. I was suddenly aware of how sensuous and full his lips were, when not compressed in their usual hard, thin line. He was aroused, and frightened. I couldn't tell if the fear was because of the arousal he felt, or in spite of it.

In a voice that I'd never used with another living soul, I whispered, "This is how we proceed, Mr. Snape. You will refrain from your insults, and you will remember that this is my home, and you are a guest, but a guest with rules. You won't insult me constantly, and I won't" I gave him a slightly harder squeeze, "hurt you needlessly. Do you understand?"

He swallowed with an audible click in his throat. His eyes never left mine and I could sense he wanted to answer, but he also wanted to see what I would do if he didn't. I squeezed just tightly enough to cause more discomfort, and his eyes closed slowly. He was as still as a statue. His breathing hitched, and the expression on his face changed to a mixture of lust and shame.

I will not lie. It excited me in a way nothing ever had. Seeing this particular wizard, clay-soldier still, stirred and ashamed of it, made my pussy hot and slick. I felt a dark power in my veins, and I knew he was responsible and responding as well. I hissed, "Do you understand, Mr. Snape? I will not ask you again."

Against his will, he quietly rasped, "Yes, Miss Granger." He would not meet my gaze.

I smiled grimly. "See? You can be a good boy when you try."

I slowly removed my hand, and I noticed two distinct things. The first was the definite feeling of his hips curving forward, as if reluctant to leave my grasp; the other was the feel of his cock, hard and needy. I deliberately brushed it with my hand as I pulled away. He gasped quietly, and in his face I saw excitement and desire, and something I still could not define. I thought it might be doubt, or perhaps gratitude.

Drawing myself up rigidly, so that he would not see me shaking, I turned away from him. "I'll leave you to settle in, then. I thought I'd make dinner around six o'clock. I expect you to eat while you're here."

I turned to go, then looked over my shoulder at his crotch, and his obvious erection. "You might wish to do something about that as well. I suggest you 'rest' before dinner." I headed down the stairs, not waiting for a reply.

"Yes, Miss Granger."

I whirled around, in spite of my self-control, and searched his face for any signs of his usual brand of bleak, brittle sarcasm. I only saw a man staring at me, with the same blank, almost startled expression. He stepped back, his eyes never leaving mine, and I turned and left him standing there.

I didn't realise it, but I'd almost broken him with nothing more than a few hissed words and a very unfriendly hand on his bollocks.

Over the next few days, I stayed home from work and made sure he took care of himself. I had been told he was eating only sporadically and even then very sparingly. He looked like a starving scarecrow, and when I sat the plate of food in front of him that first night, he turned up his huge nose at it like it was swill.

"I'm not hungry," he sneered, and pushed the plate away with contempt. "I won't eat it." It was the most immature, petulant thing I'd ever seen or heard him do. He sounded as truculent as a child.

Patience, I pushed the plate back at him. "Eat. Now." I picked up my fork and resumed eating.

"No."

I looked at him carefully. He was being so willfully disobedient, and yet there was evidence that he was hungry. What was going through his head? Was it just the simple (or not so simple, as the case may be) case of feeling in control of his situation? He'd been the plaything for two powerful wizards for most of his adult life. Was this his only way of having some control?

"May I ask why you don't wish to eat?" I said, with just enough coolness in my voice to register a distinct lack of politeness.

He looked at me, scowling, and pushed the plate away. "Clearly, Miss Granger, you are just as incapable of listening to me now as you were as a bushy-haired, buck-toothed know-it-all third year. I'm. Not. Hungry."

"You. Are. Lying." I spaced each word in a careful parody of his own precise pronunciation. "And in case it has escaped your attention, Snape, I'm twenty-one now, not thirteen."

"I see no difference."

"You'll have to do better than that, Snape. I've got a lot thicker skin now, and it doesn't take a Legilimens to know that you're hungry. Don't be daft, man. Eat."

He cocked a silky eyebrow at me, and crossed his arms. "If you're so sure I'm hungry, Miss Granger, then you will need to find a better way to prove it." His voice took on its more familiar sheen. "Make me eat it, then," he challenged, daring me with that dulcet, silken voice of his.

I did something then that was inexcusable. Completely, unforgivably inexcusable. I calmly stood and walked to my parents' fridge and looked at the contents of the door shelves. When I found what I sought, I quickly turned and, with a wave of my wand, bound Snape to his kitchen chair with magical ropes. He fought for a moment, then slumped slightly, still fighting, still defiant.

"I suppose you think you can hand feed me now, Miss Granger." Furious, he smiled mirthlessly. "I'm really looking forward to watching you try."

I continued to rummage in the drawer beside the fridge. "Oh, no, Snape. You're going to feed yourself. Ahh, here they are."

Without really thinking about what I was doing, or I would have abandoned the idea as fraught with danger, I pulled out one of the hypodermic syringes my parents kept on hand for my diabetic grandmother, and a bottle of her insulin from the refrigerator. I had magically prolonged its shelf life, but I nevertheless checked to make sure the expiry date was still good. I filled the syringe with a small dose of the cloudy liquid, and turned to Snape. His eyes grew enormous when he saw the needle.

"Granger," he growled, and I saw the first vestiges of fear return. "What the fuck do you think you are doing?"

Almost dreamily, I said, "Making sure you eat, Mr. Snape." I held his head in place and inserted the needle in his shoulder. He made a muffled noise of irritation and pain as I slid the plunger home. I released the magical bonds immediately, and he turned and looked at me.

"I don't understand you," he choked, rubbing his shoulder. "Why are you tormenting me?" He sounded like a vulnerable child, almost tearful; I felt guilt wash over me like a wave. Determined that he would not see the remorse in my eyes, I pushed the plate back under his nose.

"Because you want me to, apparently."

It took several minutes to take effect, but as soon as the insulin hit his system, he was eating, ravenously, like a wolf. I smiled as he gobbled the food. "Slow down! There's plenty more where that came from."

He made a growling noise, and continued to shovel the food into his mouth, occasionally taking noisy gulps of milk. He ate two platefuls of beef joint, stuffing, roasties, sprouts and salad, and three pint glasses of cold milk. He topped it off with two helpings of jam roly-poly and custard and three glasses of red wine, and never refused food again.

He snored like a little pig that night. It was rather cute, actually.

"Why are you tormenting me?"

"Because you want me to, apparently."

Had I known just how true this statement was, I would have run for the hills. Instead, I mentally raped him until I took him over completely, and then picked up the pieces of my own frightened life.

Words are from "The Sensual World" by Kate Bush

The video can be found on: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h1DDndY0FLI>

Artwork which inspired this fic is at: [http://browse.deviantart.com/?qh=\\$ion=&global=1&q=thesensualworld#/d35r1qu](http://browse.deviantart.com/?qh=$ion=&global=1&q=thesensualworld#/d35r1qu)

Two

Chapter 2 of 5

Winner says, loser does...

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He said I was a flower of the mountain, yes, but now I've powers o'er a woman's body, yes.

Stepping out of the page into the sensual world...

Every day, a new defiance. Every day, a new punishment. So became our lives. I spent my days as a newly hired Ministry employee, and Snape returned to pouting and brewing the occasional potion. He was quiet, unreasonably so, and I managed to keep myself silent as well. It would do me no favours to look like the babbling, gushing swot against his poised, elegant sulking.

He provoked me at every opportunity, but when I turned the tables and forced him to back down, he would become compliant, almost docile. As the pattern emerged, I discovered something hideous about myself. I found myself wanting his insolence, just so I could punish him.

I realised we were locked in a sick little dance. I would ask him to explain something, or try to engage him in conversation; he would reply with all the cruelty he could muster, and I would retaliate. It was little things, like withdrawing outing privileges, which I had the jurisdiction to dictate, denying him access to his books, or simply refusing to acknowledge him, which bothered him more than anything. He was as objectionable by his silences as much as by his insults.

The Friday it all came to a head, I was at the end of my rope. I had spent all day at Hogwarts, sweating through eight hours of research: four with Madam Pince researching in the Restricted Section, fighting smoke-belching books, two at a DADA training lecture and demonstration, one and a bit over a stinking cauldron, concocting the vilest potion ever conceived, and a quickly moderated altercation between Mr. Filch and a hapless first year, who'd tried to sneak dungbombs into the Gryffindor common room.

On top of that, Headmistress McGonagall had cornered me and asked to 'borrow' Snape for a special lecture for the first year Potions class. After reminding her that Snape wasn't a library book, I finally managed to leave the school and return home, in a thoroughly exhausted and dissatisfied mood.

By the time I Floo'd back to the house, I was tired, crabby, stinking, sweaty and resentful. My robes were dusty, my hair frizzy and tangled, and I smelled of dungbombs. I stumbled into the front room to find Snape, looking like he'd done nothing more taxing all day than the crossword in the Prophet. Taking in my greasy, messy, disheveled appearance, he wrinkled his nose at me and smirked.

"Bad day, dearie?" he mocked, and propped his feet up onto the Ormolu coffee table. I looked around. The house was a mess. It was Friday, ergo Snape's day to tidy up.

I turned back to him and said, "I'm going to shower. Please clean up the front room, at least."

As I walked toward the loo, I heard him rise and follow me. "Why don't I help?" he said, lecherously. "I can come in and scrub your back. Quite frankly, you could use it what *have* you been doing?"

I turned to him and frowned. "Working. If you want to help, you can start by cleaning up the front room, as we agreed."

He shrugged insolently. "As you so gleefully proclaimed the first day I arrived, I never agreed to anything. I have no rights here." He made a mocking, exaggerated bow. "I simply hear, and obey."

I scowled at him. "Then *obey*, and go clean the fucking front room," I hissed through gritted teeth.

He stepped up to me, so close I could smell his cologne. His voice was menacing, sinister, and so glossy it felt as if it slid under my clothes and tickled my groin, in spite of my irritation. "I'd rather clean you, Miss Granger." He forced me back toward the door, and pushed up against me, a rictus of malice on his face. He looked slightly mad, and when he pinned me against the door, he pressed his pelvis against mine. He was flaccid.

"Why should I tidy up the front room when I could give you a nice soapy wash? Surely you'd rather have a shampoo than a clean house." For a moment, we stood there, locked into this tawdry little tableau, each waiting for the other to move. I simply stared into his eyes, and then my wand was in my hand and the tip was pressed under his chin. He leaned on it.

"Do it, then, Granger," he rasped, and licked his lips. "Do it."

I stayed still. I waited. He grew impatient. He pushed closer to me, and I suddenly realised what he wanted. He wanted me to make him back off. He couldn't, wouldn't allow himself to do it.

"Snape, step back, like a good little boy."

"I don't want to be a 'good little boy', Miss Granger. In case it has escaped your attention, I'm a wizard grown."

"Then act like it, Snape," I growled, trying to put as much warning in my voice as possible. "I don't want to hex you, but if you are trying to intimidate me, I will."

"Ooh, I'm trembling with fear, Granger," he retorted in a bored, purring voice. He was working himself up into something, deliberately agitating himself and me. I didn't understand it, but I knew I had to end it.

I grabbed the front of his shirt and forced marched him back against the opposite wall. I leaned on him, hard. "Alright, Snape, that's enough. You want to be bad, go ahead, and I'll send you downstairs with something to remember me by!"

He tried to respond, and I hit him with a Silencing charm. "Shut it! Now," I took a step back, and cancelled the Silencio. "If you will calm down and do what I ask, I promise you I will not punish you."

That woke him up! All of his lecherous defiance finally drained from his face. His eyes grew uncertain, hopeful. He straightened, and looked away. He mumbled something under his breath.

"What did you say?" He kept his eyes closed, his brow furrowed. When he remained silent, I pushed my voice to sound a little harsher. "What did you say, Snape?"

He opened his mouth, breathing so rapidly he was almost panting. He looked ashamed, and upset.

Finally, in the quietest, most velvet voice I've ever heard from him, he said, "What if I want to be punished?" He refused to look at me.

Without counting the cost, I grabbed the front of his shirt again and pushed him hard. His head hit the wall with a muffled thump, and his face carried that slack, blank look; the same expression he wore the night I grabbed his crotch. Whatever was going on in his mind, I didn't want to explore it too carefully. It seemed dangerous and addictive.

"Clean the room, now. I will not ask you again, Snape."

I turned and almost ran into the bathroom, locking the door behind me and warding it. I was shaking. What was happening between us?

Later, when I walked downstairs, my hair still damp from the shower, the room was immaculate. Snape silently handed me a cup of tea, brewed perfectly. I thanked him,

but he merely shrugged. He looked at me searchingly, but when I met his gaze, he lowered his eyes and he turned away.

That night, I couldn't sleep. I kept seeing Snape, and the way he looked at me when he said, "What if I want to be punished?" I felt my cunt grow instantly wet at that moment. Was that wrong of me? I was taking advantage of a vulnerable man, wasn't I? If Snape was sick and twisted for wanting to be punished, what did it say about me that I wanted to punish him?

I rose quietly, and cast a Silencing Charm, so that I could not be heard. For some reason, I had to see him. He would be sitting up in bed, reading, I told myself. I'll ask him about what he is reading. Perhaps we could talk about it over hot cocoa. He could be perfectly reasonable, when you caught him at the right moment.

I paused at the door of his room. What the fuck I was doing? The man was sleeping. Snape was sleeping. I told myself that.

I silently opened the door of his room. In the darkness, I could hear his breathing, rapid and straining. My eyes adjusted to the gloom, and I gasped, thankful that my Silencing Charm still held.

Snape was lying on his back, his legs open wide. A sheet covered him up to his waist. One hand was flung over his eyes, the other was beneath the sheet, caressing his cock with sure, deep strokes. His breathing quickened, and he seemed very close to climaxing.

He must have felt the impending release coming upon him; he pushed the sheet down, revealing a large, glorious, uncircumcised cock, rock hard and dusky, encased in his large fist. He was trembling, approaching orgasm. He was gasping, his breath hitching in soft whimpers, and he was whispering something so softly I couldn't hear his words.

I can tell you that Severus Snape, on the verge of orgasm, desperately stroking his cock, is one of the most erotic sights I have ever seen. He was panting, and abandoned, and beautiful.

I cannot tell you why I did what I did. Looking back, I can only say I was aroused beyond comprehension, and the feeling of power I had over him was intoxicating. I cancelled my Silencing Charm.

I sat down on the bed. He froze and jerked his arm away from his eyes. When he saw me, an expression of fear and humiliation flitted across his features, dimming the lust glowing there. I smirked down at him, and before I could stop myself, I cupped his heavy, tight balls in my hand, like I'd done the first day he'd arrived. He grunted at the contact, and looked at me with an expression of such mistrust it almost hurt me.

