

# How Hermione Got Her Groove Back

by firefly124

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** All things HP belong to JKR. The title is a shameless knock-off of the film *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*

**A/N:** This is a combination birthday/thank-you gift for Camillo for some lovely [artwork](#) she drew for me, written to her prompt for something NC-17 with a DH-compliant Hermione/portrait!Snape. I hope this suits! Big thanks to ubiquirk for beta-reading and Saracen77 for Brit-picking. Any remaining errors are strictly my fault.

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"I'm sorry, Headmistress," Hermione said. And truly, she was. In fact, sorry didn't seem to have the necessary scope to cover the mortification she was feeling just now. "I really don't know what's got into Hugo lately, to be causing such trouble in class. I know he's been having a hard time of it since Ron left, but he's never acted up like this."

From the wall behind Professor McGonagall's desk, a portrait replied, "Surely, you cannot be so surprised, can you, Mrs. Weasley? The boy has not one but two parents with an almost insatiable penchant for breaking rules. How could the child turn out otherwise?"

Hermione bit her lip, determined not to rise to the bait. Merlin knew that between Ron and Molly she'd had enough practice doing that.

"If your theory had any merit, Severus," the Headmistress snapped, "then I'd have had trouble with Rose years ago." She resumed her professional demeanor. "Please excuse him, Hermione. You know what he's like."

"Yes. Yes, I do," she replied, watching the portrait closely. *When was it painted?* she wondered. *When he first became Headmaster? Or later?*

The portrait stared back at her so intently she found herself wondering if portraits were capable of Legilimency. She looked away, hoping Minerva wouldn't notice the flush she felt growing in her cheeks.

*Not that he'd need it if he knows. How much can he know?*

She was shaken from her reverie, welcome distraction though it was, when Minerva said, "I'm sorry, Hermione. I must handle this."

Professor McGonagall was standing next to a house-elf. When had he (she?) got there?

"I shall return as soon as this is sorted, and we can discuss the matter of Hugo's punishment."

Hermione nodded absently, and the Headmistress left. Somewhat dejected and absolutely exhausted, she rested her chin in her palm and closed her eyes for a tick.

She gave herself a good shake when she realized she'd dozed off. Rising, she went to look out the window. The view was lovely. She supposed that shouldn't be a surprise. Why shouldn't the Headmistress (or Headmaster) have a lovely view?

"A lovely view indeed," one of the portraits said, alerting her to the fact she'd spoken aloud. "Though I don't recall seeing that particular lovely view during my time in this office."

Her face flamed hotter.

*So he knows. No, not while he was in this office at all.*

"I don't recall you seeing this precise view *out* of it, either," she replied, still facing out the window, not wanting him to see her blush.

A strangled cough came from another part of the room. A bit closer. She darted a look out of the corner of her eyes and saw Professor Dumbledore's portrait shaking with suppressed laughter and turning a bit purple.

"Perhaps not," Snape's portrait replied in a tone of thoughtful irony. "After all, it was rather dark."

"I do believe," Dumbledore said, "that there is a frame on the third floor with an excellent view of the, erm, incident to which Minerva is attending."

"I don't know about that," Phinneas Nigellus cut in. "I think it's quite interesting listening to a former Head of Slytherin baiting a Mu..."

Hermione whipped her head around, furious that he'd call her that after all these years, only to see Dumbledore grab Phinneas by the blindfold no one had ever been able to Charm off him and drag him out of his frame.

"Come along, come along," Dumbledore said. "I imagine if we hurry, we won't miss much."

The rest of the portraits, she noticed, had already been vacated. She turned the rest of the way around and narrowed her eyes at Snape's portrait. As she'd expected, he hadn't left with the others.

"What did you do?" she demanded.

"I did nothing at all," he replied, picking a bit of imaginary lint off his sleeve. "You might have noticed that it was a house-elf who came and alerted Minerva to what the miscreants are getting up to on the far side of the castle."

"Right." She stared at him for a bit, pondering the likeness. The artist had done an impressive job, which made her wonder about a few things. "So, you didn't plan this at all."

He merely lifted an eyebrow.

"Not even remotely were you trying to arrange time alone with me, hoping for ... what, exactly?"

She opened the first two buttons of her robes and watched as his eyes went wide.

