

Educational Challenge

by chivalric

Time for exams at Hogwarts. For Potions, naturally it's Snape who does the deed.
Equally naturally, it's Hermione who wants to get full marks.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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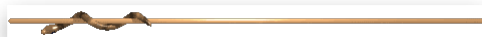
A/N: This story is for Muggline, who wrote in her review for "Lady of the Masque" she wished that a certain sort of tests was part of the regular curriculum. This, unfortunately, triggered a plot bunny. Here's the result.

Thanks to ladyofthemasque, who I sort of blackmailed into crosschecking this story. Thanks as well to shellsnapelover, Sampdoria, and reets67 for their beta-services.

Special thanks to notsosaintly. She knows why. Hugs, dear!

This is pure parody, it is definitely OOC in some ways and it is very AU. You have to accept the basic idea of students considering sex with their teachers as absolutely normal.

So. You've been warned.



"How did it go?" Ron asked eagerly when Harry came staggering into the Gryffindor common room. The boy with the green eyes looked slightly pale with a shade of grey. From the colour of his face it was obvious that he wouldn't be eating anything tonight.

"Awful!" Harry exclaimed and dropped into one of the huge armchairs in front of the fireplace. It was late, so the common room was empty apart from the two boys, Neville and Parvati.

Ron leaned forward and patted his best friend's shoulder in a sympathetic sort of manner. "Tell me you didn't fail," he urged. "It's bad enough I didn't manage to pass, but you... Please tell me you didn't mess it up! I mean, after all your experience with Ginny..."

Harry shook his head and gratefully accepted a bottle of butterbeer shoved into his hand by Neville. "I passed. Barely. I went down to my knees and so got at least one point for determination. Passed. I don't have to do this test again. Luckily and don't you dare tell Ginny that being with her did nothing to prepare me for a night with Snape!" With deep gulps he half emptied the bottle and leaned back in the chair, his eyes half closed.

Ron sighed audibly. "Thank Merlin," he breathed, relieved. "The greasy git would have made it even harder for you the next time. And he would have never allowed you to do the test with McGonagall, like I will be. I mean, she's not my first choice Trelawney is more to my liking, she's nicer and friendlier but McGonagall is definitely better than Snape any day."

Harry nodded enthusiastically and emptied the bottle.

Parvati handed him a second one. "Did he do it with you?" she asked curiously. "I fell unconscious because my potion was crap, but I heard the most horrible things about him. He's fast and doesn't give a Sickle if the student enjoys it. The potion is all that counts, everyone says that."

Harry covered his eyes with both hands. Slowly, he shook his head. "I wouldn't know, would I? I splashed the bloody potion all over his floor instead of getting it down his throat, and without the potion there was no way he could do it." He groaned. "How could I mess this up so badly?" he asked through his fingers. "I mean, it is the same test every year. We have known about it since the first day. We know what to do, we know when and with whom, and still, none of us has managed to please him. How the hell is that possible?"

"It's *Snape*, Harry," Ron pointed out. "I know the task seems easy, but it is still *Snape*!"

Harry's head shot up. "*Brew a lust potion and seduce your teacher*," he cited. "It's the easiest test in the whole bloody world, and I not only managed to drop the damn phial, I performed a lousy blow job as well! I'm surprised he let me go with my head still on my shoulders!"

"He really isn't that bad," Neville piped up and blushed. Then he turned and ran away.

Parvati grinned. "He got an A," she explained. "The first time ever he got something else but a 'Troll' in Potions."

Ron shuddered. "I know it's Hogwarts' sole intention to teach us everything that will help us get along," he exclaimed heatedly. "And I agree that brewing a lust potion will be helpful for absolutely every single one of us sooner or later. But why the heck does it have to be *Snape* testing us, eh?"

"Because *Snape* is the one who knows most about potions," Parvati pointed out. "If it works on him, it would work on everyone else."

Harry got up. He needed his bed and a blanket he could pull over his head. "Where's *Hermione*?" he asked. "I wanted to thank her for showing me this potion recipe. I mean, it was useless as I dropped it, but still..."

Ron looked at his friend somewhat surprised. "Exams," he said. "Remember? It's her turn tonight she's the last for this year. Naturally, she will pass with full marks." He grinned a malicious grin. "I guess the bat will be glad when this is over. He looked like a scarecrow when I was in his dungeons, and that was about a week ago."

"Ah, well, I'll tell her tomorrow, then," Harry said and got up, longing for his nice, comfortable four-poster. His knees hurt and his jaws ached. But he had passed, that was all that counted.



Hesitantly, *Hermione* knocked at the door to the Potions master's private rooms and wasn't surprised to find it open. After all, it was time for her exam; she surely was expected.

Carefully balancing a plate in one hand, she pushed the door open and stepped into the dimly lit chamber. Candles were burning everywhere, and a pleasant smell of orange flowers, mixed with some unknown, interesting smelling herbs, hung in the air. It wasn't a small, ugly, cramped room most students envisioned that greeted her; instead, she saw walls full of books amongst sparse furniture, and a fire merrily crackling away in the grate.

What she didn't see in the room was her professor, although he was supposed to await her. "Um... Professor *Snape*?" she called, but not too loudly in case he had fallen asleep in one of the big chairs that stood in front of the fireplace.

A quick look no. They were empty. Well, in this case he would be in the bedroom. Good.

Putting the covered plate on the table, *Hermione* closed the door behind her and crossed the small distance that separated her from *Snape*, his bedroom, and his bed. She knew this wouldn't be easy the Potions master was well known to be a hard judge, and as far as she knew, no one from her year had yet managed to satisfy his demands. Most hadn't even accomplished the task of getting him hard; apparently, *Snape* wasn't much into sex, and if the lust potion wasn't really, really good, he just sneered and kicked the student out.

She grinned a determined little grin. "Research is all that is needed," she murmured. "Research, a good recipe, and knowledge. He doesn't stand a chance against me!"

Silently, she pulled down the handle to the bedroom door; holding her breath, she slipped in, expecting *Snape* sitting on his bed as always when he awaited students for this special exam. She had talked to nearly everyone in the past weeks, and she knew that the Potions master ticked off the name of the examinee, then drank the potion, dropped his dressing gown and waited for the magic to kick in.

Snape's bedroom she had heard it was small and warm, but she hadn't expected it to be so cosy. Flames warmed her skin; more bookshelves covered the walls. On the small table stood a half-empty bottle of wine, partnered by a solitary glass. The smell of orange flowers as well as the smell of herbs were much stronger now. *Hermione* deduced that at least one of the fragrances came from a shallow bowl filled with orange blossom petals.