"Well, well, well, Snape. A little quiet loving before bedtime?" I said, squeezing his sac, and pulling it away from his body, to prolong his orgasm. I smiled down at him. "What a bad boy you are."

"Get out of my room, Granger," he growled, as still as a cobra. He was panting. "You have no right."

He yelped as I pulled down harder. "I have every right, Snape. You're in my house. You're my guest. And more than anything, you want it." I leaned down until our faces were close enough to feel each other's breath. "You *need* it."

His balls felt wonderful in my hand. Large, warm, velvety soft and alive. I relaxed my punishing grip. "Now, Snape, you will finish what you started." I smiled. "But you don't come until I give you permission."

He was as conflicted as I'd ever seen a man. His hands flexed, as if itching to strangle either me or his hard, bobbing member; I wasn't sure which. "What depraved, perverted little game are you playing, Granger?" he whispered, and he made it sound like both challenge and plea.

I thanked the gods that his Legilimency skills had been weakened by his injuries. Otherwise, he would have chewed me up and spat me out for what was going on in my mind. Recklessly, I murmured, "I'm playing *winner says, loser does*. Right now, I'm winning, Snape, and you are going to fondle that lovely big cock of yours, and come when I tell you."

I leaned close to his ear again. "Yes, it's a dirty little game isn't it, Snape?" I sat back, and ran a fingernail up the underside of his breathtaking cock. He hissed softly. "But you're a dirty little boy who wants to play it, aren't you?" My voice sounded husky to me; Merlin knows what it sounded like to him.

When he didn't reply, I pinched the skin over his sac, and he hissed again. "Aren't you, Snape? Aren't you a dirty little boy who wants to play my game?"

He looked suddenly like he wanted to cry. "Yes," he whispered, and turned his head away.

"Look at me, Snape." Obediently, he turned back to face me, and I softened my expression. "I'm not here to humiliate you. I want you to feel pleasure, to come. Touch yourself. Like you like it." I could hear my voice thicken with arousal. "Make it good for yourself, but don't you dare come."

Rather clumsily, he grasped the base of his cock, and started stroking himself, slowly at first. I smiled down at him, all the while holding his warm stones in my hand. With my free hand, I stroked his tangled, less-than-clean hair from his face, then stroked his cheek. He began to relax, and closed his eyes. Soon his breathing quickened, as he warmed up to his task.

I could feel his hips rocking against the movement of his large, strong fist, and he began to pump his hand in earnest. I smiled. Fuck me; I wanted him. I was so turned on I was surprised he couldn't smell me. Perhaps he did.

I baby-talked, "Oh, what a pretty boy, with such a big, pretty cock to stroke. Do you want to come for me?"

He was whimpering now, a soft, mewling sound that made my cunt so damp I would have slid off the bed had I not been wearing knickers. "Yes," he moaned, his eyes locked on mine. I fondled his balls and he almost sobbed.

"What a lovely cock. I don't want you to come yet. I want you to beg, my pretty boy." I stroked his face; I wanted to climb on his cock and ride him until I was screaming, but I could not. This was not my need. I was doing this for Snape, wasn't I?

Snape's hips were jerking out of rhythm, and he was rolling his hips against our hands. I pulled down on his balls, wanting to make him wait. "Stop stroking. You aren't allowed to come yet."

He looked feverish. "Please," he whined, his eyes open and devoid of guile. He looked about seventeen, his pale skin glowing in the moonlight. That blank, almost blind look in his eyes was back; he was living for the second I gave him permission to bring himself off.

"Take your hands off your prick, Snape," I commanded, imperiously, and he brought both his hands to cover his face. I pulled them away, and stroked the backs of his hands. "What are you feeling, my pretty one? Tell me."

He refused to look at me. "Anger, fear, lust, desire, helplessness." His voice sounded muffled and thick, and as a reward for his honesty, I stroked his cock three times, hard. He cried out, and his arms flew to his sides, clutching the bedclothes.

As I felt his exquisite cock moving through my slippery palm, I answered, "Lust, desire, helplessness. Those I understand, Snape. You have nothing to fear with me, and there's no point in being angry at either yourself or me. You are holding on to emotions that you no longer need. You aren't playing those old games anymore. We have new games to play - exciting, dirty games that give more than they take.

"Let go of the anger, and let go of the fear. The helplessness is inconsequential. Give in to the yearning and the desire, and enjoy the pleasure. You've been very good

very obedient. You've earned it."

He finally managed to turn his face back to me. He was having trouble keeping his eyes from snapping shut, each time I gave his beautiful cock a deep, firm stroke.

Unable to stop myself, I said, "Who were you fantasising about when I first came in, Snape?"

"You know who."

"Tell me." I smiled, and he whimpered again.

"You. I was fantasising about you."

"What was I doing?" When he hesitated, I warned, "Don't lie, Snape. I want to know what you were thinking about when I walked in."

"I-I was thinking about you disciplining me. About you spanking me."

"I see. Would you like that, pet? Do you want it?" He nodded, and began to rock his hips against my stroking hand, eyes closed, a look of intense concentration on his face. I baby-talked to him, cooing in his ear, "My little pretty boy wants his bottom spanked until it's all red and hot, doesn't he?"

"Yes," he whimpered, and a tear slid from his eye.

I was stroking him harder now, and the feeling of power was as addictive as heroin. "I think you want me to strap on a cock and fuck your luscious little arse. You'd like that, wouldn't you, pretty boy? You'd beg for it, wouldn't you?"

"Merlin," he groaned, writhing on the bed like a man burning with fever. "Merlin, help me, but yes, I would."

Finally, I released his cock, and sat by him, with my hands in my lap. "Take yourself in hand and make yourself come. You have my permission."

"Granger, don't," he almost wept, humiliated, but his hands drifted down to his crotch, and soon he was stroking hard, fast, trying to finish quickly, but he was unable to. Panting as if he'd just run a race, he turned back to me.

"Please," he whispered, stroking hard, fast, desperately.

"Please what, pretty one?" I intoned. I wanted him to be sure of what he wanted. I was breathing as hard as he.

He started to moan; his head snapped from side to side, as if in delirium. He was caught up in his own passion, and he writhed and cried like a man possessed. "Please, Miss Granger."

"What do you want, Snape?"

"So close... please... I need to come..."

I smiled, and pressed on his perineum hard, and he had a dry orgasm. By now, he was crying out incessantly; his bucking and rocking almost threw me off the bed.

"Please, for the love of... Please, Miss Granger!" he called, and his empty hand found mine. He grasped it, and to my astonishment, brought it to his mouth. I felt his soft lips pressing against my spongy knuckles. His eyes bore into mine, and he opened my hand and pressed it to his mouth, placing hot, open-mouthed kisses on my palm, sucking my fingers, moaning around them.

"Please what, Snape? Do you want to come, my sexy little toy?"

"Yes! Yes!" he bellowed, his incredible self-discipline crumbling with each passing second.

"Do you want my permission? I have already given it." I suddenly knew what he wanted, needed.

I began to stroke his balls in a soft, lazy rhythm, and he held onto his climax with Herculean strength. Tears slid from his eyes into the pillow.

Leaning over, with as much control in my voice as I was capable, I whispered, "Come for me, Severus. I want to see you come so very much. Come for me, my sweet treasure." He was teetering on the edge, and I cupped his sac again, and felt the velvety skin draw up in my hands.

I leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Come for me, my beautiful, dark sorcerer." He let go with a feral, triumphant roar.

Have you ever seen a man come who has never completely abandoned his control until that moment? I have. Snape threw back his head, and his back bowed off the bed. He pulled at his blood-gorged member ruthlessly, and cried out, his face a mask of intense, helpless bliss. He called me 'Mistress,' his eyes open and blankly staring into mine, as he came for what seemed like hours. It was the most erotic moment of my life, up to that point.

His semen spurted from him obscenely in an arc, almost up to his throat, and his body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat. I cleaned him, even as he lay gasping, his harsh breathing threatening to turn into sobs.

I crooned at him as he came down from the endorphin high, and he wept. I put my arms around him, and rocked him gently, and he fell asleep almost immediately. I held him until dawn, and when I tried to move away, he pulled me closer.

Words are from "The Sensual World" by Kate Bush

The video can be found on: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h1DDndY0FLI>

Artwork which inspired this fic is at: [http://browse.deviantart.com/?qh=\\$ion=&global=1&q=thesensualworld#/d35r1qu](http://browse.deviantart.com/?qh=$ion=&global=1&q=thesensualworld#/d35r1qu)

Three

Anti-Litigation Charm: None of the characters belong to me. They belong to JK Rowling, who let my entire reason for reading the Harry Potter series bleed to death on the floor of the Shrieking Shack. I'm building a better world.

Author's Notes:

This story is a birthday gift to the great Sempraseverus, whose art has inspired every fanfic I have ever written. If you know her art, you understand completely. If you do not know her art, go to deviantArt now, and look at her stunning work, before you start.

Big hugs and kisses to my beta, stgulik, who is faster than the speed of light, and brilliant at buffing the story up to a pearly sheen. Thank you so much.

This story is about a Dominant/submissive relationship. It is not meant as an instruction manual on the lifestyle. This chapter contains explicit sexual content. It is a work of fiction and meant for entertainment purposes only.

To where the water and the earth caress and the down of a peach says mmh, yes,

Do I look for those millionaires like a Machiavellian girl would when I could wear a sunset? mmh, yes...

Ginny Weasley was the kinkiest girl at Hogwarts. At sixteen, she knew more about sex than I probably knew at the ripe old age of twenty-one. Fearless and determined, Ginny was everything I secretly wanted to be: vivacious, brave, gutsy and sexy. Boys flocked around her like bees to honey, and she confided that she had lost her virginity at the Yule Ball, but she never confessed to whom. I have my suspicions.

I called on her the week after Severus and I started our strange little affair. Yes, sometime in that night, he became Severus to me, and I became Mistress to him. It was frightening and exhilarating at once, and I knew I was in so far over my head that I would drown if I didn't get some advice.

Severus was a little quieter and rather more peaceful after that first night in his bed. When I came home from work, he was always close by, and usually solicitous. We fell into an easy routine of housework, brewing time, relaxing, listening to music, talking. It came as no real surprise to either of us that we enjoyed similar things, like dark chocolate, and a guilty love of bacon butties.

We also enjoyed talking about potions work and other aspects of charms work. We had similar tastes in music, and even found telly programs to laugh over. Well, I laughed; he smirked. Occasionally he would chuckle. I Sky-Plussed those episodes.

Make no mistake, he could still launch a sarcastic remark with the deadly accuracy of a ballistic missile, but it was rarely aimed directly at me. It was a little scary, seeing him pushing and pulling from his typical nasty bastard mode to meekly sitting around watching telly with me at night. He was adjusting and morphing, and sometimes I swore I could see the very features of his face shifting, as if trying to change into something he wanted to be, but had no idea how to become.

I had spent the subsequent nights doing a variation of walking in on him touching himself. Sometimes he would wait until I arrived. Sometimes he would start without me. Sometimes he would knock on my bedroom door and ask permission. He seemed to enjoy those the most.

At the end of the second week, he approached me as I sat on the sofa, sipping a cup of tea and looking through a cookbook. "I think I might try this lasagna recipe tomorrow," I said. "It's made with turkey sausage and I "

He quietly took the book from my hand, and to my surprise, knelt down beside me. "Please touch me," he said, simply, his face neutral and hopeful. He took my hand in his. "I need..." He turned away for a moment, looking confused and ashamed.

"What do you need, my darling boy?" I said. Somehow, in that week, he became those names: pretty boy, darling, pet, good boy. I couldn't believe I was calling him these things; more than that, he was responding to them. "Tell me, and I'll tell you what you have earned." Sex had become both punishment and reward. It had also become a drug to me. "Beg me," I said, and there was a pleading tone in my own voice.

Closing his eyes, he quickly unbuttoned the fly of his trousers, revealing his large cock, rock hard and straining. A drop of pearly seed glistened on the tip. "Please," he whispered, ashamed.

I sat forward. "You've been a very good boy, haven't you?" He nodded, his hand squeezing my knee. "If you wish to masturbate for me, you may, but you must not come until I give permission."

He looked up at me, his beautiful, liquid eyes pleading. "Will you touch me? Will you hold me?"

I scooted over to the end of the sofa, and he laid his head in my lap, stretching across the length of the seat. As he began to stroke his cock, I unbuttoned his shirt and gently caressed his chest, tweaking his caramel-coloured nipples with a playful pinch. "What a good boy." I traced the tips of my fingers over the head of his cock, and his hips twitched. "What are you, pet? Are you my pretty boy?"

Panting, fucking his hand, Severus moaned, "Yes, Mistress."

"And what are you? Say it, my little treasure."

As he stroked and moaned, he ground out, "Your pretty boy."

"That's right. You are. And you will tell yourself that every day. Come for me, my beauty. Come... come... come..." I slipped my finger into his mouth, and he sucked hard on my middle finger, his tongue swirling around it rapturously.

His breathtaking orgasm shook the sofa, as he cried out, and when he finally lay spent, he began to kiss my fingers, my palm, my hand, with the reverence of an acolyte. I knew then, I needed to confide in someone. I was afraid I was doing more damage than good.

Ginny met me for coffee the next day. The Weasley family was still a little put out with me - more so, I found, than Ron, who was currently in Barcelona with Lavender Brown. I seriously doubted the two of them were being stimulated by the architecture. Ginny and Harry had always been my allies, though, and I thought I could tell her honestly what was going on.

After settling down in a Starbucks in Muggle London, my vivacious friend lit a cigarette and demanded to hear all the details of my living arrangements with Severus, preferably those of the juicy variety.

"So, how are things with the Great Bat of the Dungeons?" she smiled, sipping her cappuccino. "Still snarky as ever?"

I bit my lip. "Well, things are sort of... strange."

She raised her eyebrows. "Do tell," she said, a little smile quirking the corner of her mouth. When I didn't reply, she grew solemn. Her eyes narrowed as she looked at me.

"Are you two having sex?"

I sighed. In for a Knut...

An hour later, Ginny was on her third cappuccino and as many cigarettes, and I was nervously quaffing an espresso, which was so strong I could feel my heartbeat a condition which I told myself had nothing to do with the subject matter at hand.