"Mrs. Weasley..."

"Ms. Granger," she corrected. "The divorce was finalized last month." Feeling a bit wicked, she opened another button. "But surely you knew that?"

He didn't answer.

"Do you know what I think, Severus? May I call you Severus? I should think we're past the formalities, after all, so you may as well call me Hermione. Especially as you can't keep my surname straight."

With a look somewhere between flustered and disgruntled, he replied, "Very well. Hermione."

"Brilliant." And it was, hearing him say her name like that, so she rewarded him with another button, even though this one showed a bit more cleavage than she'd normally dare. But this wasn't the man, now was it? Just a portrait. An obviously interested and possibly horny portrait. "So ... exactly how accurate is your portrait, Severus?"

His eyebrows lowered. "Completely."

"Really? But then, you only exist from the ribs on up?"

"And your other teachers thought you were so bright," he sneered. "It is merely the case that my form is only visible to humans within the confines that were painted on this canvas. How, exactly, did you think we could travel from one frame to another if we only existed from the ribs up?"

She hummed a noncommittal reply, playing with yet another button.

"Ms. ... Hermione, I hardly expected that you would behave in such a wanton manner."

She tilted her head at him quizzically and just waited a moment. Reddish pigment flowed into his cheeks. Emboldened, she pressed on. "Well, if you're hoping to see any more, it's only fair for you to do the same."

The pigment left again in a rush.

"Come on, then. It's not as though I haven't seen you before." She wondered what had got into her. *Nothing, for rather a while. That's the problem, if flirting with a portrait is the most fun I've had in months!* Turning her back to the painting again, she undid several more buttons and slid her robes down over her shoulders, the air cool against her skin. Glancing back over one of them, she added, "You don't get to see any more until I get to see something too."

With a glare that would have sent her into fits of tears ages ago but looked rather amusing just now, he undid his robes and let them fall open, showing the shirt he wore beneath.

"Well, now, that's not fair," she complained. "You've more layers on. Keep going then."

With a not entirely convincing huff, he complied, showing a narrow strip of skin and sparse hair.

She grinned and turned to face him, enjoying the lusty look he gave her hastily Transfigured lace bra. Her robes were rather uncomfortably bunched at her elbows, but she wasn't quite ready to let them fall any further. She stepped around McGonagall's desk and leaned against it. "So, after that one night, did you have fantasies about us?"

Startled, he replied, "After?"

Her eyebrows shot up. "Before then?" She lifted a hand and traced a finger along the line of her bra. "So perhaps that night wasn't as unplanned as it seemed."

He mirrored her action, tracing his finger across his own chest, opening his shirt a bit further. Intrigued, she slid her hand lower, outlining and passing over her nipple. He did the same.

"This is hardly fair," he murmured. "You've another layer on."

"So I do." She scooted up onto the desk so that she could extract her arm from her sleeves without her robes falling too much further, then reached behind her, unfastened her bra, and slid it off her shoulders.

The dazed look in his eyes was positively wonderful.

"Are you going to say anything about this to Minerva?" she asked, bringing a hand to cup a breast, fingers circling and stroking her nipple.

"Hardly."

"Brilliant." She wasn't quite sure how she'd even got this far, but so long as she had, she might as well keep on. "So, what were those fantasies, Severus? Were they set here, in this office?"

His cheeks reddened again as he continued to mimic her actions, now rolling a nipple between his fingertips.

"Detention fantasies don't seem quite your thing," she mused. "You never had much use for students. Perhaps you decided I'd come back as a fellow teacher? We'd have a conference, one thing leading to another?" She was using both hands now, leaning back but not quite lying on the desk.

"Perhaps," he replied, somewhat breathless.

"And so..." she trailed a finger down her belly to where her robes lay bunched just above her hips, "...where would things lead, hmm? Your desk?"

His eyes widened.

"It's still the same desk, isn't it?" She dipped her hand under the bunched robes and into her knickers, closing her eyes at the pleasure of her own touch, somehow much more enticing here and now than it ever was in her own bed. She'd never taken herself for an exhibitionist, but then, this was only a painting. "The same one you used when this was your office? The same desk you must have fantasized about?"

"Not ... fair," he gasped.

She opened her eyes to find that his hands were no longer visible. "I hardly think you should be complaining. You're the one said the rest of you is invisible to humans."