Snape, though, wasn't sitting in wait on his bed. He was lying in it, covered up to the waist with a thin white sheet. His chest was naked; she could see the slow rise from his breathing and almost the steady beat of his heart. The sheet clung to his skin; a leg showed underneath, clearly not covered by trousers. A hipbone made a bulge, and only because one of his legs was bent, she couldn't see the shape of what lay between his legs. His back and his head rested against the bed's headboard. His eyelids were closed, the his hair brushed out of his face. He looked as if he were asleep. A lazy smile indicated that he was definitely very relaxed.

That, and the joint he held between his fingers. His hand dangled loosely over the side of the bed, holding the fag end between thumb and index finger. Thin smoke curled up into the air.

Snape moved, brought his hand to his lips like a dream walker, and took a deep puff; he held the smoke in his mouth for a long moment, then inhaled deeply.

Held the smoke in his lungs for an eternity.

Exhaled, slowly, deliberately hindering the essence of the tobacco from leaving his mouth too quickly. Only that it was not really the tobacco he was interested in, of course.

The smile on his lips widened and spread into a broad grin.

He's smoking! *Hermione* thought, then, *He's smoking marijuana!* Staring, she realised one thing: this was obviously very private, and she was so very obviously not expected.

"You are really smoking *dope*?" she exclaimed in disbelief, dumbstruck at the fact that her teacher was doing something illegal. Then slapped her mouth shut with a flat hand, expecting *Snape* to jump out of bed and strangle her for intruding on his privacy.

Snape slowly opened one eye, thus looking like a sleepy owl. "What do you want?" he asked, his voice deeper and more mellow than usual. Actually, he sounded like someone who had not fully woken up from a nice dream. "Exams are over. Go home. Go to bed. Read. Or whatever you do after school is over." Equally slowly, the one black eye closed again. He didn't seem concerned that a student had caught him in bed smoking exhilarating substances. But then, he had had students in his bed for over a month. One more certainly wasn't a big deal for him. Not during exam time.

Hermione took a resolute step towards the bed and then another until she looked down at the professor's long, lean form under the sheet. She had heard from *Ginny* that his private parts were decently formed. His chest, though white as marble and not covered by hair, was broad; his shoulders looked strong, his arms were muscular.

Obviously, he spent some of his private time exercising, although Hermione couldn't imagine what sports a man like Snape would choose.

"I am really sorry, sir, but you are mistaken," she finally said after she had realised that she had roamed over his body for a little longer than would be considered appropriate. Not that Snape seemed to be bothered about it. He just lay in his bed with closed eyes and smiling lips.

Hermione touched his fingers, which were holding the joint. "Where on earth did you get that from? I thought... as a teacher... I mean it is marijuana, isn't it?"

Idly, Snape rolled his head towards her, but didn't open his eyes. Instead, he enjoyed another toke. "Yes, Miss Granger. *Cannabis sativa*. Grass. Homegrown. The best you can get this side of... hmmm... the best you can get without going to Amsterdam. Now get out, will you, little Miss Know It All. I'm busy. I had enough bad shags to last until next year, I want to have a quiet evening, and you are most definitely not invited."

Carefully and light as a feather, Hermione sat on the bedside. "It's my exam tonight," she whispered so as not to startle Snape, who was clearly in heaven. "I was ill two weeks ago for my original appointment. I rescheduled. It must be on your list."

Snape sighed deeply and this time opened both eyes. Because his eyes were so very black, it wasn't easy to see that his pupils were huge, but now that Hermione knew about the dope, she could clearly see that he was drugged to the tip of his ridiculously crooked nose.

She dared to smile a tiny smile.

Snape managed to put his joint down on the bedside table after the third attempt and waggled his fingers. Like a drunken butterfly, a large roll of parchment swayed through the air and landed on Snape's lap. He opened it, scanned through the names, mumbling, "Granger... Granger... Where's she, then. Thought I already had her. Can't remember it, though. Granger... Ah. Here."

He pulled the parchment closer until it was only inches away from his eyes.

"Damn!" he swore only a moment later. "Your name's crossed out. Shit! I thought Potter was the last one. He nearly bit off my cock honestly, I earn a break!" Annoyed, he threw the parchment aside and it rolled under his bed.

"Told you so," Hermione couldn't hinder herself from saying.

Snape sat up a little straighter. The sheet slipped lower and revealed one knobbly hip. The man was bony, that much was obvious. Hermione remembered Draco Malfoy complaining about the bruises he had received in Snape's bed.

"Won't test you tonight," Snape stated, sounding less relaxed and more authoritarian now. "I didn't expect you. I'm not in the mood. Come back tomorrow."

Hermione edged a little closer and placed her hand on Snape's sheet-covered thigh.

He wiped it off as if it were a stinky little dung beetle. "I'm stoned, girl, in case you haven't noticed. No lust potion is good enough to make me hard tonight. I might be a lousy teacher, but even I am not that unfair."

Hermione tilted her head and looked at her professor thoughtfully. "You look as if you could do with something to eat, sir," she stated in her most friendly, unthreatening voice and ignored his outburst completely. "I've brought dinner. If you could be persuaded to join me, we might come to an agreement." Slowly, she got up and left the room without a glance back. Maybe she shook her bottom a bit more than necessary, but then, she wanted to get this exam done tonight. If Professor Snape needed a bit of persuasion, she had no problem with that. And she knew that sometimes a simple, clear invitation was better than anything else.

She left the bedroom door open, walked over to the table where she had put the tray and took the napkin off. Summoning two plates, she then arranged the snacks she had brought. With a small flick of her wand, she summoned the wine bottle she had chosen especially for this occasion, and two glasses. Then she sat down and waited.

She didn't have to wait long. After a few minutes, she heard a sigh and movement within the bedroom. Footsteps and the rustling of fabric when Snape pulled on some clothes. Eagerly, she stared at the door.

There he was. Barefoot, hair tousled, and wrapped in a midnight blue dressing gown, he walked towards her, for once not stalking but merely floating across the floor. His nostrils flared when he smelled the food, and his stomach grumbled at the sight of it. "Hell, I'm hungry," he stated, sounding somewhat surprised.

"The house-elves said you weren't eating properly in the last few weeks," Hermione said and filled his plate with bits and bobs of this and that. "And Professor McGonagall told me that whenever she came down here to tell you it's time for meals, you were busy taking exams."