Finally, Ginny said, "I know this is mad, but it sounds like your Severus and my Harry are more alike than they'd ever wish to admit. They've both felt used and hunted and ridiculed most of their lives. They both have had to be in control when they were too afraid, they've been forced to do horrible things against their will, and they've both got serious self-esteem issues."

I gaped. With a short laugh, I retorted, "How do you know all this? You sound like marital counselor."

Ginny laughed. "I've had to learn. I knew if I was going to be with Harry, and I want to be, I was going to have to help him overcome a lot of damage." She pursed her lips. "Tell me, does Snape back down when you are assertive or authoritative?"

I nodded. Looking around, to make sure no one could hear us in that part of the shop, I said, "When I grabbed him by the... you know, he just went limp and pliable. It was like he was waiting for me "

"To tell him what to do?" she finished. I nodded again. Ginny nodded as well. "It's the same with Harry. I've been reading up on this like mad, just to make sure I wasn't doing any lasting damage, but we've developed a completely Dominant/submissive relationship, with me as the Dominant." She lit another cigarette and blew out a plume of blue smoke. "It sounds like you are heading in the same direction with Snape."

I gaped at Ginny stupidly. I was floored. I'd only come here to ask Ginny for garden-variety advice on sex, and Ginny was now telling me that she and Harry had the exact same relationship! Bloody hell.

I was also, to be perfectly honest with myself, a little relieved. Maybe I wasn't such a deviant after all. Still, Harry and Ginny -

Ginny smiled. I got the feeling she completely understood my thoughts; perhaps she'd even had them herself. "I had to find a way to give Harry what he needed to put the past behind him. It sounds like your Severus needs the same thing."

For a moment, we sat in silence. A waiter brought us fresh coffee, and Ginny gave him a smile that almost made him drop his tray. Without missing a beat, she said, "Curious, isn't it? Snape was this domineering, pushing, angry man when we were at school, but with everything we know about him now, he was probably terrified the whole time. I know he endured hideous ridicule and stress that last year.

"Near the end, he looked like hell you know, sleep deprived, hounded, exhausted. Then Voldemort almost kills him, and the poor man ends up spending the last two years fighting for his life, only to be told when he recovers that Wizarding society still hates him in spite of knowing the truth. Can you imagine the psychological damage all of that can do to a person?"

I winced. "There are times when he cries in his sleep, Gin. It is awful to hear. He seems so defeated. He used to be angry, but he's not anything anymore. I don't want to do anything to make him lose himself." I shook my head. "I don't know, Ginny. All this S&M stuff, it's not for me. I don't want to humiliate or hurt him "

Ginny held up her hand. "A Dom/sub relationship isn't about that, Hermione! It is a very sensual world. It's about setting boundaries, and allowing him to surrender everything about himself to you. I mean, sure, it can be sexy as hell, and believe me, a submissive man can be very exciting sexually, but it is a lot of responsibility for the Dominant partner. You have to pet him, and command him, discipline him, and when he is disobedient, you have to punish him. But a sub man will allow this; he craves the discipline, he wants to surrender."

My head was spinning. I felt as if I'd jumped down the rabbit hole. "So what do I do? I honestly don't even know where to begin." I suddenly became a little weepy. "I don't want to damage him, but if I Dominate him, will I be destroying what he was? Will I be erasing the real Severus Snape?"

Ginny quietly regarded me for a moment. "Only if he wants you to."

At that cryptic statement, I looked at her helplessly. Absently, Ginny drew circles in the condensed water on the table with a red-nailed finger. "It is the surrender and trust that you must establish. Once he learns to trust, you take charge of his life - his sexual, his emotional, even his physical needs. Once he allows you to Dominate him, and he submits to you, he can be free to finally know what he wants from life. It's the equivalent of falling backward, knowing someone will catch you. He has to learn to trust that you will be there for him, but you've got to commit to catching him.

"You have to understand that being a Dominant is like being a slave to the submissive. He's so dependent on you, and you can't let him down. But if he allows you to build him up, a submissive male is just breathtaking to watch. We've actually gone to clubs to observe other D/s couples and they have some of the healthiest relationships I've ever seen."

I couldn't for one moment imagine Severus agreeing to do that, but I was intrigued. I could see the possibilities, but the sheer responsibility for taking him over at this most vulnerable stage of his life scared the hell out of me.

I chewed on my lower lip. While we were at it, another ugly thought decided that this would be a good time to present itself, and it was a doozy, because it wasn't about Severus. It was about me.

"Ginny, what if he decides later on down the line that what he wants from life doesn't include me? My emotional needs are in this as well."

She nodded, then shrugged. "Hermione, if Severus is the kind of man I truly believe him to be, where else will he find this kind of relationship outside of the both of you? He will need you because he needs the relationship. And he will love you because only you understand exactly what he needs and you're willing to give it to him."

She gave me a typical Ginny hug and rose from the table. "Aw, I was afraid you'd do this! You're thinking too much. Typical Hermione! C'mon. There's a great little shop in Soho I like to go to. Especially for Wizarding folk. I'll show you a couple of toys to buy for him. Subs love toys," she said with a devilish grin. "And of course, I'll suggest a few books," she added, teasingly. "I know you with a book: you'll master the entire subject, and pretty soon you'll be giving *me* lectures on it."

As we left Starbucks, Ginny suggested a plan that nearly made me faint from shock, though I could understand the logic behind it. It might just be the catalyst to settle Severus down into how he wanted to proceed for good. It also might drive my sanity right over the edge. I parted ways with Ginny wiser and more informed, but no less nervous.

Severus was waiting for me when I arrived home later, and took my coat. "I made tea," he said, quietly, and guided me into the kitchen. "Did you have a nice visit?" I had told him I would be visiting friends, but not whom.

"Yes, I had a lovely time," I said, as he pulled the chair out for me to sit. Before he could take his seat, I remarked, "And I bought you a present. Several, actually."

He froze. "What is it?" he said, quietly, warily. The fact that he was remotely curious was encouraging.

I beckoned to him, and he walked back to my chair. Looking up at him, I tugged his hand. "I would like for you to kneel."

With the slightest, most minute of hesitations, he knelt down beside my chair, until we were at eye level with one another. I stroked his hair, and he stiffened slightly. I could almost see his old sneering self warring with the desire to submit. It was exactly the reaction Ginny had predicted.

I stroked his cheek. "What have you done today?" I asked.

He made a little shrugging motion. "I brewed some basic potions. I did the laundry. Worked on a little dinner menu."

"Did you masturbate?"

His eyes snapped to mine. Perhaps five long seconds passed, then his eyes slid away from mine. "Yes."

"Did you come?"

For the first time, he looked surprised. If I was a more conceited witch, I would have said impressed. "No." His face darkened slightly. "I couldn't."

"In future you will masturbate only at my command or with my permission. Do you understand and accept this?"

His breathing quickened slightly, and his eyes flashed for a moment. I could see so many conflicting emotions roll over his face.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of forcing myself to gaze into his onyx eyes, he said, "Yes."

"Good. Very good, my darling." I stroked his cheek gently. As quietly and as sternly as I could muster, I said, "Severus, I want you to be completely honest with me. I have felt for some time now that you desire a relationship with me that moves beyond merely two people co-existing in this house. I believe you wish to enter into a Dominant/submissive relationship. You're familiar with the term, I'm sure."

He nodded uneasily. "I've heard of the lifestyle, but I confess I know very little of the formalities of embracing it." In spite of his stilted reply, he was interested. I knew him well enough by now to know that. I took a deep breath, and mentally crossing my fingers, I launched into the speech Ginny and I had worked on earlier in the day.

"Entering into this kind of relationship with me will require your obedience and your will. You do not have to do anything, make any decision, you do not wish to make. I will make them for you. If you accept this, I will not tolerate your disobedience or defiance. You will be punished for it."

"If you continue to acquiesce to my authority, I will reward you. I will continue to take care of you, to give you pleasure and discipline you. This isn't some kinky game to me, Severus, and I don't believe it is to you. I believe you need to relinquish yourself. If you trust me, and allow me to take charge over your needs, then I will be your master, and you will submit to me."

"I will see to every need you have, including your sexual, physical and emotional wellbeing, and, in time, perhaps, you will see to mine. It will be formally contracted at first; so that you and I are both very well aware of the rules we have agreed to follow. This is no ordinary lovers' relationship, and it should be given the respect and gravitas it deserves, just as we give each other the respect and gravitas we deserve. This is a special, sensual world."

All during my speech Severus watched me intently. The hand that I had clasped earlier grew warm against mine, and tightened imperceptibly as I spoke. There were times he looked outraged, insulted, scornful, hopeful, lustful, confused and resigned.

I thought I'd better quit while ahead. "If I have totally misconstrued the situation, and you do not wish for this relationship, we will never speak of it again. We will continue to live together here, no more or less than the way we were when you first arrived. I will not engage you sexually, nor will I permit any engagement while under my roof. Frankly, if you don't wish to submit to me, I do not believe you will achieve what you desire, which is to give in to the will and Dominance that you crave, while in a safe, loving environment. But, if that is indeed what you want, you will not be expected to submit to me, and you will not expect me to Dominate you."

He swallowed, and a calm, almost serene expression stole over his features. At least, the restless frustration that used to be so prevalent in his demeanor was fading fast.

Floundering a bit, I finally stuttered the conversation to a halt. "Will you submit to me, Severus? Will you trust me to see to your needs, to take care of you? And will you obey my will in return?"

He stood, and held out his hand to me. "Will you please stand with me, Miss Granger?"

I rose, thinking I was destined for the bollocking of the century. I must have totally misread the situation, but I truly hoped I had not.

As I stood, Severus took my hand, and guided me to the sofa, and bade me to sit. I complied, and looked up at him, mentally flinching in anticipation of the explosion. Instead, he knelt down beside me and took my hands in his.

The eyes that met mine were tormented and fearful. "I'm afraid." He shook his head. "I don't remember a time when I wasn't. Until that night you caught me..." he swallowed convulsively. "You told me to let go of my fear and anger, and when I did, for the first time in my life, I wasn't afraid. I felt like " He shook his head, frustrated at the inability to articulate his feelings adequately. "I don't know what I felt like. I just know I felt free and alive for the first time. And safe. I felt safe."

I looked into his eyes. My heart was pounding, and I felt exhilarated and terrified at once. I wasn't surprised my voice shook slightly as I replied, "Please answer my question, Severus. Will you submit yourself to me? Will you join me in this sensual world?"

"I already have. I want to." He rested back on his heels, and bowed his head. "I want to create this 'sensual world' with you, but you will have to teach me. I've been a slave to others in the past, but never like this."

"Severus, look at me." When he obeyed instantly, I rewarded him with a soft caress on his smooth, angular jaw. "You are not my slave. You are my submissive. There is a world of difference." I took out my wand. "*Accio Severus' presents*"

The package that Ginny had helped me put together flew to my hand, and I opened it in a way that he could not see what was in the box. The first present was a slim volume called *Worshipping The Goddess: My Compleat Life As A Submissive, by sub j* He took the book silently, looking at the title with an inscrutable expression. I said, "I am reliably informed this is the best treatise on becoming a male submissive. It is written by an actual practicing submissive, under the watchful eye of his Female Dominant. I wish for you to read it and notate your thoughts and feelings about it in this."

I reached into the box for his next present, a green leather-bound blank journal. "You will jot down your thoughts in this journal every day. I will give you assignments from time to time, but this is really a way to organize your thoughts. I will read it daily, and I will punish you for not using it every single day."

Severus took the books with a wry smile. "Our beloved books, eh? Why am I not surprised you would find the exact information you needed in a book?"

We both laughed shortly, then I rose from the sofa and looked down at Severus. He was looking up at me with a dawning mixture of devotion and uncertainty, and I extended my hand. He took it, and rose from his kneeling position.

"I don't want you to be afraid. I will never humiliate or hurt you, but I will demand your unwavering obedience. In return, you must accept my complete Dominance over you. I cannot Dominate you unless you submit, and vice versa. There are times when I will discipline you, but discipline is always necessary and will always be rewarded. If you require punishment for your disobedience, I will make it a learning experience."

He watched me carefully, then asked the one question I dreaded. "Am I the first submissive you have ever trained?"

I nodded. "Yes, and I've never submitted to another Dominant, either." I smiled up at him. "You and I will learn together." He nodded, and his entire body began to relax. I remembered that his powers of discipline were formidable. He was merely using them now, not against a madman or a demanding master, but to put himself in the proper frame to submit to me.

I beckoned to him. "This is a very special day, and I want to mark it as such. I have another gift for you, my darling one," I smiled. "It is a very special gift, and it is a reward for your decision to enter into submission. But to receive it, you must go to my bedroom."

He gave a small, almost formal nod, and I walked toward my room, carrying the box, with him following closely behind. As I entered the room, I turned to him and commanded, "Remove your clothing. All of it."

His face drained of colour, but he obeyed nevertheless. I sat on the side of the bed and watched him remove his shirt, trousers, shoes and socks. He undressed like a millionaire; quickly and gracefully, until he stood before me, beautifully, breathtakingly naked. I walked around him, admiring him.

"You are very beautiful, Severus. Do you know that?"

He shook his head, self-conscious. "I have never thought so." He actually flinched as my fingernails lightly grazed the skin of his belly, his back, his beautifully curved bottom, his handsome, semi-erect cock. I replaced my nails with my fingertips, and I caressed his skin.

His chest was broader than I had thought, and almost hairless, except for a treasure trail that started at his abdomen and disappeared beneath his dark pubic hair. There were scars, but his skin was cool and as white as marble, with soft blue veins underneath. He looked so vulnerable.

"You will learn to accept your beauty, Severus. You will learn to enjoy your body." I paused, then turned to face him, and fondled his lovely balls. They really were irresistible to me. "Have you ever been fucked in the arse, Severus?"

I could sense him taking a mental step backward, the first vestiges of fear in his eyes. "No. I'm not... attracted to men."

"Ah," I answered. "Then you've never sucked another man's cock?"

"No," he said, puzzled. "I've never felt the inclination." His large dark eyes were troubled. "Are you wanting to watch me with another man?"

I laughed. "No! I will *never* want you to suck another man's cock. I will *never* want another man to fuck you in the arse." I grinned. "But I'm going to."

The look on Severus Snape's face, as I withdrew the next present from the box, was priceless. His last gift was a large, featureless dildo, attached to a harness. He looked at it with dawning horror. With a look of panic in his eyes, he shook his head. "I don't want to be hurt. Please don't -"

I leaned forward and stroked his face, gently kissing his forehead. "Shh. I'm not going to hurt you, pretty one," I said. "Never. I promise. Now, I want you to sit on the bed, with your back against the headboard."