"I can't change that."

"No, I suppose you can't." She removed her hand and picked up her bum, sliding her robes the rest of the way to the floor. After a moment's thought, she picked up her purse and wand, took out a shopping list of things she'd intended to pick up in Hogsmeade on the way home, and Transfigured it into something rather more useful.

He looked utterly shocked. She couldn't blame him. She was rather shocked herself, but she coolly examined the device, asking, "That about right then? Seven inches, give or take?"

Severus was obviously too flummoxed to answer, though the movement of his arms suggested he was, perhaps, conducting his own measurement.

Slipping her knickers off, she traced her fingers over her lips, already slick with moisture, and teased briefly at her clit as she placed the dildo at her entrance, cool and hard. She held it there for a bit, half in anticipation, half letting it warm.

"So, one thing would ... lead to another ... and we'd get to it right on your desk then?"

His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "Yes."

Slowly, she slid the dildo inside, savoring the sense of being stretched and filled. With her free hand, she picked up her wand, tapped it against the toy, and cast an all too familiar nonverbal Charm. Slowly, it eased itself out of her and then back in. She leaned back onto the desk, propping herself up on one elbow, and moaned.

So did Severus.

"I bet we'd start off ... mmm ... trying to go nice and slow." She tweaked a nipple, then stroked it gently, soothing away the sharp pinch. "But then, we'd risk being caught, wouldn't we?"

*Rather like now, actually.* She shivered at the thought and murmured, "*Sensim ocious.*" It began to move a bit faster, a warm tingling beginning to build inside her.

Severus was obviously doing the same. In fact, if she just focused on the portrait, she could almost convince herself this was actually him thrusting into her, half undressed and completely disheveled. She could ignore the frame, and in fact, it seemed to blur away the more intently she focused on his flushed and sweating face.

Still caressing a breast with one hand, she lowered the other back to her clit, stroking it in practiced counterpoint to the ... to him as he moved in and out of her, faster and faster. Her breath was coming in short gasps as the tingles became surges, each more powerful than the last.

"Merlin, Hermione."

She couldn't reply. She was so close, so very close. A trickle of sweat ran between her breasts, tickling as it reached her belly and spilled off to the side.

Faster and faster he thrust, his shoulders shaking with the force, and his hair hanging into his face, swaying as he pumped his hips. Matching him with her fingertips, she finally closed her eyes, threw back her head, and cried out as her world exploded into shards of a thousand colors, and she swore she felt warm liquid flow into her as his voice joined hers, even though that wasn't part of the Charm.

Her breath was still coming in small gasps when she heard voices approaching. Snapping her eyes open, she saw that Severus had already dressed himself. She started to scramble to make herself presentable again, only to find that she was already back in her chair and clothed.

*Did I ... what? Was that a dream?*

For the next several minutes, she found herself agreeing with Minerva's disciplinary suggestions, despite the looks of betrayal Hugo shot her, though she did draw the line at taking away his broom. After all, whatever he'd been up to, and she still wasn't entirely clear on that, he had inadvertently allowed her the best afternoon in a long, long time.

He was packed back off to the Gryffindor common room, pleasantries were exchanged, or so she expected. She knew she'd said things, she just wasn't entirely sure what. And as she left, she glanced over to Severus' portrait. He looked as grim and dour as ever.

*Obviously just a dream. As if I'd ever do anything that brazen!*

Just past him, however, Albus Dumbledore's portrait gave her a not at all stealthy wink. She fled before Minerva caught him at it and started asking questions.

When she reached Scrivenshaft's in Hogsmeade, she discovered...after a thorough search and with much pondering over the implications...that she had "mislaidd" her shopping list.

Hermione made her purchases from memory with a smile that clearly mystified the clerk. And when they met up for tea at the Three Broomsticks, Ginny was every bit as baffled, if much more vocal about it. That was all right by Hermione. While it'd be absurd to say all was suddenly well with the world, things did seem a bit better, and that was enough to be getting on with.

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*Sensim ocius* Gradually faster, according to the online translator I used at [http://www.translation-guide.com/free\\_online\\_translators.php?from=English&to=Latin](http://www.translation-guide.com/free_online_translators.php?from=English&to=Latin)