He sat and took the plate from her. Curiously, he eyed what she had offered. "Erotic food." He seemed impressed. "Celery. Pineapple. Plump figs. Fresh baguette with garlic butter. Oysters hmmm, I love them. A curry and ginger dip. And finally, pepperoni. Interesting. Very thoughtful. But I still won't take you to bed tonight." Putting the plate on the table, he chose an oyster and slurped it down without making the smallest noise.

Hermione poured him some summer wine from her uncle's vineyard. It was golden and sweet and sparkled temptingly in the candlelight. Then she leaned over and dipped a piece of bread into her curry and ginger sauce. As she had taken a bit too much, she licked off the drop that threatened to land on the table. Her small, pink tongue quickly shot out and caught it just in time.

She caught the Potions master's stare a moment before he looked elsewhere. "Let's eat and talk, Professor," she proposed. "I suppose you didn't get to talk too much in the past few weeks?"

He snorted and nibbled some celery, accompanied by garlic bread. The sight of him eating the fig, slowly devouring it with lips and teeth and tongue made her quiver with anticipation. "No talking. Just pleas: 'Please let me pass, Professor. Please, oh please, let me try again. Oh, please, if we could switch the light off I will give a better performance.' Dreadful, I can assure you." Shuddering at the memory, he drank a large mouthful from his glass.

Hermione smirked and considered it wise not to comment on that.

Snape loosened up a bit whilst he ate and drank. After a few oysters, most of the garlic bread, all the figs and half of the curry and ginger dip, he took a sip from his wine again. Purring with delight, he held the glass to the light, gently swirling the liquid. "Wonderful. You can't buy that in a shop. Where did you get it from?"

She blushed at the compliment. "My father's brother owns a small vineyard. This wine is as home-grown as your dope."

He snorted, amused. "We've got something in common, then." Then he looked at her more seriously. "You are obviously one of the very few students who spent time reading the actual test requirements. Brew a lust potion and *seduce your teacher*. As there are not enough children born to our world, we took precautions: Hogwarts intends to give you the needed skills to produce offspring. Seduction is the first step for children to be born. Your fellow students seem to think that all they need is a potion to do the trick."

"How silly. First seduction, then lovemaking, and then children. Logical. And naturally, exams are necessary," she stated.

Snape hadn't seemed to have heard her. "I should have known, of course," he continued. "You are a very thorough student. Preparing dinner and bothering to make conversation is an excellent move to get a man into bed. The others most of them just expected me to drink their usually worthless potions and more or less jumped at me as soon as I had opened the door. Without as much as saying 'Hello', I have to say, and only in order to get this over with as quickly as possible. Didn't do much to heat my desire."

Hermione smiled only so slightly.

Comfortably, Snape leaned back in his chair, his eyes now a little bit clearer than before he had eaten. Stretching out his long legs, he shifted his hips and Hermione couldn't help looking at his groin again.

No. Nothing stirred down there. Well, that was to be expected. He was mentally and physically exhausted by these exams, he was tired, and he was stoned. Unfortunately, he hadn't agreed yet to examine her either.

Well, she wasn't known to give up that easily. "So, you didn't even have time to eat properly?" she asked and crunched a bit off her bread.

"Had to shag too many students lately to even have any time to think about food," Snape grumbled miserably. "I live off strengthening potions at the moment. I think I ate my last piece of dry toast a couple of days ago."

"Oh, dear," said Hermione encouragingly. "Have some pineapple. And my friends, the other students were they that bad?"

Snape drank some more wine and fished for a pepperoni. A sharp intake of breath indicated that it was really very hot; a satisfied sigh suggested that he liked the different tastes in his mouth. "Lousy. Most of them. Their potions were useless. Nearly all of the samples didn't work at all, some exploded, some made me sleepy. The rest were brewed poorly the desired effect of hardness and stamina lasted halfway through the encounter at best. And none of them had read as much as a sheet of parchment about seduction."

"Neville got an A," Hermione chuckled in and looked her professor up and down, as he was so very relaxed sitting in front of the fireplace. The dressing gown had slipped open a bit more and she could see one pale, flat nipple, a rib or two, and the length of his thigh down to his knee. He was hairless, his skin as smooth as a teenage boy's, and she wondered how he would feel under her curious fingertips.

Snape smiled sleepily. "Longbottom. Yes. Pleasantly silent. Encouragingly passive. His potion was good, too. He did well, for a change."

A small moment of silence, then Snape ripped his eyes open and stared at her. "You helped him brew his potion, Miss Granger. Or am I mistaken?" But he seemed more interested in her answer than annoyed at her helping her friend.

She nodded. "Of course. He is hopeless with potions of all sorts. I am good. It was a logical decision to give him some hints on making it, especially as he literally was pleading for my help." Slowly, she got up and poured Snape some more wine, handed him the glass and silently stepped behind him. Whilst he took a sip, she touched the velvet fabric of his garment, caressed it, and then very slowly pushed it down one pale shoulder.

Snape, who had been about to put the glass back on the table, stopped in mid-motion.

The dressing gown slipped. Revealed his collarbone, his upper arm, his neck, and his elbow. White skin shone in the candlelight.

"I consider the seducing part much more important than the potion brewing part," Hermione whispered and reached out, over Snape's shoulder, to pick up a piece of pineapple. When she brought it to her mouth, some of the juice landed on her professor's upper arm, painting a pale, nearly invisible track down to his elbow.

Before Snape could wipe it off, Hermione had bent down and kissed the tiny drop away with cool lips.

Snape's breath hitched and the glass landed on the floor.

Hermione moved once more around him and now stood between him and the table. Placing her round little bottom on the surface, she kicked her shoes off and spread jeans-covered legs, shoving her feet to the left and right of Snape's hips. Intently, she stared at him.

"Seduction is an art, Professor. As you know." Like raindrops on an open fire, her words fell into the silence of the room. "I know the others didn't give a damn about it, but I am here to seduce you tonight, and I don't mind at all that you aren't entirely sober. You are more mellow, easier to handle. You are less demanding, and you might allow me to do things you wouldn't under normal circumstances. I'd call that an advantage."

"You are after full marks, I suppose?" Snape asked as he quirked his lips.

"Of course," Hermione answered and sneaked one small foot under his bottom. His smile deepened.

"Full marks only when you orgasm and I orgasm. Together. You know that. Even with a perfectly brewed lust potion, it is not easy to talk me into lovemaking, Miss Granger. Over the years, only a handful of students have managed this task. And due to a little too much grass and wine, I am right now in no condition to do so much as get hard, not to talk about performing a sexual act to its climax."

Her second foot crawled along his leg and ended up in his lap, where it began clawing like a cat might have clawed its favourite blanket.