He complied, and I began to remove my own clothing. The bra and knickers set Ginny had picked out for me was made of burgundy silk. The matching suspenders and tights did, if I do say so, flatter me, if Severus' appreciative gaze was any indication. He watched me with undisguised hunger. All the years of spying had made him as inscrutable as a Buddha, but after the war, illness and time had gradually eroded his ability to hide his emotions.

I gave him a little twirl, smiling as provocatively as I could. I could barely speak for the beating of my heart. "Do you like this present? I remember you once telling me you liked the colour."

He nodded, and something like a tiny smile fleeted across his face. "I do. Very much." He may have been a submissive, but his voice was still seductive enough to make me want to crawl in his lap and beg him to fuck me. He gave me a look that made my heartbeat pulsate between my legs. He softly purred, "I think you look magnificent."

I know I blushed. Severus wasn't the only one who had self-esteem issues with regards to looks. I smiled as I climbed onto the foot of the bed, resting on my knees. "Thank you, my darling boy. Now, relax. I think you're really going to enjoy this."

He made a strange sound in his throat as I strapped on the dildo, and together we faced one another I leaned over and took his semi-rigid cock in my hand. "I'm going to make you nice and hard, Severus. Just sit back and enjoy." He watched my hand sliding over his rapidly inflating cock, then looked into my face. I kept my eyes on his lovely cock, and soon he was breathing harder, his hips rising to meet my hand. I stole a glance at his face; he was concentrating hard, as if contemplating a complex potion.

Stroking his shaft was a pleasure in and of itself, and once it was rock hard and ready, I picked up my wand.

"Take yourself in hand," I commanded, and I was amazed how husky my voice had become. I grasped the dildo. "Push that luscious cock toward me."

His face uncertain, Severus nevertheless did what I asked of him, and I touched the tip of the phallus to the tip of his cock and muttered the incantation that came with this particular model. Severus' eyes widened; I concluded he could feel the magic running over the length of his shaft.

I, too, could feel the magic working, and I sat back, careful not to touch the dildo. The pre-cum from Severus' cock left a smear on the tip of the phallus. As we watched, the shaft began to shift and change, and soon it was an exact replica of Severus' own rigid member, right down to the large birthmark on his frenulum. He stared at it, fascinated.

I smiled at him. "Now I have your cock as well, Severus." I beckoned to him. "It's your cock come and give it a lick, like a good boy." He looked at me, utterly nonplussed, and something like his old scowl began to darken his features. I could almost see the wheels turning. He wanted to obey, but the fear of being humiliated or ridiculed was still stronger.

"Alright, I understand your reticence. Perhaps you need a tutorial."

I could tell this would take some coaxing, so I licked my fingers, and, with my eyes never leaving his, I lightly stroked the tip of the dildo. Severus cried out in shock; it was then he discovered how the dildo was designed. Every place I touched on the phallus was felt in the exact same spot on Severus' cock. I couldn't help but laugh at his reaction, and I got a brainwave.

I detached the dildo from the harness and stroked it, hard. He moaned, and his cock surged. His eyes were glowing with arousal, and as he watched me with agonizing anticipation, I pushed the head of the dildo into my mouth, and flicked my tongue over the head. "Oh, fuck," he whined, and his eyes rolled into the back of his head. As I licked the tip and slid it slowly into my mouth, he moaned and shook like a porn star. His head fell back against the headboard; he looked utterly lost and utterly delicious.

I sucked and stroked the dildo for several minutes; minutes in which I honestly think Severus thought he'd died and gone to heaven. He was leaning back against the headboard, his knees bent and splayed outward as far as his thighs would allow. His hips rolled and churned as I pleased him via the toy, and just as he was nearly there, I stopped, and reconnected it back onto the harness I wore around my hips.

Slowly, his vision cleared and he looked up at me with a mixture of frustration and amazement. "Now, my pretty boy," I breathed, trying to sound as alluring and sexy as I could, "if you want me to replace this with the real thing, you have to show me how to suck you." I rubbed the underside absently, and he leaned forward a notch. "Come along, don't be shy. I'll never ask you to suck another cock except this one." I leaned back on my arms, and the phallus jutted toward him, as lovely as his own.

"Show me," I intoned. "Show me how to give you pleasure, and the next time it will be your own cock in my mouth. I'll know what to do to make you come."

At first, he found the entire exercise distasteful, and his movements were tentative, but at the first true sensation of his own mouth pleasuring his cock, he groaned loudly and inhaled sharply through his large nostrils.

May I just say right now that the sight of Severus Snape, on his knees, sucking at the dildo strapped to my pubic mound almost made me rethink my entire attitude about

gay porn.

He had one hand on the phallus, stroking, twisting his wrist at the upstroke. He sucked and licked and rolled his tongue over the bulbous head, giving me a perfect tutorial. He gradually became more abandoned, more uninhibited, as I stroked his hair and crooned to him, calling him my good boy, my beautiful treasure, my sweet little fucktoy. I scraped my nails over his scalp, and he moaned deliriously.

He put an arm under the harness, and I could feel his long fingers searching, pulling my knickers aside, but I gently guided his hand away. I wasn't sure I could last if he did that, and besides, Ginny warned me that my body was his ultimate goal; I was to concentrate on his body first.

He was now moaning incessantly, stroking fast and hard, causing my hips to jerk against his mouth. I could see and feel his control going, and just as he was cresting, I pushed him away again. "No. I haven't given you permission. Make yourself stop; make yourself back down now."

He cried out his frustration and lay back, panting, clutching his own cock and pulling his scrotum away from his body. His cock was slick with his own pre-cum juices. He was so close; he was flushed, and a fine sheen of sweat covered his body. I could see his eyes growing wet. He was angry, too.

Through gritted teeth, he managed to grind out, "Why are you - please, Mistress... why are you tormenting me so?"

I leaned over and soothed him, coaxing him to put his arms around me. I kissed his forehead, and allowed him to kiss my cheeks, but before he could grasp my head and kiss my lips (again, I knew I would give in), I sat back again.

You must understand that up to this point, I might as well have been asexual as far as Severus was concerned. Each night I watched him orgasm. I stroked his cock, cupped his balls as he cried out his completion, crooned and cajoled and commanded him to come. I would then leave him after he fell asleep, scuttle back to my room and grab a vibrator. I would come in seconds, silently gasping his name as I came.

It was a sweet torture, but, to my surprise and secret pleasure, Ginny told me I was doing the right thing, keeping my completion to myself. It seemed a Dominant's first priority was to see to the needs of a new submissive. My pleasure with him would eventually be his reward.

Now, as he watched me with tormented, strained eyes, I gave him a smile that he knew came right from my toes. "You've been so good. I'm very pleased with your obedience, Severus. Such perfect submission merits a special reward."

For the first time since this little session started, he actually smiled. It was a wry, crooked little smile, exactly the sort of smile I'd imagine he'd have, but there was a genuine pleasure in it as well. I then realised one important thing: Severus was relaxed and enjoying himself. It was happening, in spite of years of ingrained suspicion, self-consciousness and self-loathing. He just didn't know how to allow it, or show it.

"Yes," I purred, "very pleased with you, Severus. So I'm going to allow you to come now. I want you to give into it, release yourself and show me how much you are enjoying it." As I spoke, I removed the dildo from the harness, and after stroking it several time to get his attention, I smiled as I widened my stance on the bed, and lowered the phallus between my legs. I pulled my silken knickers away to reveal my pussy. I knew he had to see how wet I was for him. Severus licked his lips, and groaned longingly.

As I rubbed the tip of the dildo over my drenched and eager cunt, his stern mouth slackened, his lips full and wet. "Merlin," he breathed, his face blank with lust and arousal, his voice small and sweet. I smiled and closed my eyes as I pushed the dildo to the hilt inside me, crying out with pleasure. Oh sweet Nimue, if it felt this good to me...

"Oh shite... oh FUCK!" Severus bellowed, throwing his head back and humping the air in time with my strokes. I ground the phallus inside me, twisting it as I pumped his auxiliary cock in and out of my dripping pussy hard and deep, moaning his name.

Having him fuck me by proxy was enough to cause my orgasm to hit with the force of a sledgehammer, and I screeched his name, "Severus! Oh, god, Severus!" My climax pounded out of me like waves of surf on the shore, and as my body clutched and grasped at the dildo, Severus shuddered and shouted his orgasm, right behind me.

I pushed his climax hard, still forcing him to feel the contractions of my body around his spent member, but I couldn't help it. His cock, or rather his cock's replica, fit inside me as if it was made for my cunt alone, and I'd never had an orgasm that good or lasted that long.

As my mind cleared and the climax stupor slowly drained away, I looked up at Severus, who was still gasping, whimpering my title over and over: "Mistress... Mistress... Mistress..."

I slowly pulled the phallus from my body, and he shivered at the sensation of its withdrawal. By now, he was extremely over stimulated, but he still had a task to do. I held up the dildo, which was glistening with my juices, and I straddled his languorous form. He had the presence of mind to slide his large hands over my bottom and knead my bum cheeks appreciatively. He gradually opened his eyes, and looked at me blearily.

I held the dildo upright. "Clean it. Lick it clean." Without hesitation, he leaned forward, and as he licked one side, I licked the other. His eyes flew open in surprise, and he laughed shortly. I turned it a quarter turn, and together we licked opposite sides, as if we were sharing a perverted ice cream cone.

When it was clean, he looked at me with glazed eyes, and he looked drained and almost smug. He gave me a delicious grin, and it was genuine, and he suddenly clutched my hand and kissed it fervently. "Thank you, Mistress."

I returned his sleepy smile. "You did very well, my darling boy."

He watched me expectantly, waiting for me to tell him what to do. I said, "Would you like to sleep with me tonight?"

He didn't have to answer. He took my hand, and, looking at me with veneration in his black, fathomless eyes, he reverently kissed my palm. It was all the answer I needed.

Title and words are from "The Sensual World" by Kate Bush

Please visit Sempraseverus on deviantArt. She is my VisualMuse.

Thank you, Dahlra

Four

And then our arrows of desire rewrite the speech, mmh, yes, and then he whispered would I, mmh, yes...

Anti-Litigation Charm: None of the characters belong to me. They belong to JK Rowling, who let my entire reason for reading the Harry Potter series bleed to death on the floor of the Shrieking Shack. I'm building a better world.

Author's Notes:

This story is a birthday gift to the great Sempraseverus, whose art has inspired every fanfic I have ever written. If you know her art, you understand completely. If you do not know her art, go to deviantArt now, and look at her stunning work, before you start.

Big hugs and kisses and a big bottle of Gewürtztraminer to my beta, stgulik, who is faster than the speed of light, and brilliant at buffing the story up to a pearly sheen. Thank you so much.

This story is about a Dominant/submissive relationship. It is not meant as an instruction manual on the lifestyle. This chapter contains explicit sexual content. It is a work of fiction and meant for entertainment purposes only.

And how we'd wished to live in the sensual world; you don't need words--just one kiss, then another.

Stepping out of the page into the sensual world...

And then our arrows of desire rewrite the speech, mmh, yes, and then he whispered would I, mmh, yes,

Be safe, mmh, yes, from mountain flowers?

Learning to be a Dominant was thrilling and terrifying in equal measures. The responsibilities were enormous; Severus Snape was not a wizard that I could fuck about with. He was a brave, complicated man, and he deserved my best. With every passing day, I learned more about him, and even more about myself. In the back of my mind, also, was the thought that he might one day decide that he didn't want me to Dominate him anymore, and I would be lying if I said I wasn't just as addicted to Dominating him as he was to submitting to me.

I had spent literally my youth trying to please this man. Up to this point I could never reconcile myself to the fact that I would never be able to, because he had chosen, for whatever reason, *not* to acknowledge my talents. Now that the tables were turned, I had to pinch myself on a daily basis that he was trying so hard to please me. I swore I would never be as unyielding or vicious as he had been.

I told myself that he had mitigating circumstances, justifiable reasons to treat me thus. I could not refrain from asking him if he had always been cruel because he had to. With typical Severus candor, he explained that, as a first year, I had irritated him to distraction. Later on, it was through necessity. I had to laugh. I *had* been an irritating little shit when I was younger, and for the same reason he was so vile to me: I was afraid. Fear has a lot to answer for in a lifetime. We were conquering our fears, one day at a time.

Like me, Severus is a bit of a swot, and we approached this new and exciting relationship with the same single-mindedness as we had school: researching the submissive side of a D/s relationship. It was something he found fascinating and, thankfully, enjoyable. He and I both snorted over the silly 'costumes' as he called them, deciding that prancing around in leather pants and studded cuffs was always going to be beyond him. I couldn't see it myself; this was not a game of dress up; we were playing for keeps.

I found that he absolutely loved being bound and blindfolded. When I asked why, he replied, "Because I don't have to think about anything but you." He hated being gagged, but I saw no reason to stifle a voice that beautiful. The first time I spanked him with my hand, he came without permission, and I had to punish him.

We made lists of those experiments we wished to try; we agreed on safe words. We discussed a D/s contract, and I had Ginny give me a copy of the one she and Harry had agreed upon, but I didn't tell Severus the source of my information. Severus grew calmer, more centred, less agitated, less wary. He knew he was safe in the house, and not having to make any decisions was something that he found surprisingly liberating. He had been in charge of conflict and stress for so long that lying back and being told what to do by me seemed to be a holiday for him.

As he said, in a drawing tone, "Your every command isn't going to potentially kill me. It's a refreshing change." He was still snarky and sarcastic at times, but his peevish sense of humour appealed to me, and I found myself liking him. I had already fallen in lust with him the moment he dropped to his knees.

We soon established a regular routine. Severus became the 'househusband', and I the breadwinner. We both enjoyed our roles and were comfortable with them. His household duties never threatened his pride. In fact, he seemed happy to relinquish it. He told me over and over that pride had been his downfall at every turn in the road, and he did not wish to make that mistake again.

When he would place his trust in me, it was a physical thing for him. He would literally open his arms, exposing his body to me, as if offering himself up as a sacrifice. The gentler I was with him, the more he relinquished his self-hatred and the softer he became. I made him stand and look at himself in the mirror while I bound him, touched him, made him come. He watched his body with a look of puzzlement and confusion, as if truly seeing it for the first time.

Stroking him, wearing the most provocative underthings I'd ever owned, I would murmur, "Who are you?"

