

Office Hours

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She always sits in the middle. That's where he looks, so that's where she sits. His lectures are always interesting, but maybe that's just because she is attracted to the man. He's not good looking in the traditional sense, but he has his charm. His deep eyes were dark and piercing. The black colored hair falls about his face in soft, gentle waves. The sharp angles that defined his face gave him a rough look.

'But who really cares what he looks like,' she thinks to herself, while mindlessly taking notes. 'He's a rather good lay,' she smirks at him from her seat. He happens to catch the smirk and falters a bit in his lecture. 'Ah, what power I have,' thinks the brunette girl. She can hardly wait for his "office hours" after the lecture.

'Damn that girl,' the man thinks after he recovers from his minor slip-up. He considers not giving into her wiles today, but when he glances back at her she has an almost innocent look on her face, dutifully taking notes. 'To bad I'm a sucker for role-play,' he thinks a ghost of a smile on his face. 'I can't wait for my "office hours."'

She hurries out of the classroom in an attempt to get to his office first. Of course if there are students already waiting, she can't let herself in, but if not she'll be ready for him. He won't be bringing any students back with him, he's assured her of that. So he may have to stay late to help a classmate, who may have a question for him. As she approaches his office, she sees that luck is with her. There aren't any students waiting to talk to her dear professor. Quietly, she lets herself into the office. She quickly sheds herself of her bag and coat. Opening her bag she grabs a shiny, red apple, she stuffed in there before class and arranges herself on the edge of his desk.

A few minutes later Professor Snape storms into this office mumbling something about teaching dunderheads under his breath.

Glancing up quickly he sees her, "Ah, Miss Granger, I see you've made it to your appointment."

"Of course, Professor, I wouldn't dream of missing it," declares the girl in mock innocence.

He approaches her, snatches the apple out of her hand and kisses her forcefully on the mouth.

'My, my, somebody's a bit eager today,' the girl thinks as her professor quickly divests her of her robes and white oxford shirt.

Just as Professor Snape has taken off her bra and is paying lavish attention to her breasts, the door opens, and Professor Dumbledore walks in. Although the two lovers don't notice until he says something.

"Good Merlin, you two. Can't you lock a door?" asks the venerated professor before he walks out shaking his head in disgust.

"Oh, Severus, I'd like to speak with you after dinner. That is if you and Miss Granger can find the time," says Dumbledore just as he closes and locks the door after himself.

Severus looks at Hermione, and Hermione just looks back, a horrified expression on her face.

"What was that?" she whispers.

Severus shrugs and leans in to kiss her again. Soon the couple are back at it again. All of Severus' yet-to-be-graded papers are swept off his desk, and the last of their clothes are shed.

Dumbledore whistles as he walks down the hallway. Until he hears a woman's scream of ecstasy, "SEVERUS!"

"Didn't even think of a Silencing Charm," he mutters darkly under his breath. The Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry waves his hand in the general direction of Professor Snape's office, to insure their privacy he insists to himself, shuddering slightly as he continues on his way.