Snape nearly purred. He enjoyed this little game, she could see that. And under the sole of her foot, she felt his member twitch despite his assurance that it was not to go to happen. "Let that be my concern," she breathed whilst leaning back in order to reach a small saucer. Dipping her fingers into it, she then lasciviously let the dark, warm chocolate hit his nipples.

Snape's eyes widened; his lips parted in anticipation of his best student's next move.

Hermione leaned closer and ran her tongue across the Potions master's collarbone, let it dance lower, circled the hardening little cherry stone of a nipple... and bit him. Just hard enough to make Snape hiss with pleasure.

Then she licked off the chocolate until even the last little bit of darkness was gone from the whiteness of his skin.

Snape's eyes dropped half closed. Under her foot she could feel that his member had grown.

"I laced your wine with my lust potion," Hermione confessed to him, her mouth only inches away from his. "I would like to do my exams tonight, Professor. Really. Let me do it. I... beg you."

Snape considered this for a long moment, twirling Hermione's long hair round and round one of his long fingers. His other hand matter-of-factly sneaked under his dressing gown. One stroke along his member, and he made a decision.

"I need to wake up a bit, then," Snape said lazily and managed to get up on his feet, taking Hermione along with him. He pulled her close and looked down at her, right into her big, brown eyes. "I need a cold shower, I guess. Come with me, Miss Granger."



Snape's bathroom was surprisingly large, and it was unique as well. Where the standard Hogwarts bathroom contained a bathtub, Snape's bathroom had a large shower cubicle instead. The walls were not decorated with cream-coloured tiles, but with grey, raw rocks. It looked more like a cave, to be honest, and it fit the dark wizard perfectly.

Or would have, if he had used it on a more frequent basis, which he quite obviously didn't. Dust covered the sink, dust covered the floor, dust covered every flat surface. There were no towels on the rail and no soap was at hand.

"Goodness," Hermione exclaimed. "Don't you at least shave in the mornings, Professor?"

Snape leaned in the doorway with a frown on his face. "The house-elves should tidy up in here," he admitted. "I use a shaving spell, as I usually have no time for an extensive morning toilet. I have to report to Albus on a regular basis, I have to prepare classes, I have to hunt down the last few Death Eaters, and most of this has to happen before breakfast. I get up long before sunrise, and I am glad if I have the chance to grab something to eat before classes." He took a step and wiped a finger across a shelf, leaving a track on the glass and a dark smear on his fingertip.

Hermione muttered a few words and the dust vanished. Out of thin air she grabbed a bottle of shampoo and liquid soap, sending them straight into the cubicle. Towels, soft and big and fluffy, draped themselves on the rail.

A small step, and she stood behind him. He was nearly two heads taller than she, and so she just slipped her arms round his slender waist in order to open the loosely bound belt. He didn't hinder her.

The belt fell to the basalt floor and the dressing gown opened. Under her palms she felt him breathe, and when her hands moved higher, pushing the velvet aside, she felt his heartbeat as well. It was slow and steady. For the moment.

This time, she used both hands to reveal his shoulders, and slowly she pulled the dark garment down his back and over his arms. Undressing a man was something she really enjoyed doing, even if the man didn't wear much.

Lower the dressing gown slipped, and Hermione held it in her fists in order to delay the process. Otherwise, it would have fallen to the ground by now, and she didn't want that.

His spine could be seen, his hips, and the small of his back. His black hair fell long and lanky over his shoulders, and his skin seemed shockingly white, nearly translucent in comparison with the blackness of it and the darkness of the room. The contrast was an arousing sight.

Caressing him through the velvet by pressing it against his body, she allowed her hands to bring it down over his bum and along his legs where she finally let go. There he stood, naked and still with his back to her, and she breathed a kiss under his left shoulder blade.

Goosebumps appeared; Hermione smiled.

"Well done, Miss Granger," Snape murmured, a fraction of approval in his voice. He didn't turn to her, but stepped into the shower instead. A finger snap and water poured down on him, not in a single beam but like rain out of a heavy cloud.

He shuddered when the splash hit him apparently, it was cold. Then he shook his head and lifted his face into the downpour. He seemed to have forgotten that he was not alone; behaving so completely un-Snape-ish, being so very unimpressed at being watched at such private an act.

"Get in, Miss Granger," he said precisely when Hermione, still standing outside, became uneasy, not knowing what to do. "I can't test you out there."

"Yes, sir," she answered and quickly stepped out of her jeans, her knickers, and her jumper. No bra she hated the things and her breasts were too small anyway.

A heartbeat later and she stood behind him again, this time as naked as he. Both his hands were pressed against the raw stones, his fingers edging along the small cracks as if he wanted to climb up. His head hung low, and he moved his neck under the water. His legs, straight and strong, were slightly spread. "I should shower more often," he murmured contently. "If only I had the time."

Hermione squeezed some shower gel in her hand and began massaging his shoulders. The muscles there were hard and knotty. Digging her fingers into the tender flesh, she added pressure and released him again only to put more strength into it the next time. Kneading, manipulating, aerating it was not easy to work on him, and she had to step closer to get a better grip. The tips of her breasts touched his back, and he took a deep breath when her legs touched his.

Finally, his muscles loosened and she began to massage his neck instead. When his head lolled back and forth, she took shampoo and washed his hair, scrubbed his greasy scalp, put foam and bubbles on him and had it washed away by the water moments later. Lanky and silken and very clean, his strands hung down his back, plastered to his skin. She wiped them away and admired what she had in front of her. Her ink-stained fingertips traced down his spine. "Not a mark on you," she admired. "Your skin is perfect, flawless like a child's. What is that rumour that You-Know-Who tortured his followers? I expected to see scars on you!"

Snape once more allowed the water to splash into his face. "Nonsense. He wouldn't have had any followers if he really had been that bad. He never touched any of us he was a bit squeamish when it came to blood. However, he liked the way people talked about him. And there are scars. Here, see?" Turning his hip, he allowed her to glance down his side, and yes, there were scars. Or rather, wounds. Fresh wounds, cast by long nails.

"That was Lavender!" Hermione exclaimed and touched one of the thin, rosy lines. "I know she likes to scratch Ron always looks as if he's been whipped when he comes out of her bed. And it doesn't bother her that he complains. I hope she failed she shouldn't have hurt you!" Down on one knee she went to get a better look, aware of the fact that now her mouth wasn't that far away from her professor's cock. He only needed to turn a bit more, she only needed to part her lips... but he didn't. Turn, that was. She didn't even see his length, as the scratches started slightly above his hip bone and went down the back of his leg.