He would automatically answer, "I am your precious submissive. I am your prize, your treasure. I am your beloved. I am beautiful."

"Indeed you are, my pretty boy, my pet, my lovely little treat." He learned to preen and purr beneath my caresses, and he would sit for hours at my feet while I brushed his hair, or fed him, or had him read to me in his stunning, silken voice. When I told him I was pleased with him, his gratitude was so great it moved me to tears more than once. He could be the thorny and cantankerous professor of my youth, but he could turn on a Sickle and be a snuggling baby when I wanted him to be. He was a very quick learner.

He took better care of his appearance. His hair was always freshly washed, his clothes tidy. When we went to restaurant in Muggle London (we went nowhere in Wizarding London; I had no time for the sharks and dogs that would hound us for photos or gossip), I would sit beside him, sliding my hand between his thighs, feeling him obediently spread his legs so I could caress his cock.

He never wore underwear now. I demanded access to him at all times, and when I realised that this little thrill of being hidden away and touched in public excited him, I made use of my opportunities to feel his velvety member slide between my fingers, even as I ordered my meal. It was a little game we played; his years of playing a double role never truly left him, and I was always delighted how calm he sounded when asking for the filet mignon, while my fingers tickled the underside of his shaft.

If a pretty waitress tried to flirt (and quite a few did), he would very respectfully turn his attention to me. He took great pains to make sure I had no reason to be jealous. He wanted there to be no doubt in my mind as to who was most important to him. It grieved him to risk my displeasure. I could shame him almost to tears with a reproachful look when he disappointed me. It didn't happen often, but it almost killed him when it did.

Afterward, I was always quick to remind him that I was pleased with him, and how proud I was to be seen with such a handsome man. The day I knew he believed me was the day I brought him to stunning orgasm and removed the blindfold and the restraints, and he took my face in his hands and looked at me with wonder and ecstasy. "Am I truly as beautiful as you say, Mistress?"

My throat tightened, and for a moment, tears threatened to fall. "You are the most beautiful man I have ever known."

He closed his eyes, and something in his face showed acceptance. When he opened his eyes, he whispered, "Please, Mistress, may I kiss your lips?"

I pulled him into an embrace, and touched his lips to mine. His mouth was warm and soft, and I knew if I allowed him to slide his wicked tongue into my mouth I'd be the slave, not him.

On the following Friday, I told him, "We have a guest coming round tomorrow. I want you to look your best."

Looking up from his Potions journal, Severus looked mildly curious, but nothing more. "Yes, Mistress. Is there anything in particular you wish for me to wear?"

I took a deep breath. Nonchalantly, I replied, "I wish for you to wear your formal robes. The ones that resemble your old teaching robes."

I forced myself to look at him. I could tell it made him uncomfortable, but he didn't reply. He merely nodded, and returned to his journal. But later that evening, as I sat beside him on the sofa, nestling in the crook of his arm, he casually asked, "May I ask why you wish for me to dress... the way I looked when you were in school?"

I turned, and fighting the urge to bury my nose in his armpit (he smells so delicious you'll just have to take my word for it I sniff at him all the time. It's the one time he truly laughs), I replied, "It's a surprise. You do trust me, don't you, Severus?"

He immediately responded, "Yes, Mistress."

I laughed, and this time I did sniff him appreciatively. As he chuckled, I replied, "You know, Severus, I would never do anything to hurt or humiliate you deliberately."

He gave me a little rumbling purr. "I know." He drew me closer, and kissed my forehead. "I know you love me."

I sat up straight and looked at him. "And what do you feel for me, Severus?"

He took my hand and kissed it. "I feel the same for you." He stroked my palm with his long, calloused fingers. "I have never told anyone I love them. It is not a thing that comes easily to me. Or, rather, it didn't in the past."

Still reeling from these words, I stammered, "You needn't feel obligated to say it. In fact, I'd rather not hear it if you cannot say it without prompting." I tucked a wayward strand of his soft hair behind his gracefully-shaped ear. His hair was fine and straight, and as blue-black as a cormorant's wing. It slid through my fingers like strands of silk, and made me sigh with envy. I hated my own hair. I cupped his cheek in my hand, and he leaned into it, closing his eyes.

Softly, he whispered, "How could I not love you? You are the only one who has ever understood my needs. You're the only one who has ever forced me to acknowledge and understand them myself. You are the only person who has ever accepted me, and loved me in return."

We resumed watching telly, but I don't remember a thing about the programme. All I could remember was the tone of Severus' voice when he said, "I know you love me."

He had professed his love to me, and he sensed I might love him too, though I had never fully formed the thought in my own head. Why couldn't I say it out loud? Why couldn't I admit it to myself? I realized I was ready for a new level to our relationship, and hoped my new plan would help.

The next evening at the appointed hour, the Floo chimed, and our dinner guest stepped out of the flames. Ginny Weasley was wearing a red dress and thigh-high boots, looking every inch the Dominant female. I was honestly surprised she wasn't wielding a whip instead of an innocuous bottle of Gewürtztraminer.

I knew Severus by now enough to know he was surprised that she was our guest. He had lived virtually apart from Wizarding Britain for the last few months. We had more Muggle friends than Wizarding ones. His face was as inscrutable as ever, but I saw him take her in, clothing, personality and all, in one encompassing glance, and he changed. He looked as skittish and beautiful as a thoroughbred.

Recovering quickly, Severus moved to shake her hand, but she bypassed his arm and gave him a quick hug and a peck on the cheek. "Mr. Snape, it's a pleasure to see you again. Especially looking so well." She beamed at him, and he gave me a look that strongly resembled the classic 'deer-in-the-headlights.' Now he was starting to realise why I had him dress in his formal robes.

Finally, he remembered himself and replied, "Likewise, Miss Weasley."

She gave him a calm appraisal, taking in his appearance. "I really wish you'd call me Ginny, Mr. Snape. Or Ginevra, if you feel 'Ginny' is too informal."

He gave a courtly little nod. "Then I must also ask that you call me Severus, Ginevra. Mr. Snape sounds as if we are discussing schooling, and I think you'd understand that I'd rather not invoke that sort of tone to the evening," he said, ruefully looking down at his clothing. "In spite of my manner of dress."

Ginny rewarded him with a flashing smile. "Absolutely! Severus it is, then. And I think you look very nice. Your teaching robes always suited you very well."

I stepped forward and Ginny and I hugged, and placed a chaste kiss on one another's lips. The gesture was not lost on Severus, nor had I thought it would be. I turned and took his arm. "It's wonderful to see you again, Gin. Let's go into the kitchen. Dinner's almost ready."

The three of us ate and talked companionably, our conversations meandering from subject to subject. Ginny was the perfect guest, as always; she could talk to anyone about almost any subject and had the enviable gift of making everyone feel at ease. Our dinner was excellent, and afterward, we retired to the front room.

Severus was still a little guarded but was nonetheless a gracious host, and as he opened the excellent bottle of wine brought by Ginny, he asked, "Forgive me if I am being presumptuous, Mis- Ginevra, but do you and Mr. Potter still entertain an understanding?"

Smiling at his rather arcane vernacular, Ginny replied, "We do indeed, Severus. Which brings me very nicely to one of the reasons I'm here this evening." She turned to me. "Hermione, would you do me the pleasure of being my Maid of Honour? It would mean a great deal to us both."

Beaming, I gave Ginny a hug so huge I almost tipped her chair over. "I'd be the one honoured! Thank you, Gin!"

The two of us laughed, and Severus offered a toast. "Mr. Potter is a very fortunate man, Ginevra. To new beginnings."

Three glasses clinked, and three voices said in unison, "To new beginnings."

As I sipped the sweet wine, some of my happiness at Ginny's request dimmed. "Gin, what about your mother? She's not exactly thrilled with me right now."

Ginny made a dismissive wave of her hand. "Oh, don't worry about her. I'll deal with Mum. Ron's off in Venice with Lavender, and it's not like it was when you two called it quits." Something like mischief gleamed in Ginny's eyes, and she told Severus, "When Hermione told Ron to shove it, you would have thought she had AK'd him, the way Mum reacted -" Ginny froze. Her eyes grew large, and she gasped at her faux pas and put a hand over her mouth, as if to hold back words already sailing around the room.

She whispered, "Oh, Severus, I'm sorry. That was completely tactless "

Severus held up his hand, and something like a gentle smile graced his lips. "It's alright, Miss Ginevra. I'm not the first wizard who used the curse, and I won't be the last." A sadness stole into his expression, and I stroked his arm gently.

"That was another life, Severus," I said, quietly, and he nodded. "This is a new beginning, remember? That's what we toasted to."

He turned to me, and kissed my hand. "Of course, Mist- Hermione."

I laughed, thanking the gods he'd given me an in without having to go through any clumsy segue. "It's alright, Severus. Ginny knows." Hastily, because his eyes were growing large, I added, "She and Harry have the exact same relationship."

For a moment, I thought this might have been a big mistake, letting the cat out of the bag. He looked at me, his liquid dark eyes unreadable, and then looked at Ginny.

Rather serenely, Ginny added, "I, for one, am glad you found Hermione. You two are perfectly suited for one another, and for this lifestyle, and I'm very happy to see you so relaxed."

He didn't reply, but I could see his shoulders tense. I asked, "Severus, are you uncomfortable, knowing about Ginny and Harry?"

His brow furrowed, and he contemplated the question. In his quiet, hypnotic voice, he replied, "I suppose I'm merely surprised. I had thought Mr. Potter to be more... assertive."

Ginny grinned. "Arrogant, you mean? I can understand that, Severus." She grew serious. "But think on: he had an abusive childhood, he was in turns bullied, lauded and shunned, he fought against wizards far more powerful than he thought himself to be, he lived his life afraid and angry and uncertain of himself and his abilities, and he had a complex about his physical appearance because of the scar."

Severus looked at me in astonishment. A hand fluttered up to his throat before he could catch himself, and he recovered by reaching for his wine. I knew his own scar troubled him.

He bit his lip and nodded. "When the facts are stated thus, I can understand a little better. The fact that you are comparing Mr. Potter with similar traits in my own life is not lost on me."

"But not calculated, either, Severus." I took his hand. "Ginny and I are strong females who want to take care of our men. We are shaping the world we want to live in. We have created this sensual world for our men. You both need us in this way, and we're working hard on your behalf, to make sure of your acceptance of yourselves, as well as your wellbeing."

Ginny toasted me with her glass. "Hear, hear." Something like a mischief expression stole onto her pretty face. "And speaking of wellbeing, I wanted to show you my new toy," she replied, with a wicked little grin. She set down her wine glass, and from her handbag, she withdrew a small rectangular box, which she enlarged with a tap of her wand and placed on the coffee table. "Go ahead, Severus. Open it."

After looking to me for approval, he reached forward, and with steady hands, he lifted the lid of the box and withdrew a large, round, flat wooden paddle. It was thin, only about a quarter of an inch thick, about six inches wide. Holes had been randomly drilled in the paddle. It looked positively lethal in Severus' large, pale hands. For a moment, I could picture him holding it and swinging it down on my backside...

"What do you think, Severus?" Ginny was saying. "Would you like to try it?" He looked at her with an almost frightened expression.

When he did not reply, Ginny leaned in close to him. "Your Mistress tells me you have a lovely body, Severus."

Now he looked worried. He laid the paddle onto the table, and flexed his hands, as if they suddenly hurt.

Gently, I said, "Severus, I want you to remove your trousers. I want to show Ginny what a beautiful man you are."

He looked at me with such naked vulnerability I almost recanted. The last thing I wanted to do was to humiliate him. It was Ginny who took control of the situation. She placed a calming hand on his arm, and he flinched as he spun around to face her.

Ginny was very gentle with him. "Severus, you vowed to obey your Mistress. She vowed to never put you in harm's way. Do you trust that she has your best interests at heart? That she is asking this of you to lift you up? To bring you to a higher level as her submissive?"

He looked from Ginny to me, and then slowly nodded. I sat close to him, and speaking softly in his ear, I murmured, "Let go, Severus. I am here. No one will harm you. I will reward you for your perfect submission, my beautiful boy."

As if in a trance, Severus began to unbutton his trousers, his eyes never leaving mine. I crooned to him, stroking his face, calling him my good boy, as he lifted slightly and slid his black trousers down hips that were as pale and smooth as the moonlight. Ginny watched him as intensely as I.

Between two women, their concentration focused solely on him, Severus' breathing quickened. His cock, rising from the nest of wiry black curls at the base, was semi-erect. Ginny smiled at him. "That is indeed a beautiful cock, Severus. Your mistress is one lucky witch."

I smiled. "I think so." I leaned forward and kissed his smooth, cool cheek. "Undress for me completely, pet. I want to show you off."

By now, Severus was almost in subspace, his fingers moving slowly and smoothly, removing his cravat, his waistcoat, unbuttoning his shirt. Ginny and I leaned down and removed his boots and socks, and slid his trousers from his legs.

"Stand up, my lovely boy," I said, more aroused than I thought possible, and totally uncaring that Ginny was there. I was dripping wet already; I honestly thought we might have to have another session with the 'doppelphallus', as Severus had jokingly coined the dildo I'd given him. His inhibitions were a great deal lower now, but I honestly knew we were off the map now.

When he stood before Ginny and me, he looked stunningly beautiful, like a decadent, fallen angel. His skin was luminous in the firelight, his body was finely shaped, and months of good cooking had filled out the 'starving greyhound' look he had when he first arrived on my doorstep. Severus was a beautiful man, with the lean body of a Roman soldier. Illness had atrophied some of his muscles, but he was still wondrous to behold. I know my admiring expression matched Ginny's.

"Beautiful," Ginny murmured. She rose and walked around him. He stood still, his eyes locked onto mine. I gazed back at him calmly, willing him to relax.

"When was the last time you disciplined your beautiful boy, Mistress?" Ginny said, sounding throaty and thoroughly dark. Severus' cock twitched.

"It has been awhile," I confessed. "I've not had reason to as of late." I smiled at him, at his dark, lovely eyes. "He's such a good boy, aren't you, my pet?"

He gasped slightly, as Ginny put a warm hand on Severus' back. "Disciplining is essential. It promotes trust and establishes the roles of both the Dominant and submissive. Receiving discipline perfectly comes with reward."

She rose on tiptoe and whispered into Severus' ear. "What reward do you crave most, submissive? Would you like to have your Mistress suck your cock, or would you like to lick her cunt?"

Severus expelled the breath he'd been holding, and looked at me with eyes that blazed into life with lust. He unconsciously licked his lips, making me pant a little.

