

A Physics Lesson

by squirrelhappy121

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's notes have been added throughout the text, even though it is against the rules.

Severus Snape (*a/n drool! I can't believe I've managed to all ready work in his name. He is sooo sexy, you know? Especially Alan Rickman. My God*).sat at his desk, accompanied by his best friend and closest confidant, Lusious Malfoy. A long line of women stretched out in front of the desk, waiting for Severus to shag them senseless.

"Hi," said the witch who was next in line, batting her eyes incessantly.

"Do you have something in your eye?" Severus snapped, crossing his arms over his strong, muscular chest.

"Definitely NOT," Lusious said, shuttering visibly. "Her hair is not blonde, her eyes are not blue, she is at least three pounds heavier than one hundred, and look at her breasts! A clear C cup! Definitely NOT good enough," he repeated, shaking his head.

The woman was dismissed with a wave of Severus's hand, and she sobbed loudly as she left the office. "Next!" Lucious called out.

"Professor Snape?" came the timid voice of Hermione Granger.

"Oh, so you came to act out your student/teacher fantasies, did you?" Luscious sneered at her.

"No..." she replied, confused. "I was having trouble with my Potions homework and I came for help..."

"Definitely NOT," Lucius said, ignoring her. "Look at her! Her hair is frizzy, her teeth aren't perfectly white, and her clothes! They are two sizes too big, NOT the required two sizes too small. And the all important breasts..." Lushus held a hand to his eyes. "There aren't any! Definitely NOT good enough," he proclaimed, and he waved his hand to get her to leave.

"But my essay..." Hermione repeated, her eyes watering with the force of the insults.

"You heard the man!" Severus roared. His voice was barely more than a whisper, but it held all the power that a man of his sexiness possessed. *./n don't you think it's hot that he can roar in a whisper? oohh...*

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Hermione wasn't sure what had just happened, but she was sure of one thing. Lulusius Malfoy thought that she wasn't good enough for Professor Snape. Well, she'd show them....

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Winter break had come and gone. Severus entered his N. E. W. T. Potions class, pinching the bridge of his generous nose. Oh, why did he have to teach such dunderheads?

Glancing over his class, he barely restrained a double take as his eyes fell on the front row seat that Hermione Granger used to sit. A drooling Ron Weasley's eyes were drawn to her generous chest, and she was disdainfully pushing his head away as she applied an extra coat of lip gloss to her all ready shining lips. Flipping her slightly curling brown hair over one shoulder, she turned her attention to him.

Severus slowly closed his mouth. It really *was* Hermione Granger. Over the winter break, she had certainly blossomed. He hadn't thought it possible to go up four breast sizes in one month, but he supposed it wasn't impossible... Her hair, he knew, could be tamed with excessive Sleakeazy's, and he supposed she might have lost her luggage on the way over, causing her to have to borrow Ginny Weasley's (*a/n Ginny is such a slut. She's like, my least favorite character. I hope she dies in the last book.* robes. But this transformation...it couldn't be possible...

Clearing his head, he checked role, sneered and snarled at the class for a few minutes, and asked a question about gingerroot.

Hermione's hand slowly sauntered up into the air, causing her shirt to rise a few inches up off her stomach, exposing delightfully tanned flesh on a toned belly. Severus swallowed, and called on her. Her answer was stated in a low, husky voice, which caused him to swallow once again. What happened to the bookish know-it-all?

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Later that night, he was grading papers in his office when a knock sounded on his door. "Enter," he growled softly.

Hermione squirmed her way into his classroom, a heavy Muggle textbook in her hand. "Hello, sir," she greeted in a husky voice. He grunted a response, and gusted to the chair in front of him. She pulled it close so he was getting a good look of her cleavage through the open buttons of her shirt.

"I know you're just the Potions master," she purred, "but I have long regarded you as the smartest man in Hogwarts. I've been doing some Muggle Studies in my free time, and I have a question about my... Physics." Her voice was low and seductive, and she regarded him over her long black lashes.

Glancing at her over the book, he growled, "Oh, I'll show YOU about horizontal displacement, Miss Granger." *&/n squee! I wish MY Physics teacher was Professor Snape!*

In a flurry that afterwards, neither of them knew who initiated, Hermione found herself pinned to the wall behind the desk, her lips pressed against the Potions masters'.

"Oh, Professor," she moaned, kissing him deeper. She tangled her hands into his hair, and found it wasn't greasy! It was just really soft and silky! And his eyes, she thought to herself, sinking into their depths, weren't really black, but dark brown! And those other women, she realized with a sinking heart, had not been there for tutoring. They had been there because he was a total Sex God, to which she could not compete.

He didn't seem to mind, however, as he ripped open her shirt, the buttons springing to all corners of the room. One of them bounced off a portrait of Galileo, which cried out sharply. He made similarly short work of her skirt, which was soon pooled about their feet.

"No," he whispered hoarsely against her as she lifted her hands to unbutton his shirt. "Our coupling must be magical. Come, let me take you to my chambers," he insisted, before lifting her body up and throwing her over his shoulder easily. (*a/n I just luuuurve muscular men!*)

Depositing her easily on the bed, he quickly ran his wand over both of them, causing their remaining clothes to flee from their bodies. Hermione gasped at his erection. "Professor," she whispered, her eyes wide. "I... I don't think that will fit..."

He smirked, before lowering himself to her vagina, which was all ready slick and wet with her arousal.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, her eyes heavily lidded. *&/n this is how everyone describes it. I think I like it!*

"Don't you know how it is supposed to be?" he asked tenderly. "I must give you several orgasms. The goal is to receive the most possible before penetration."

Hermione shrugged, and four minutes and seven seconds later, she was shivering, shaking, and spasming *&/n my English teacher in like, seventh grade or something said this is an alliteration, just so you know!* in a tremendous orgasm.

"Please," Severus rasped, positioning himself in front of her opening, "let me enter you."

"Yeah, sure, whatever," she replied, wrapping her hands around the arms positioned on either side of her.

The pain was not great at all, and soon both of them were moving and gyrating against each other in a great fury. It was a moment later when they both orgasmed at the same time, sharing themselves to the best of their abilities.

"Miss Granger...Hermione," Severus panted out a few moments later.

"Yes, Severus," she replied, staring him full into his dark brown / black eyes.

"I promise I will give up my life as a Sex God if you will only agree to marry me," he begged, taking her hand in his.

"Oh, Severus," she replied. "Of course I will marry you!"

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Twelve years later, they both watched as their first born daughter had the Sorting Hat placed on her head. They had come a long way...Hermione was now the Charms professor, and they had three daughters, all with long, Latin sounding names. Of course, they had been living in complete domestic bliss the entire time. The only bump came when Voldemort had attempted to hex Hermione's family. Of course Severus would not take this and promptly killed him, regardless of any ridiculous prophesy that said Potter must do it.

"Ravenclaw!" the hat called out loudly. But, of course, EVERYONE knew that a child with their combined intelligence would end up in Ravenclaw.

Severus and Hermione promptly began to make out at the Head Table, and Dumbledore had to call off the rest of the meal.

Author's Note: Haha, I hoped you liked that. It was in response to the Ho!Mione challenge.

Misspelled words: (in reverse order)

rediculous: ridiculous

luuuurve: love

gestured: gestured

insessently: incessantly

sooo: so

shuttering: shuddering

Lusious/Lucious/Lushus/Lusius: Lucius

All ready: already

A travesty, I know.