A murmured spell; a few sparkles in the dark shower-cave. Hermione pressed her lips on Snape's cool skin and literally kissed him better.

When she leaned back, the scratches were gone. Snape looked down at her, his expression covered by his hair. "A very friendly gesture, Miss Granger," he said, still more mildly than she had ever heard him talk. "I appreciate friendliness; you are one of the few who actually keeps my well-being in mind besides the urge to pass this exam."

Swallowing hard, Hermione circled his knee with both her hands and slipped upwards until her knuckles touched his testicles. In contrast to the rest of his body, he was hairy there; now she dared to raise her eyes as well.

No, he was not even semi-hard. But he wasn't entirely limp, either. With a bit of an effort, she might be able to heat his desire.

Cheekily, she began to soap the sensitive area between his legs, working her way down his legs to his ankles and feet. One toe after the other was touched, one foot after the other caressed.

And up his legs again to his bum. A nice arse he had, small and firm, one buttock for each of her hands. He spread his legs a bit wider to allow her better access, and he definitely cast a moan when she accidentally touched the little hole in between.

She edged closer, palms still on his bum, squeezing rhythmically. "May I perform a charm, Professor?" she asked and sounded a bit shy. "I would like to change my appearance in order to give you pleasure. To arouse you. Please?"

"Go ahead," Snape murmured. "Extra points for initiative, as you know." Was his voice a little bit hoarse? Did he press his bottom into her hands?

Hermione closed her eyes and concentrated. She had performed this spell often so she would be used to the change and to be able to do it when needed. She could do it with and without wand, but she had never changed whilst not being alone. "*Dissimulo Mutatis*," she finally managed after she had cleared her throat, and changed.

She was taller now, and stronger. Her shoulders were broader, her chest flat, and there was stubble on her chin. Her long, bushy hair was short, even spiky under the water. She also had a cock now. *Dissimulo Mutatis* changed the gender of the one who performed the charm. "Do you mind?" she asked, and her voice was darker and rougher than before.

Snape threw his head back and laughed with delight. "Brave action, Miss Granger, I must admit. And a first no one has ever done this much to arouse me. Honestly, I

might have underestimated your determination to do this exam tonight!"

Carefully, she pushed her professor against the rocks and heard him gasp with anticipation. "Research," she murmured in his ear. "I know what you like and what you don't. I've got a file about you, two inches thick." Trembling, she pressed the full length of her body against his; determined, she slithered her slippery hands along his arms until their fingers were entwined. She was only slightly less tall than him now; her groin was at a perfect level for entering him.

"Allow me to continue," she begged and moved her pelvis. As she had been aroused and wet before the change, she was hard now. "I know you had other plans for this evening, but..."

"Go ahead," Snape said again and added, now with a definitely hoarse voice, "You've got a cock now, so use it!"

He was slippery from the soap mixed with water, and it was easier than she had expected to penetrate him with one smooth push as he had slapped their entwined right hands on his buttock and spread himself, awaiting her, encouraging her. "Yes!" he hissed when she entered him, and she nibbled his exposed neck whilst pushing on, deeper inside him.

Cold rain on her skin no, water, but it felt like rain, streaming out of a dark, star-less sky. Each drop was an icy reminder to move fast in order to stay warm; each thrust forced a small groan out of her throat and proved how much she was enjoying this.

Slowly she went, and carefully she thrust. She wasn't entirely at home in this changed body of hers, and she didn't know how hard he liked it.

Harder than she was going, apparently. "Less hesitant, Miss Granger," he ordered and sank his strong fingers into the flesh of her bottom, urging her on. "I'm not made of glass; I expect your full attention. You won't break me, I assure you!"

Right then, if he wanted it harder and faster, he would get it harder and faster. She increased the speed and used her full weight to pin him to the scratchy wall.

Gods, that's good, she thought and buried her fingers in his long hair, pulling his head back.

He liked it. A lot. He moved with her, his body and hers fitting perfectly. By the way he gasped and yelped each time her hips hit his arse, she could easily tell that he was lost in pleasure, enjoyed this as much as she did.

She would make him come, and she would come herself in the male version of her body. For the first time in her life she would spill seed, she would...

"Stop!" Not a harsh demand, but an outcry, and Hermione stopped in mid-movement.

"You... retreat! Now!" Heavy was his heartbeat, fast, nearly racing. His chest moved as if he'd just ran a marathon. Joined at one single point, he threw his head back and rested it against her forehead for a small moment. Hair, black, wet hair brushed across her skin and landed between her lips. It tasted of the shampoo she had used to wash it; it tasted sweet and bitter and salty.

Gently, reluctantly, she did as ordered and stepped back until her back touched the shower door.

Snape sunk to his knees. His hair was long enough to touch the bottom; both hands were pressed against the dark stones of the ground. Water landed on his back, laved down his sides and arms and legs. He was still breathing hard, and it cost him a minute or more to recover enough to turn around and lean against the rocks.

Involuntarily, Hermione's gaze was drawn to his middle, and her eyes widened. The rumours from the few who had successfully passed the test had been true: what Snape possessed was impressive, to say the least. And he was very... aroused now.

"Damn it, girl," Snape exclaimed, sounding exhausted as well as excited and annoyed. "You fucked me hard, and now I have no excuse anymore not to examine you. I did have other plans for tonight to lay in bed in peace and quietness was the main part of it."

Hermione flashed him a cute little smirk. "I can be quiet, if you like," she said and admired what she saw. Without thinking, she took the shower gel once more, dropped to her knees and knelt between his. Touching him, arousing him even more, she rubbed the flowery-fragranced liquid into his skin in a most languid way.

Snape stopped her. "We will both spill if you continue like that," he observed dryly. His eyes, though, were roaming over her body, and he nodded once more his approval. "Very imaginative, to use this particular spell to change your gender. You look like a male version of yourself; like your own twin. How did you know..."

"... that you like to be stimulated that way?" she continued. Her hair, short like a stubble field, could neither hide her hungry eyes nor the slight red that crept in her cheeks. Snape's cock lay strong and large, snuggled against his lower abdomen no way to avoid this sight. Wonderful to feel it under her hands. "Research, remember? I talked to Charlie Weasley. He told me you really enjoy gay intercourse. And Katie Holmes said you don't mind to be persuaded into love-making as long as it is done... in an irresistible way."