"Her her cunt." His eyes slid closed with decadent languor. When they opened again, they were infused with desire. He purred softly, "I want to lick her cunt."

Hearing him say this hearing this wizard say that about me nearly sent me over the edge. There was a ragged sound to his usual silky tones, and no man has ever made the word *cunt* sound so dirty, or sweet, so clipped and precise; as if he already tasted it on his tongue.

Ginny said, "Is this something you enjoy doing?" Behind Severus' back, she winked at me. She knew the answer.

Severus, his eyes still locked with mine, whispered, "I have not earned the right yet."

"I see." Ginny picked up the paddle. "Will you accept your discipline, pretty one? Would you give yourself to me and allow me to paddle your lovely bottom, to earn the right to pleasure your mistress?"

Severus closed his eyes, and he held out his arms. I knew this was his ultimate gesture of surrender, and I relaxed. His velvety voice was like chocolate when he whispered, "Yes, Mistress Ginevra. I accept your discipline."

"Beautifully said, Severus. I know your Mistress is very pleased."

I smiled at him, and Ginny instructed him quickly. She made him straddle me on the sofa, so that his knees were on either side of my hips. I had access to his chest and his belly, and his cock was already hard and straining toward me. Ginny bade him grasp the back of the sofa, so that he was face to face with me. I crooned and baby-talked him and stroked and petted my lovely boy to calm him. He was ghostly pale, his eyes enormous and fearful, but they remained trustingly locked onto mine.

"Do you know how to count, submissive?" Ginny said, standing behind him.

Severus nodded. "I do know how to count for you, Mistress Ginevra." He was already sweating, and I stroked his flanks. He shivered, making his skin pebble into goosebumps and his nipples harden. Beneath him, I looked up and caressed him again.

Unable to stop myself, I commanded, "Lean down, my darling. I want to lick your pert little nips." He leaned toward me, and moaned sweetly as I licked and bit his tiny little caramel nipples.

The first smack startled both of us, and we jumped together. It sounded like the crack of a whip, and Severus' eyes flew open, then squeezed shut. "Thank you, Mistress; that is one."

The second seemed harder, and focused on his left bum cheek. Severus began to pant. "Thank you, Mistress; that is two," he said, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

Ginny paused, and gently cupped his balls in her hand. "Gods, you are beautiful man, submissive. You are making your Mistress very proud. I wouldn't be surprised if she gives you a second reward." The next smack of the paddle caused Severus to cry out, and tears sprang to his eyes.

By the time Ginny had spanked him seven times, his cock was rock hard and I was sucking it with abandon. I honestly didn't care that I was breaking the rules. He looked so marvelous, shuddering with each slap of the paddle, his cock bobbing in my face. I couldn't resist it.

Ginny was laughing at me. "Typical Hermione! You're such an overachiever! Save something for later, girl!" Reluctantly I pulled his cock from my greedy mouth, and he whimpered at the loss, as our eyes met in anticipation of the next blow.

The last three strokes were horrible to hear. Ginny was not holding back, and by the time he sobbed, "Thank you, Mistress; that is ten," he was weeping openly, and I was kissing the tears from his face.

He sobbed helplessly, and Ginny quietly said to me, "Let him cry. He needs the release. The pain on the outside has finally matched the pain on the inside."

Severus' legs were trembling, and Ginny made him actually sit on my lap and put all his weight on me. He wept like a heartbroken child, shaking uncontrollably, and it was heart wrenching to watch. He literally put his head on my shoulder and sobbed.

It seemed that every tear he had been denied since childhood was waiting in line, streaming from his lovely dark eyes. He held onto me like a lifeline. I put my arms around him. I rocked him and held him as Ginny took a large jar of something from her bag, and quietly said to me, "This will take away the sting."

I murmured into his ear, "Mistress Ginny is going to make the pain go away."

He simply shook his head, cried harder. "Will she? Will the pain ever go away, Mistress?" It was the most pitiful thing I'd ever witnessed, and I could only hold him, to allow the pain and the release to spend itself.

"Severus," Ginny said, very gently, "I'm going to rub this into your bottom now. It will make the pain go away, as your Mistress said. You were perfect in your submission, beautiful Severus, and you will receive a wonderful reward from your Mistress."

She began to rub the salve into his skin. She smiled at me. "His arse is so warm and rosy now. It's lovely." She spread the cheeks of his bottom, and Severus moaned and shook his head.

"No..." he whimpered in my ear.

He turned around to face Ginny. "Please, don't bugger me!" he cried, and returned his head against my shoulder, like a frightened child. I tried to comfort him, but he was too distraught.

"Shh, my lovely boy," Ginny soothed, gently rubbing the salve around his tender anus. "I won't hurt you, my pretty one. I'm going to make you feel better."

As she soothed his burning backside, Ginny suddenly leaned forward into Severus's ear. In a low, dispassionate voice, she said, "The last year before Voldemort was killed, just after you were appointed Headmaster of Hogwarts, the Carrows caught me trying to defend a first year from being hexed. They took me to Mr. Filch and told him to cane me.

"They made him manacle me to the wall and pull down my knickers, and they watched and laughed as Mr. Filch gave me twenty-five lashings with a birch rod. I was screaming by the time they left me with him."

Ginny scooped more of the salve and rubbed it into Severus' skin as tenderly as she would a child. "Mr. Filch was crying when the Carrows left, and he took this exact salve and rubbed it into my bottom, Severus, just as I am doing to you."

Her soft voice, her gentle hand, her story, were all calming Severus. Ginny continued, "He said to me, 'Just you wait until the new headmaster hears about this. He won't let this foolishness happen again.' I cried harder. I said, 'But Snape will be worse! Please don't let him find out!' Mr. Filch shushed me and said, 'No lass! You mark my words: Professor Snape is on the right side. He's Dumbledore's man. You mark my words. This will be the last time the Carrows can hurt you, lass.'"

Severus was still crying, but he had calmed somewhat. Ginny continued to place the cooling salve on his blistered skin. "By the time Mr. Filch had finished, my bottom no longer hurt. He was very gentle, and now and again his fingers would..." She smiled at the shocked look on my face. "I will only say he was very gentle with me, and he was right.

"We gradually got it through our thick skulls what you were doing. Sending us to detention with Hagrid; having Aberforth bring us food. We never thanked you."

Ginny leaned forward and kissed his lips softly. "Thank you, Severus, for saving my life. *For saving all of us.*" She kissed him again, "Thank you for staying alive and submitting to my best friend and making her happy." She kissed him again, for the final time, and he returned the kiss gently, gratefully.

Severus, exhausted, collapsed against me, his tears cleansing and life-affirming. As I watched them fall, I looked up at Ginny, with tears in my own eyes. "I'm being completely selfish, aren't I?"

Both Ginny and Severus looked at me. I took Severus' hands in mine. I could hear the rising anxiety in my voice as I cried, "Am I being too possessive? I want you all for myself, I want you to be my submissive for the rest of my life and maybe I'm holding you back!"

Ginny was shaking her head, and Severus looked at me as if I'd gone mad. Tenderly, he took my head in his hands. "What are you talking about? Holding me back from what?"

I began to cry. "Severus, I just want to tuck you in my pocket and keep you here with me forever. A time will come when the Wizarding world will accept you and you will be able to do anything, go anywhere in Wizarding society. You'll want to get on with your life and I'll have to let you go!" I was the one sobbing now. I could almost feel the times changing, his own confidence blooming. "One day, you'll no longer need my Dominance. You'll no longer need me to command you. You'll be commanding yourself."

I ducked my head. "I love you so much."

He looked at me for the longest time. With more tenderness than I ever thought possible, he brushed away my tears. In the gentlest of voices, he said, "Oh, Mistress, since when have I given a toss about Wizarding society? Since when was being accepted by them important to me? And what makes you think that just because I may one day no longer need to submit to you emotionally that I won't want to?" He shook his head, smiling at me. "I'm in love with you, you dippy cow! I'm already riding around in your pocket because I crawled in there myself the first night I came here!"

He turned to Ginny, completely unashamed now of his nakedness. He sniffed, and wiped away his tears. With strength and confidence in his voice, he said, "Mistress Ginevra, thank you. Thank you for this evening. Thank you for teaching me the beauty of emotional release. I hope I'm not being rude, but would you mind if we had a little time alone?" He turned back to me and gave me a look of such warmth I felt my face burn. Never taking his eyes off me, he murmured, "I think my Mistress and I need to properly make love, and while I find your company charming "

Ginny was already heading toward the Floo. "Say no more, sweet submissive. Take your reward," she said with a grin. "You've earned it."

As she approached the fireplace, I pointed to the paddle. "Oh, Gin!" I sniffed, and conjured a tissue. "You forgot your paddle."

Her grin widened. "Why don't you keep it? I think you might find it very helpful." With that, she blew us a kiss, and left in a flash of green fire.

Once we were alone, Severus stood, and offered his hand to me. I stood up on legs that were shaking and he put his arms around me and drew me close. "You silly little witch," he purred, kissing my ear, demolishing the last of the control of my wobbly legs. "I'm never going to stop wanting this. It's the only thing I've ever wanted." He looked down at me with bright, shining eyes. "Acceptance, love, desire. And the fact that you feel the same way..." He pondered my face for a moment, and then lowered his lips to mine.

This was our first real kiss. I had sucked his cock, kissed his cheeks, his hands, his forehead, licked almost every square inch of his body, but except for brief pecks on the lips, we had never kissed. His arms felt secure and safe, and the trust and care I'd spent weeks lavishing on him were returned eightfold, and when his warm, soft lips closed over mine, and suckled me like a baby, I was lost to him forever.

He teased my mouth open with his warm tongue, coated in wine and salt tears, and I opened for him like a flower, my body so hungry for him I felt faint. Our tongues battled and teased and flicked against each other's and he plunged into my mouth, sucking my tongue hard, grasping, moaning, and we nipped and tore at one another like animals. I felt him pick me up, but I couldn't stop plunging into that hot, sweet mouth. His tongue was like candy, and I caressed it with mine, and slanted the angle of my head so that I could delve into his mouth greedily. He gave me everything I wanted. He held nothing back from me.

We fell onto the bed, me tearing at my robes until I found my wand and magically removed my clothing, both crying out in delight at the feel of skin on skin. And then his sweet, succulent mouth was kissing the skin around my nipple, nuzzling the hard bud with his large nose, teasing me until I was almost out of my head. All these months of controlling every orgasm Severus was allowed to have, of dictating what he ate and wore and did, and now he was taking me over, and it was ecstasy.

His hand toyed with one nipple, then the other was teased and suckled. His mouth was silk and velvet and sugar and magic. He played and nipped and sucked my nipples until I was purring with the pleasure and my hands were buried in his silky hair. I felt a terrible loss when he abandoned my breasts and moved downward, planting burning hot kisses along the way.

He kissed my thigh, my knee; his wicked tongue flickered across the instep of my arch. He sucked each toe into his mouth, and nipped and bit and licked them. I had never realised I had a foot fetish until that moment, but I was one hundred percent sure of it when he moved to my left foot and started again, working his way upward.

The look of rapture on his face as he literally worshiped my body with his was beyond orgasmic it was spiritual, beautiful beyond anything I had ever experienced. When he finished with my legs, and nestled himself between my thighs, I thought I had known pleasure. I thought I understood it, right up to the point where this beautiful, dark-eyed man pushed my thighs wide apart and gazed at my cunt with so much desire and love I wanted to die of it.

"So plump and wet," he breathed, talking to himself. "Such a sweet little peach." Then, his mouth was on me, his tongue swiping between my nether lips, nuzzling down until he was buried in my dripping cunt, his nose and tongue and teeth playing and fondling my swollen clit.

My orgasm so took me by surprise that I actually cried out, "No! Not yet! Not yet!" Luckily, Severus ignored my babbling and sucked my clit into his mouth and flicked it hard with his tongue, and I screamed my release into the room. For several seconds, I was completely infused with him; every part of my being was centred at the little nub he worried with his teeth.

I could actually feel my clit thumping and throbbing against his tongue, and his long fingers slid into my quivering cunt, and unerringly found the little, spongy spot and rubbed it ruthlessly. The pleasure was crippling and devastating, and I was almost gone when another sly finger slipped into my anus.

"Severus..." I could hear myself, and I grabbed his hair and tried to pull him away, but he dropped his shoulders and locked himself against my thighs and wouldn't be moved. The second orgasm shook me like a ragdoll in the jaws of a beast, and I tried to reach for Severus, but I was too helpless. I began to cry. It was too perfect and I felt Severus withdraw from my body and I reached for him. "Please don't leave me!"

His warm, heavy weight covered me and he kissed me deeply. "Don't be silly. I'm never going to do that." His body felt like heaven, and I put my arms around his waist. He smiled down at me. "But I am going to enjoy doing this," he crooned, and without warning, he slid sweetly home.

"Oh, fuck, yes, Hermione," he moaned, and the look on his face almost made me come again. It was transported with rapture.

Eyes closed, his beautiful mouth was slack and swollen from my kisses, his face open and smooth and looking like a boy my own age.

"My beautiful, beautiful boy," I crooned, and he opened his liquid, black eyes and looked down at me with love and happiness, and my tears started again. He kissed them away.

"Don't cry, my precious Mistress," he purred, and kissed me with such tenderness. Seeing this stern, dour man change to this stunning, austere beauty filled me with crushing joy. I was part of it. I had been the catalyst to this. The muscles of my pussy contracted, and he broke the kiss and looked down at me with delighted surprise. A little smile curved his sensuous lips. "Wicked little girl," he marveled.

That's when he started thrusting. Hard. Oh, fucking hell, yes. Our bodies were made to fuck each other.

I didn't want him to be gentle; I wanted him to possess me, to make me his, as I had made him mine. "More," I whispered, and his mouth fused with mine and we crashed together like storm fronts colliding. "More," I pleaded, and my wizard gave me more. Merlin, he gave me everything.

His hips rolled and churned and snapped against mine, driving his cock inside me like arrows shafted into my womb, and he filled and stretched me to the point of madness. As I looked down between us, I saw him moving in and out of my body like a piston, my cunt pulling him back home, sucking his cock like a mouth.

Severus looked like a god rearing above me, taking me with all the force, the ferocity I needed, and as he felt my body gathering to climax, he slipped his arms under mine, and gripping the backs of my shoulders with his large hands, lowered himself against me and drove me hard into the mattress.

I felt my body lift, and I melted around him, coming hard again, contracting around his cock. I felt his mouth clamp down on my throat and his hips were snapping against mine so hard I was crying out with every breath.