Longingly, Snape stroked with soapy hands along her arms and hands. After too short a while, he then placed one long, reluctant finger on Hermione's nose and said, "*Finite Incantatem*," watching her closely whilst she changed back into her female form. Her hands became smaller, her hair grew, and her face lost its male attributes. Flesh melted to nothingness; muscles turned to femininity. Where there was a flat chest moments ago, there now were two small, but perfect breasts with nipples the size of Knuts. "Certainly irresistible," he murmured and switched off the water with a small jerk of his head. "But I not only prefer you in your female form, it is mandatory as well if you want to pass this test. Everybody comes into my bed as him- or herself. No Polyjuice. No beauty charms. No invisibility cloak. Potter tried it, to no avail. So do you want to continue?"

Hermione wiped her once more long, wet hair out of her face and dragged her tongue in one go from Snape's bellybutton up to his throat. "Yes, sir," she whispered in his ear and kissed the tender spot right underneath it. "As you said, I... I made you hard. It would be a shame to waste this, don't you agree?" A second kiss to his jaw. A tentative stroke along the inside of his thigh.

Snape needed a few attempts to free himself from her in order to get up. Tall and lean, he stood before her, his cock only slightly pulled down by gravity. Its tip just touched her side. "There are a few rules here," he stated and took her hand. "The two most important ones you know: the examinee must be of age, and he or she must not be a virgin."

Stepping out of the shower, she handed her professor a towel and wrapped his dressing gown around herself. "I know," she said and dried her hair with a charm. Then she dried his as well and was stunned that actually all he needed was some water and soap and shampoo to turn into a damn good looking although still crooked-nosed man. "I am of age, as you know. I am not a virgin. Why is the latter so important?"

Snape, still holding her hand, pushed open the bathroom door and led his student to his bedroom. There, he sat on the bed, keeping the towel round his waist and pinning her in between his bony knees. "Lust potion and virginity is an awful combination," he explained. "I would be bound to the student I shagged under those preconditions. Impossible, of course, as I have to test around fifty students each year. There are spells that tell me if a student is of age or a virgin as well as spells that prevent conception."

"I see," she replied thoughtfully. "And are there rules you haven't told me about yet?"

"I don't kiss," Snape said and took one of her nipples between his sharp, white teeth. Apparently, he was able to brush them, at least every now and then.

Hermione whimpered when said teeth began to nibble around her aureole and when his tongue, rough as a cat's tongue, licked her own tiny little hardness. To move inside him without reaching a climax had been most disappointing; now, she considered it not too bad an idea that he had stopped her. At least this would go on for a little while. "Is there another reason that you told me to retreat in the shower?" she managed whilst he took care of her second nipple.

The fingers of his hand found a gap in the garment and now searched for the juicy fruit between her legs. "I didn't want to come," he said and traced a muscle at the inner side of her thigh upwards. Curly, damp pubic hair greeted him. "It is very rare that I enjoy this; the few times I do, I have every intention to make the test last as long as possible."

Hermione's eyelids grew heavy; for some reason, thinking became unwelcome and annoying with those fingers down there, fingers that were neither inexperienced, nor clumsy, nor bruised from broom handling. Slender, strong, skilled fingers. Fingers that knew where to go and what to do. "You... you kissed Charlie," she bit out through gritted teeth in order not to yell the words.

"Charlie Weasley had a crush on me," Snape stated. Suddenly, his fingers stopped exploring. "And his potion was remarkable; so I made an exception. Once. Kissing is far too personal to be performed under exam conditions." Down his hand slid, along her leg, where it removed itself after a last little stroke.

When she looked at him in surprise and disappointment, she saw that his eyes were hard and cool, his lips thin, his features adamant. The coldness of the shower had done its deed he was not stoned anymore, nor drunk.

Hermione didn't like it. So she dropped the dressing gown and stood before him naked. A sharp snap from her fingers brought the joint, which lay forgotten on his bedside table, between her waiting fingers. A quick waggle from her wrist, and it glowed again. "Professor," she said firmly, and placed her other hand under his chin. "This is my exam, is that correct?"

"Yes," he replied, alert.

"Then I can do it my way?"

"Of course. You won't have anyone else to blame for success or failure but yourself." Curious.

"I won't kiss you," she promised, took a toke from the joint, bent over, and pressed her lips to his.

At first, he seemed too surprised to react, to push her away. Then, her little hand snatched the towel away and grabbed the wonderful hardness of his cock. A flick, and she had the head revealed.

Snape gasped, and thus parted his lips.

Hermione breathed out; breathed the smoke she had held in her mouth deep into his lungs.

The dope kicked in again quickly, and he just melted in her arms. Every muscle got limp, every joint lost its hold; his head fell back, his body followed, and slowly, like an ice drop rolling down a chilled glass, he fell backward onto the sheets of his bed. His cock, as if affected as well, shrank to half its former size.

Eyes glazy, lips smiling, he breathed, "Counterproductive, missy. I just sobered up in the shower, and now you pushed me over the edge again. I won't... be able... to..."

"Let that be my concern," Hermione whispered once more and sat on his legs. "I got you hard once, I will manage it again. It's just that I don't want you sober," she clarified. "I want you to let me do to you what I want. Being stoned, you will acquiesce easier to anything I suggest."

He chuckled softly and fished the joint out of her fingers. Thoughtfully, he twisted it a couple of times before he filled his lungs with more herbal smoke. "What? You plan to torment me? Torture me?" Shifting his hips, he made her bounce once.

"I will make you scream," Hermione answered matter-of-factly and bent down to bite him. "Charlie told me a few things; you allowed him a lot more than you normally do during this test. I will have you my way, Professor."

Snape stretched and dropped the joint onto the floor. "He got me drunk," he said, his voice slightly slurred. "Took me out for dinner and filled me up with French wine and Swiss chocolate. His potion was strong; I didn't have a chance." Lazily, he cupped one of Hermione's small breasts with one big hand. "Besides, I desired him. Which is why I kissed him absolutely everywhere. And if you want to have me your way, you will have to tie me up."

"No problem," she assured him and summoned two silken scarves.



Carefully testing the strength of his bindings, Snape turned his wrists, which were bound to the bedposts. "No handcuffs?" he asked idly, and Hermione shook her head.

"They might break your skin if you decided to fight against them," she pointed out. "Scarves do the trick just as well." One last knot and her professor was unable to use his hands any longer. He lay stretched out on his bed with hooded eyes, fully exposed to his student and her lust and her ideas of what to do with him.

His member began to harden again, maybe just at the sheer thought of that, and because Hermione saw it, she decided a blowjob would be a good way to start this. So she took his too limp cock, placed the fingers of one hand around its shaft, waggled her other hand and held the saucer with the chocolate in it a heartbeat later.

Snape's eyebrows shot up. "Sweeten the taste?" he mocked.

"Turning you into a candy stick," she clarified and poured the chocolate into his belly button.

Snape sighed with delight, low and deep. When Hermione's tongue began licking the chocolate like a cat licking milk, he tried to escape. "Tickles!" he managed between giggles.

Hermione looked up at him. In the corner of her mouth hung dark, sweet drops. Her tongue was not rosy, but chocolate-coloured. She rasped it across his lower abdomen and brushed her hair over his sleeping length.

More chocolate, warm and liquid, hit his skin. She emptied the whole saucer this time, dropped sweet temptation all over him from throat to toes. A pattern was painted criss-cross all over him, and finally, she threw away the saucer and began to lick properly.

First his throat and neck, after she had nudged up his chin.

Then his hairless, smooth chest and those delicate nipples, which hardened so easily. Spending a considerable amount of time biting and nibbling and teasing, she even used her fingers to twist the chocolate-slippery buds until her victim began to meow like a kitten. "Luckily, I used silk, not iron," she stated, as she saw him twisting his wrist in an endless circle. "It would have been a shame to harm this perfect skin. I will certainly have a strong word with Lavender, scratching you so badly. Or better, scratching you at all."

"You sound as if I'm your possession," Snape murmured and tried to bring his groin closer to her eager mouth. "You sound as if... Gods! Yes!!"

Eventually, her mouth had found his cock, dripping with liquid chocolate and topped with precum. *Perfect combination in taste and looks*, she mused silently his member was definitely not sleeping anymore. It had grown to its full size, and it was bobbing slightly, craving attention. More attention, that was. More tongue and teeth; more pressure, more licking. *Sweet and salty*, Hermione thought and showed her professor that her mouth had other uses than babbling all the time.

Not too long and Snape rocked his hips, thus thrusting his cock against the roof of her mouth. Groaning loudly, he gave clear indication that dope and sex didn't necessarily exclude each other. And to top it, he managed to give her instructions as well. "Take me in deeper, Miss Granger," he gasped when she considered it time for a break, and, "Rather suck than bite now, or I will spill into your mouth and that... Yay! Harder!"

It took her a wonderful little eternity to lick him clean, and when she was done, she was bathed in sweat, and he was so hard it looked painful. "On top of me!" Snape ordered and tried once more to free his hands. He could have used magic, of course, but she knew that he only did that if he wanted to end a test as fast as possible. Which currently was not the case.

Hermione sat up and knelt above him, legs spread wide. Although she wasn't a virgin anymore Viktor had done a passable job on that matter she didn't know how to continue. She was on her back, usually, the boys in her life being far too anxious to lose their assumed power upon her than to let her ride them.

"Instructions, Professor. Please!" She begged, and was aware of it, but Snape just smiled at her encouragingly. It seemed as if he was teacher even under such unusual circumstances, and although this was a test, tying the tester to his bed was certainly nothing that happened to him on a daily basis.

"Just lower yourself and take me inside," Snape murmured, staring at the light-brown, bushy hair between his student's trembling legs. "Don't lose your confidence now; you've done exceptionally well so far, and you will be able to finish this to both our satisfaction."

Friendly, gentle words, laced with the need to be thoroughly fucked. *What an intriguing combination*, Hermione thought and brought her hand between her legs, wrapping her still chocolaty fingers around the base of her professor's eager member. She lifted it up, surprised at the weight of it, and experimentally brushed the glittering head against her equally glistening curls.

Snape growled in anticipation and wrapped his fists around the scarves, pulling hard.

Hermione, though, was busy playing, until heat shot through her, beginning at her teacher's cock, going right into her wet cave and up, along her spine, across her breasts and into her lips.

She licked them and slowly, so slowly lowered herself until she could feel him dilate her channel.

Lower. Deeper. Still moving slowly.

It took her a while to take him in, that was certain. He was well built and she didn't have that much experience, but finally, pushing once more, she squeaked with delight. "Gods, you're big!" she exclaimed and began to move her bottom, though not too much so she could enjoy this most exquisite sensation.

"Speed up a bit," Snape murmured and met her with gentle pushes. "Just a bit. Just enough... That's it. Perfect!"

"It... is... Goodness, that's good!"

"Told you so," Snape said with a smile. "Now put your hands on my chest... right, like that... then let me slip nearly out of you before you... Ah! Precisely! You are a fast learner, Miss Granger!"

"Always have been, and you know that!" she snapped. She was shagging him fast now and was sure she would manage to make them both come or at least him... Something wasn't right. Something didn't feel as good as it should. What had been wonderful a moment ago had become tiresome and boring.

He freed his hands with a silent spell and they landed on her hips, stopping her movement. Again he had interrupted her, but this time, despite the drugs, he looked genuinely curious. "Have you ever had an orgasm, Miss Granger?" he asked tenderly, whilst his large hands almost encircled her small waist, his fingertips meeting at the small of her back.

Sweating, confused, needy, and unsatisfied, she shook her head and bit her lips so no information slipped out unintentionally.

Snape sat up with her on his lap and with his hardness still buried inside her. The sensation that washed through her was so much more pleasurable than the last few moments of hopping up and down his length that she sighed with relief.

"It is obvious that none of your lovers have managed to make you come," he said, the silk now on his tongue and in his words. "You don't know how a climax feels, and therefore, you don't know how to reach it."

"I'm sorry," she said and dropped her gaze, suddenly and for the first time in hours embarrassed. With a quick move, she let him slip out and rolled away from him, heading for the edge of the bed.

A fast, strong hand caught her wrist and held her back just before her bottom would have left the sheets. "You're not going anywhere," Snape growled and pulled. She half flew back into bed and landed on his chest. "This is a test, Miss Granger, but I am here to teach you as well. We want our students to be fit for life, and brewing a lust potion is just as necessary as certain bedroom skills. Of what use is a witch who despises sex, simply because she never had an enjoyable enough experience?"

"No good at all," Hermione whispered.

"Precisely. And although most of my students leave here unsatisfied, they still will manage in the world as they know that it is highly unlikely to stumble across someone more displeasing than me." Pulling her close, he stared into her eyes, penetrating her mind with his piercing gaze as he had earlier penetrated her body. "I feel it is entirely different with you," he breathed and hooked one finger under the necklace she was wearing. "I think you desire me, like Charlie Weasley had desired me. I believe you are not only here because of your exam, but because you really, really want me, too. Am I correct?"