Suddenly, he cried out, and in my ear he sobbed, "Oh gods, Mistress... I'm going to... please... oh, fuck, please..."

"Come, Severus, yesss!" I screamed and felt him stutter and his hips broke their driving rhythm and he shuddered and shook, and his come spurted into my body like lava. He cried out over and over, and my name sounded like an invocation on his lips.

His face was a mask of erotic intensity. It was so breathtakingly lovely I simply stopped and watched him. I had seen him come so many times at my command, but I'd never seen this much ecstasy on a man's face. I don't think I've ever felt so validated for something I had done.

He finally collapsed against me, gasping for breath and kissing me hard. I was laughing, giddy and euphoric, and suddenly he was laughing with me. It felt so damn good, to laugh and kiss, after all the tears and pain we'd shared. To see Severus Snape throw back his head, tangled hair flying, and laugh with delight, knowing I was the reason for his joy; it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me.

With Severus, there was no 'Golden Trio', no war hero status, no bookworm. I was just his Mistress, and he was my submissive. It was an unusual relationship by many standards, but it was perfect for us.

I kissed him with all the tenderness I could muster in my post-coital exhaustion. "Severus Snape, you are mine."

He looked at me for a long time. He tucked a stray curl from my face. "Thank you."

I don't remember falling asleep, but the next morning he brought me breakfast in bed, and we fed each other. We made a terrible mess in the bed, and later we had to shower. I shan't begin to tell you how a lot of crumbs ended up well, where they ended up.

Opening words from The Sensual World, by Kate Bush

Do yourself a favour if you haven't visited **Sempraseverus** on deviantArt, go there right now and look at her work. It will inspire you:

<http://sempraseverus.deviantart.com/>

Five

Chapter 5 of 5

Stepping out, off the page, into the Sensual World...

Anti-Litigation Charm: None of the characters belong to me. They belong to JK Rowling, who let my entire reason for reading the Harry Potter series bleed to death on the floor of the Shrieking Shack. I'm building a better world.

Author's Notes:

This story is a birthday gift to the great Sempraseverus, whose art has inspired so many fanfics. If you know her art, you understand completely. If you do not know her art, go to deviantArt now, and look at her stunning work, before you start.

Big hugs and kisses and a big bottle of Gewürtztraminer to my beta, stgulik, who is faster than the speed of light, and brilliant at buffing the story up to a pearly sheen. Thank you so much.

This story is about a Dominant/submissive relationship. It is not meant as an instruction manual on the lifestyle. This chapter contains explicit sexual content. It is a work of fiction and meant for entertainment purposes only. Thanks for reading - I'm always blown away by the support I receive here at TPP.

And at first with the charm around him, mmh, yes, he loosened it so if it slipped between my breasts,

He'd rescue it, mmh, yes...

And his spark took life in my hand and, mmh, yes, I said, mmh, yes, but not yet, mmh, yes, mmh, yes...

That night was a turning point for Severus; it came as no surprise to me that his magic began to return shortly after. I managed to get his wand back from Kingsley Shacklebolt, and presented it to Severus one evening. He was happy, of course, but it didn't make him as overjoyed as I had thought it would. He simply tucked it away. "I've been happy without my magic," he explained with a shrug. "It's wonderful to have it back, of course, but I'm used to being without it." He smiled at me quietly. "I have everything I need."

The only thing he really enjoyed about having his magic back was his ability to tidy the house quicker. For a man who'd reveled in giving detentions involving scrubbing the

vilest shit off cauldrons without the use of magic, he loved not having to do the dishes by hand anymore.

With his extra spare time, he began to brew more potions. One evening, he presented me with a little bottle, looking very pleased with himself. "This time," he said, "I have a present for *you*, my beloved one."

"For me?" I said, delighted. While I gave him presents at least once a week (usually in the form of a book, or a new toy or discipline implement), he was not one to give spontaneous gifts. He still ventured out in public only when I took him with me. Even now, free as he was to move about in the world, he preferred the solitude of home. He was a still, quiet soul, taking pleasure in meditation, and reading.

I held the vial up in the light. The liquid inside was a deep red, and as I tilted the bottle, I could see that it was viscous and thick. "What is it, darling boy?"

Smugly, he uncorked the vial, and held it under my nose. I sniffed. It smelled like him: patchouli and sandalwood and an underlying warm, spicy scent. I looked up at him, puzzled. "Amortentia?"

He tipped the vial and poured a tiny drop on his finger. "Actually, it's a topical lubricant." He touched my robe. "May I?" I nodded, and lifted my robe. With a smile on his beautifully shaped lips, he slid the finger between my thighs and under my knickers, circling my clit once, twice, three times, and withdrew, to my disappointment.

For a few seconds, I waited. He set the vial down as he watched my face carefully, a secret smile playing on his lips. Silently, he drawled, "And right... about... now."

Suddenly I felt my clitoris swell. It honestly felt as if his fingers were there again, teasing and flicking. I was on fire from my waist down, and it felt incredible. The pleasure and heat blooming in my groin curled my toes and tore a groan from my throat.

My knees buckled, and Severus caught me easily, laughing and pleased as pumpkin juice at my reaction. I was crawling all over him, demanding him to finish what he'd started, which he happily obliged. I literally tore my knickers off to get him inside of me. I have never experienced anything quite like it, and with Severus, that was really saying something. He was delighted; I had never seen him so happy with a creation, and he'd invented a lot of original formulas to be proud of.

When my head cleared of the post-coital fog of euphoria his potion had induced, I demanded to know what was going on. Rather smugly, he explained, "It's a potion that enhances physical pleasure between lovers, depending on the last ingredient added. In this case," he smiled, "one drop of seminal fluid. From me."

At my puzzled expression, he added, "It can be used as a massage oil, or a lubricant or, in this case, a genital stimulant. But I've designed it to only work with those who have an emotional as well as a physical bond. When seminal fluid is added, it will affect only the wizard's partner. If the last ingredient is a drop of vaginal fluid, it will have the same effect on her lover as the male counterpart has on the female."

"So it stays in stasis until the final bodily fluid is added?" He nodded. I was gobsmacked. A kernel of an idea germinated in my mind. "How long is the shelf-life of the virgin formula?"

He tilted his head, and smiled. "Virgin formula? I like that." He pondered. "With the ingredients, I would venture to guess eighteen months to two years." He looked at me carefully. "What are you thinking? I can see the wheels turning, Miss Granger," he intoned, in an eerie imitation of the Professor Snape of my school days.

I smiled. "I just think this has amazing market value. Is it easy to create?"

"Easily enough. I thought of the implications of marketing it as well. But the virgin formula needs to be tested, to make sure the reactions are the same in other couples."

"So no one else would react the way I did to the contents of this particular bottle."

He shook his head. "No. It's is 'coded' to your responses only. Anyone else, male or female, would find it useless now. To anyone else besides yourself, it won't really smell, feel or taste very pleasant."

I was fascinated. "So, what does it taste like?" Believe me, after I finally shredded my knickers, I made sure he knew exactly what it tasted like, before he drove me into the mattress.

He grinned, and took me in his arms, nuzzling my nose with his. "It tastes like my Mistress, and that is the most delicious nectar on earth."

"Good answer." He kissed me gently. I could feel him hardening against my belly. I began to wonder what *Essence of Hermione* would taste like, smeared over that glorious cock of his.

That gave me another idea. "Do you have another virgin formula? I want Ginny and Harry to try it!"

A few moments later, he watched in quiet bemusement as I took the two bottles he prepared for Harry and Ginny, threw on a robe and almost ran through the Floo. I gabbled hasty instructions to the stunned couple, who took the vials and promised to let me know the results.

I returned to the house. "Ginny and Harry can't wait to try it, and - oh, Severus, I just had another thought - maybe George could add an adult line to Weasleys' Wizarding " The room was empty. Severus was nowhere to be seen.

I ran down to the lab, thinking he was there brewing. He wasn't there, nor in the kitchen, nor in the front room. I walked up the stairs, calling him. There was no answer.

I entered our bedroom to a delicious sight. My submissive was in our bed, magically bound and blindfolded with a silk scarf. His arms were stretched over the back of the iron headboard, giving him the look of a crucified angel. He was gloriously naked, exquisitely hard, and breathing deeply, serenely. He was totally relaxed and aroused, and I could feel the residue of his little creation tweaking at my clit again.

A little vial sat beside the bed, along with two more items: the 'doppelphallus', and Ginny's paddle. Candles floated above our heads.

The room screamed sex.

"You heard me calling, but you refused to answer, my disobedient submissive." I removed my robe, and donned the dildo. I shrank it in length and girth, so that it looked like a thinner, shorter version of Severus' cock. "I think you are craving discipline. Such a wicked, pretty little boy."

"I'm sorry, Mistress," he purred, sounding anything but. "I have been very... naughty." Fucking hell, he could make the word naughty sound so filthy.

I picked up the vial. It was a light pink, and the directions attached to the label, neatly printed in his familiar handwriting, told me what to do. Using a little pipette attached to the vial, I extracted a drop of my own fluids, and squeezed the drop into the vial. The colour of the liquid instantly turned a dark, almost blood red.

"Yesss," I hissed. "Very bad, bad boy." I rubbed a few drops on the dildo, and he moaned as his own member felt the sensation.

"Whatever should I do with my naughty little submissive?" I murmured, absently stroking the phallus, making him whimper and thrash. "Should I paddle your pert little bottom?"

He groaned, and turned his head and rested it against the headboard, rewarding me with a lovely view of his angular jaw. He writhed. "Whatever my mistress wants, I want to give."

Smiling, full of the power he'd just allowed me, I grabbed the paddle, and pushing his knees up to his chest, until he was almost curled into a ball, I paddled his deliciously

rounded bum until it was hot and red, and he was gasping and moaning.

"What a beautiful sight!" I breathed. "You have the most delicious little arse, Severus. Especially with your balls peeking from between your legs."

I rubbed a single drop of his potion around the delicate area of his little puckered hole, and he whimpered. Soon, he was pleading, begging me to fuck him, laughing at his own uncontrollable lust.

"Do it, please! Fuck me, Mistress," he moaned. "Merlin, I never thought the words would be coming from my lips, but please, please fuck my arse!"

I was thinking the same thing myself. "You do like to beg, don't you, my beauty?" I said, and I pushed his thighs apart and positioned myself between his legs, curving his hips forward until his bum was resting on my thighs.

I slid the dildo into his tiny, virgin hole as he panted, forcing himself to relax and yield to me. I was slow and gentle with him, and watched him carefully for signs of distress. When I was in to the hilt, I took his cock in hand, and began to gently rock in and out of him, stroking his actual cock at the same time, doubling the sensation. We quickly found our rhythm, and his face slackened and went blank with almost trance-like rapture.

Watching Severus as I pleased him was almost as erotic as actually having him inside me. I loved sending him into this state of mind; seeing him drift into that place called subspace. It had almost nothing to do with me, yet I was totally responsible for it. It would not happen but for me.

I hooked my elbows under his knees, and muttering a spell to allow me to lift his weight, I raised his hips higher, putting more stimulation to his prostate. He shuddered and cried out as I plunged the dildo in and out of his creamy arse.

Just as he was on the verge of coming, I withdrew the dildo, and removed the harness, leaving him writhing and moaning on the bed, the muscles in his arms straining at his restraints. He shuddered and whimpered as I waited for him to calm down, then I leaned over and whispered, "You've been a very good boy, allowing me to fuck your arse."

He whimpered his thanks, still delirious with pleasure. I kissed his lips softly. "I'm going to give you a special reward for your perfect submission, my sweet one. I'm going to suck your cock now."

"Thank you," he gasped, his hips lifting in anticipation. He really was the sexiest beast on earth.

I knelt down and reverently kissed the tip of his cock, and he hissed. I crooned, "Come whenever you want, my pretty little boy. I want to feel it hit the back of my throat, my little treasure. Come in my mouth."

I took him completely, as far as I could, stroking him and sucking hard on his glorious, rigid member. The scream of total ecstasy tearing from Severus' throat made me feel like the most desired woman on earth. Seconds later, he obeyed my command to come with perfect submission, and I watched his face contort into a mask of agonising bliss that made me feel like a goddess for putting it there.

I magically released his bonds and removed the blindfold, and told him how pleased I was with him. He slid down the bed, pulling me to him, covering me with kisses. He finally collapsed, panting, exhausted.

Post-coitus, Severus Snape is the most beautiful man on earth. Long, silky lashes lay against his cheeks like brushes; his full, sensuous lips were parted and swollen from biting on them, and his body, flushed from his exertions and endorphins, glowed in the candlelight. I sat back, drenched in sweat, licking my lips and stretching my legs.

He sat up in bed and loomed over me. He growled, "My turn." His body danced over mine. And sometime in the night, I agreed to become his wife.

"We'll call it Topical Paradise!" George Weasley enthused at Severus and me. "I can guarantee you, sir, I am prepared to sign a three-year contract today for as many units as you can make initially, and later on, if you want to sell me the patent, I'll give you royalties in perpetuity!"

We were sitting in the twilight at the Burrow, under a magical marquis, illuminated by the light of hundreds of thousands of fairies. The wedding of Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley was the event of the century, yet the two of them had decided to make it as small an affair as possible. Therefore, Severus and I were sitting at the head table with the family, as the happy couple danced and schmoozed with guests and dignitaries that had little to do with us. The wedding was almost just an excuse the Wizarding world needed this almost as much as the Weasleys themselves - a reason to celebrate their joy.

Severus and I were the topic of great speculation. More than once I caught people whispering and gesturing our way. It made us both a little uncomfortable, but for Harry and Ginny's sake, we smiled and sipped champagne and used the wedding reception as a cover for a business meeting with George, who, through Ginny, had heard of Severus' special potion, and requested bottles for test-marketing at Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes.

We initially gave him two hundred bottles. He came back in two days for an order for five thousand. Couples, apparently, were almost fighting over it. He had a back order for an additional two thousand. People weren't buying one vial of it; they were buying twenty at a time. We didn't know it at the time, but we were destined to play as large a role in the post-war baby boom as the end of the war itself.

Already, Severus was testing other variations of the formula. At first, there were the inevitable rumours of Dark Magic being used, until the ingredient list was produced. The potion was made of simple ingredients any competent Potioneer could compile if one knew the right combination.