"Yes," she answered. "During classes, I undress you with my eyes. During meals, I imagine devouring you. At night, I fall asleep with images of you lying naked in my bed. I'm sorry, Professor."

"You don't have to apologise for lack of experience, Miss Granger, nor for wanting me," Snape said and flipped her onto her back whilst pinning her down with one long leg. "You were thoughtful, gentle, bold, and used the most imaginative ways to seduce me." One pale hand started to stroke at her throat and ran down to her Venus hill. Resting there, it drove her half mad by simply seeping heat into her. "Whereas your friends are happy to get out of here as fast as possible, I think you might break with disappointment if we don't turn this night into something special for both of us. Unacceptable, of course."

"What is?" she asked and arched her back against the flat of his hand.

"That you leave here unsatisfied; that you leave me unsatisfied," the Potions master murmured and stroked upwards until he had reached her necklace again. It was a string of tiny pearls made of silver, and when Snape tugged at it, he found they were beaded on elastic. A dreamy smile curved his lips. "Take it off," he ordered, and she obeyed.

Dangling it in front of her eyes, he then touched her full lips and her cheekbones with the piece of jewellery. Her eyes never left his. "Do you know why you didn't reach your climax whilst being on top of me?" he asked, meanwhile tickling her breast with the beads.

She managed a "No." Barely.

"Because it's not the best position to have your G-spot stimulated; especially not if you don't know where exactly your G-spot is and how it feels to have it stroked." Lower the beads went, the necklace entwined in his fingers and his fingers cheekily dancing over her heated skin. She could see his eyes shining with mischief and desire. She could feel his cock pressed against her thigh. She felt his fingertips at her hipbone, the smooth surface of the silver beads singing wicked promises into her ears.

"Don't misunderstand me, Miss Granger," Snape purred and began stroking himself now. "For a woman it can be very satisfactory to ride a man to his climax. It's just that the missionary position is a lot more suitable if the woman in question has yet to understand how an orgasm feels."

A small noise distracted her, and she managed to rip her eyes away from the delicate structure of his jaw *What is he doing*, she thought and felt movement at her leg where his hand with the beads was and where his member was and where he...

Good Merlin, he was winding the necklace around his length!

Hermione's mouth fell open and she shifted her hips in order to get a better view. With one practised hand he stretched the elastic only to let it snap tight against his most private body part, again and again until his cock was covered with pearls. Silvery little gems decorated him. They sparkled in the candlelight. "How stoned are you really?" she couldn't hinder herself from asking and reached out to touch this mysterious male artefact which appeared now so very, very different from any other male artefact she had ever seen so far.

"Very stoned," he said with a grin and slipped on top of her, carrying his weight on his elbows. "Your legs go round my hips, lady. Position yourself, so I can enter you."

Hermione just did what she was told. She was used to obeying orders, as she was a good girl and always eager to learn something new. Besides, there was a hollow ache deep inside her that needed to be filled. One leg went up, then the other, and she hooked her ankles behind his bum.

Thinking of the bum in question made her smile. Remembering the feeling of moving inside him caused her to spread her legs wider and to press up and against him.

Feeling him slipping inside her, covered with the string of pearls she had bought at a fair last September made her yelp. *And feeling* those exact beads, the ones she usually wore around her neck, brushing against her ominous, mysterious, damnably hard-to-find G-spot for the first time made her scream out loud.

Snape laughed breathlessly and pushed deeper, shoved one arm under her head and pulled her as close as possible.

Then he shagged her until they both screamed, until they both came, until she lay shivering and trembling underneath him whilst he lay on top of her, kissing her throat all the while gradually going soft inside her.



In the early hours of the morning, Severus Snape had his head rested against the headboard of his bed. His student had her head rested on his stomach. Finally, they were sated. Finally, all desires were stilled. It only had taken them most of the night.

"You were right. Riding you is most satisfactory," Hermione stated and fed him a green grape. Juice ran down his chin and he wiped it off with a lazy move.

"Not many have found that out so far." He smirked, but it was a tired smirk. Well, it had been a long night.

She plucked another big, ripe grape, this time a blue one, and popped it into her own mouth. "All that counts is that I have found out," she said and turned her head so she could look at him. "I feel like the cat that ate the cream."

He snorted with amusement. "You definitely licked me thoroughly enough. An interesting move, using liquid chocolate as body paint." Slipping a bit lower, he closed his eyes. Yes, it definitely had been a long night. "As much as I regret having to say this, you need to go now," he murmured. "I need at least two hours of sleep if I am supposed to teach in the morning."

Hermione considered the options out aloud. "It already is morning. We could shower together, and whilst you get dressed I can order breakfast."

"Nice idea, but with you in my shower I won't get to wash myself," Snape grumbled. There was a pensive subnote in his voice indicating that he had considered her attempt to seduce him once more, only once more, a worthy option.

Instead, he forced his eyes open and cupped her cheek. The silver beads were wrapped around his wrist now and looked innocent. "You failed, you know that. I mean, you didn't expect to get any points whatsoever for your potion?"

With big, brown, innocent eyes she met his glare. "Of course I failed," she answered. "And I would have told you that I didn't put any Lust Potion in your wine. Eventually. But... how did you know?"

The most feared Potions master in the western world especially when it came to brewing and bedroom skills fell back into his pillows and laughed. "You really thought I wouldn't know if there was any kind of potion in anything I eat or drink? Who do you think I am? Fudge? My wine wasn't laced. You didn't use any potions. Your seduction skills are perfect, but I can't judge on your potion brewing."

A grin spread over Hermione's face. "Should have known," she said. "I wanted you, and I wanted you without the help of a potion. Seduction is the main part of this test, and it is much more complicated than chucking together a few ingredients and counting the right amount of stirs and counterstirs."

Snape still chuckled. "I am certain your fellow students would disagree."

"My fellow students including my friends are idiots," Hermione stated dryly. "They honestly thought that because they have girlfriends they turned into sex-gods overnight. At the moment, they believe that they will never have the need to seduce their own wives nor to learn how to get someone interested in lovemaking who isn't in the mood for it. I can brew you most potions without even looking at the brewing instructions. So I decided it would be more important and challenging to go for the seducing part."

"Which is the reason why you won't get any points for this night," Snape countered. "If you had given me a weak potion, or even a worthless one, I could bend the rules a bit, but as it is no potion, no points."

Hermione stretched and clawed her short nails first into the sheet, then around her professor's exposed throat, pulling him down. "I think I will need some help brewing this potion," she said with a smile. "Do you by any chance give private lessons?"

"Maybe," Snape replied and kissed her.