The lovely thing about it was that it only worked for couples who had an emotional, loving relationship. Wizards who thought it might be used as a 'magical date rape' philter soon found that, not only was the witch disinterested, but the wizard often ended up with temporary impotency. It was hilarious to George, who gleefully put a very explicit warning on each bottle, reasoning that most of the wankers out there who would attempt to abuse the potion would generally ignore the caveat anyway.

"I can tell you that for the short term, this is going to make you very rich and me even richer," George said with a boyish laugh that delighted me. There were many victims of our war, but few more heart-wrenching than George Weasley. When his twin Fred was killed in the battle of Hogwarts, it had taken the better part of a year for George to recover enough to put one foot in front of the other, and at least that long again to return to the beloved shop that he and Fred had built together.

Now the business was booming, and George, with renewed gusto, was branching out into what he called his "Wicked Wheezes," a new line of owl-order products aimed for adult witches and wizards. The line consisted of toys, potions, literature and fantasy Pensieves, and was proving very popular already. Severus' potion was right up his street.

As we looked over the contract, George winked at me. "Take all the time you need, folks. I've got orders ready to be filled, so I'd like to strike while the iron's hot, but I know you probably want to instruct a solicitor first."

To my surprise, Severus turned to George. "I don't think we need to do that, Mr. Weasley. I will be happy to sign the contract right now. With provisions."

Delighted, George nodded. "Name 'em, sir. I'll abide by them." He produced a quill and began to amend the contract.

Severus took a moment to collect his thoughts. "One: I want no mention of my name on any of the products. This is to protect your investment as much as Hermione and me."

George nodded, and scribbled away. "Yesss... right! What else?"

"Two: I like the name Topical Paradise, but I think Wicked Wheezes is a little too flippant. I want your entire line of adult items changed to - " He gave me a sideways

glance. "*The Sensual World*."

George blinked, then nodded sagely. "Classy, but sexy. Love it. Done. Anything else?"

Severus smiled. He jotted down a number on a bit of scrap parchment and gave it to George. "I want the funds to be deposited directly into this account at Gringotts. This is our joint account Hermione's and mine."

"Agreed. Joint account, eh?" He winked again, and his infectious enthusiasm warmed my heart more than I can say. "So, when's the big day for you two?" he joked, teasingly.

Severus, in the manner of old, intoned, "The twenty-first of August."

George, who'd taken a large drink of the wedding punch, spluttered and choked. "Really?" he asked, wiping punch off his chin. "You and Hermione are jumping the broom?"

I smiled at my lovely submissive. "Oh yes." Severus rewarded me by kissing my hand, his midnight eyes regarding me with warm, ripe passion. Beneath the table, I placed my hand on his crotch, and he obediently parted his thighs as my hand slipped into his robes and caressed his warm, velvety cock.

"Well then! Congratulations, sir!" George said, shaking Severus' hand, a big grin on his homely Weasley face. "I promise you our family's support!"

I made a face. "Well, except for your mum "

"You leave Mum to me, Hermione." He gave us a devilish grin. "I can be very persuasive when I want to. Mum tends to spoil me anyway, now that I'm the lone twin." He said it blithely, but Severus and I could see the pain behind the joking.

Quietly, Severus said, "Your brother was a fine man. If I could take back those days, Mr. Weasley "

"No, don't say it," George said, his jolly bantering gone. "All of us had to do some horrible things, sir. You were amazing, and I'll fight anyone who tries to besmirch your name in any way. My entire family feels the same." George stood and looked down at Severus. I hastily withdrew my hand and silently buttoned his robes again.

"Mr. Snape, I would be honoured if you would call me George. I'd be even more honoured if you called me 'friend'."

Severus stood and made to take the hand offered. He hesitated, and something like a sly look came over Severus' face. "I'm about to get the shite shocked out of me, aren't I, George?"

For a split second, George looked offended. His eyes began to twinkle, and he turned his hand over to reveal the Weasley Wazzle, a hand buzzer that gave the recipient a nasty shock and made their hair stand on end for an hour. "I was never able to fool you, sir."

In that moment, Severus was the Professor Snape of old, a scowl marring his face. Then his façade crumbled. Severus laughed, and those around us stopped and with abject shock written plainly on their faces, watched the Greasy Bat of the Dungeons throw back his head and really laugh. Gods, he was stunning when he laughed. Even now, he didn't do it that often, but when he did, I swear flowers bloomed and the temperature outside rose several degrees. Or perhaps I was in love.

Severus gradually stopped laughing, wiping away tears of mirth from his lovely eyes. He held out his hand imperiously, and like he'd done many a time as his student, George placed the offending Wazzle in his former professor's hand. Then the two of them really shook hands as equals.

"I think this means you'd better learn to call me Severus, George."

George beamed and clasped the hand warmly. "Be glad to, Severus. Let's have a toast. To Topical Paradise, and The Sensual World!"

Our glasses clinked just as Ginny and Harry ran over and grabbed our hands and led us out on the dance floor. As Severus and Ginny danced and chatted, Harry and I just swayed to the music and grinned at each other. "Some lifestyle, eh, Mistress Hermione?" he said, happy and laughing. I nodded. The Sensual World, indeed.

Epilogue

Stepping out of the page into the sensual world. Stepping out, off the page, into the sensual world.

I don't have to tell you, gentle reader, that The Sensual World Topical Paradise was a hit. I got my Happily Ever After, I got my wizard, and I got rich in the bargain. The Sensual World line was so popular that George reorganized it into its own LLP, with Severus and me as his silent co-partners. We now own a chain of shops that specialize in erotic items for the discerning witch and wizard (over seventeens only, I'm afraid, so don't ask). The best part of it is product testing. My new husband and I have time to play, and Severus has discovered his playful side in spades.

We married on the twenty-first of August. Mum and Dad Portkeyed in from Australia for the private ceremony. Severus and I spent the morning of our wedding before they arrived dashing around the house, cleaning up after our pre-wedding games night with Ginny and Harry, who, in a rather drunken moment, bet Severus he couldn't make me come as many times as Harry could make Ginny.

The ensuing competition left the house a mess, Ginny and I giggling uncontrollably, much more sore than I'd ever thought possible, incredibly sated and, at the end, a bit unsure exactly who won. I couldn't believe Severus took him up on it. I still can't believe they did it in the same room. The sight of the two dark heads buried in our laps as they pushed us through orgasm after orgasm is a memory I gleefully put in the Pensieve. It was too sexy not to keep.

Because the men could not agree on who won, it has become an annual event, and I still don't know who wins every year and I still don't give a flying fuck. Severus and I still watch the memory of the first one every year on our anniversary.

I am still Severus' Dominant, and he is still my submissive. His thoughtful, detailed journal entries became fascinating, erudite essays on the subject of Dominance/submission. With my approval, he had them published, and his books are in their fourth editions and are very popular with this growing lifestyle. Wizarding Britain is a little behind our Muggle cousins, but there are a lot of Dominant witches out there and, British wizards being British, lots of men who love submitting.

Severus' how-to manuals are just the reference material some need to release their inhibitions and hang-ups and embrace their preferences. Severus has gotten letters saying that marriages have been saved, relationships enhanced and emotional and physical levels heretofore untapped have been discovered because of his books. I'm proud of him, and tell him so on a daily basis.

On the day before his birthday, I gave him a blank cheque. "What would you like to play, my sweet boy? Anything you want to do, we will do tomorrow." I was thinking possibly outdoor sex, wax play

He looked at me with smoldering eyes. "I want to be the Dominant for one day."

Gulp. I wasn't betting on that one. "O-okay," I said, with more confidence than I felt. "Tomorrow, I will be your submissive, and you will be Master Severus."

"Master Severus," he purred, fingering the hem of my dress. "It has a very... powerful feel to it."

Uh oh.

I woke the next morning in bed alone, with Severus towering over me in unrelieved black: black silk shirt, black trousers, black dragon-hide boots. His hair, which was now past shoulder-length, was freshly washed and hung like a horse's mane down his back. He was dangling a riding crop in his long fingers. You could have drowned in my knickers at that moment.

Oh, the games that man played with me that day. It seems he'd made a bet *with himself* regarding how many orgasms he could give me. He was a very firm but fair Master, and I knelt as humbly as possible, and when I accidentally on purpose disobeyed him, he dictated his punishment without rancor or anger.

Instead, he sat on our sofa and patted his lap invitingly. "Come now, little one. Lie across my lap." He stroked the riding crop absently, and gave me a look that almost made my nipples scorch holes in my bra. "Come and take your punishment like a good little girl."

Can I just say that hearing Severus baby-talk and call me his good little girl meant I practically had to crawl into his lap; my knees weren't working too well by then. When I draped myself over his lap, he pulled me toward him with his left arm, scooping me in place. I started panting when he lifted my robe and hummed in pleasure. "Such a sweet little bottom to spank. Such a naughty little witch."

I wish I could adequately describe the feeling of Severus' large, warm hands, rather roughly yanking my knickers down my thighs, and unhooking them from my feet. If I could, I'd write erotic literature so good the pages would burst into flames.

I heard him chuckle as he pulled my underwear from my legs and sniffed them appreciatively. For some reason, my face burned, especially when I turned in time to see him lick the crotch and moan as if sampling the sweetest candy. He looked down at me with what I call his 'Professor's smirk.' His voice was the sound of a velvet tongue flicking over a taut nipple. "Hmmm. Pure honey, my sweetness. And so wet. What a bad little girl, to get all wet for teacher."

Oh, gods, that did it. If I wasn't sure my heart had transferred itself into my crotch, I was damn sure it was now. I could feel it pounding in my clitoris. I'd never really considered acting out detention fantasies before, but you can bet Severus' sweet arse I was going to now.

He spanked me with his hand seven or eight times, and he didn't hold back on any of them. Would you like to know what he did then, this Slytherin king, with his long, sensitive fingers and a wickedly sensuous voice? Exactly what you'd imagine, and when those lovely fingers danced over my slippery clit and I cried and pleaded for release, he purred, "Oh yes, you're going to beg for me, aren't you, my pet? That's it, little one...such a good, good girl... come for me... oh, that's my sweet little peach... come for me..."

I came like the Hogwarts Express on a deadline; head flung back, screaming in ecstasy, deaf, dumb and blind to everything but those stroking, plucking fingers, that silken, sinful baritone voice commanding me to come for him.

I had to be carried into our bedroom because I completely passed out cold. Later that day, when he told me to get down on my knees and worship his cock, oh fuck yes, he knew he'd been worshiped. We celebrated Severus' birthday in style, and I confess, I loved every minute of it, and vowed that, on my birthday, this would be my blank cheque to myself.

He later admitted that, while he loved talking dirty and spanking me, in reality, the idea of Dominating me felt uncomfortable, like a ill-fitting suit. The overall feeling was that the playful part of it was fun, but the reality of it was that he didn't feel he had the mindset to be a true Dominant.

Enfolding me in his arms at the end of the day, he said, "I think I'll leave the Dominance up to you, my lovely one. If life has taught me anything, it's that I'm no good making the big decisions." He kissed my forehead, and tipped my head back so that I could see his face. "Furthermore, I'm proud to remain your submissive for the rest of my life. I love you, Mistress."

I made him shift downward, until he was lying in my arms, and I began the evening ritual we started on our wedding night. It started out of my love for his melodic, deep mesmerising voice. It was nothing planned, nothing rehearsed; just words that flowed from us then, and every night since. We recited it right before sleep took us, and it became as soothing and necessary as a bedtime story.

"To whom do you belong, Severus?"

His sweet words flowed from his lips like the chocolate. "I belong to you, Mistress. Hermione Granger-Snape. The goddess I worship."

"Who are you, Severus?"

"I am your love, your light, your most prized treasure. I am your child, your lover, your father, your husband. I am beautiful, because you have made me believe I am."

"And who am I, Severus?"

He always smiled when he said these words, and they always caused tears to well in my eyes. "You are a little girl I'm responsible for. You are a goddess that saved me from myself. You are my treasure, my hope, my happiness." He kissed me gently, then passionately. "You are the owner of my heart, mind, body and soul. I am lost without your love."

I returned his kiss. "Then you will always know your way, my pretty, precious boy. I love you more than breath."

Am I happy? I have a handsome husband who literally worships me, and I can make him come almost on command. He is maddeningly passionate, insatiable in bed, and will do anything to make me happy. When he looks at me with those smoldering, flashing dark eyes, he knows he can pretty much bring me to my knees. He can keep me there with a softly spoken word and the feel of his warm lips touching my forehead. And when he holds me at night, I can allow myself to become a baby in his arms, and I feel safe and warm and protected.

Is Severus happy? I can only tell you this: Each morning, I look at him across the breakfast table. I see a rather grouchy, disheveled man with oily, tangled hair, a scruffy overnight beard, dressed in an old grey nightshirt, drinking cup after cup of tea to jumpstart his brain. Severus is not a morning person.

If it is my day to make breakfast, I place his morning meal of toast, juice, bacon and two eggs, sunny side up, in front of him, and kiss his slightly shiny forehead. He looks up at me with bleary eyes. It is the same breakfast every day. Grumpy Severus likes routine. After ten a.m. he's more than willing to be adventurous. The aroma of the bacon reaches his large, sensitive nostrils, and he breathes in appreciatively. His entire body lifts, and his eyes close.

When they open again, he is Severus Granger-Snape, cool, calm and happy, and he greets me with a soft smile and returns my kiss before rumbling, "Thank you, Mistress." He digs in, eating with relish and enjoyment, and by the time the juice is drunk and the eggs are mopped up with the toast and the bacon is devoured, he is bounding up the stairs and into the shower, ready to get the day started.

Moments later, a particular sound comes from behind the bathroom door. The first time I heard it, I went flying up the stairs, thinking something was wrong. It was so foreign, so strange, I was sure my ears were playing tricks on me. But no.

It is Severus, in the shower. Singing.

"When I wake up in the morning love, and the sun light hurts my eyes

And something without warning love, bears heavy on my mind.

Then I look at you and the world's alright with me, just one look at you and I know it's gonna be -

A lovely day - lovely day..."

As I say, he craves routine. This is one of my favourites in his repertoire of routines. My routine is to slip off my bathrobe and enter his warm, wet embrace, and as he slides his beautiful, large soapy hands over my breasts, we sing the last verse together.

"When the day that lies ahead of me seems impossible to face

And someone else instead of me always seems to know the way

Then I look at you and the world's alright with me, just one look at you and I know it's gonna be -

A lovely day..."

If I can make Severus Granger-Snape sing, I know he's happy. And so am I.

~FIN~

March 3, 2011

For Sempra

Thank you, Dahlra