

What A Week I'm Having

by Pearle

My response to the Wiktt Bondage Challenge. "Four more days. That's all I have to put up with you for. Four. More. Days. And then I can kiss Hogwarts and YOU goodbye." Hermione was yelling at him. But a lot can happen in four days and Hermione Granger and Severus Snape are about to find out just how much things can change in four days.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway

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### **Monday**

The door to his office slammed shut. It had been a horrendous day. Why was he still teaching those dunderheads?

'You know why your still here. You're here because *SHE* is here. Did you see what she was wearing today?' Snape told the voice in his head to bugger off. His trousers were already getting uncomfortable at the thought of what she had on.

The little witch, her robes were partially open and the jumper she was wearing underneath was visible. The low 'V' neck did nothing to hide her cleavage. And Merlin, he could see the outline of her nipples, hard in the cold air of the dungeons. His trousers were growing tighter by the minute just thinking of her luscious breasts.

He could not go on like this. He sank into his office chair with a groan and covered his face with his hands.

The silence was disturbed by the sound of his door flying open and hitting the back wall. "You son of a bitch. Twenty points. Twenty points? Did you *want* his cauldron to blow up? Next time, I hope it does blow up, and takes you with it!" Hermione stood in front of the desk, eyes blazing, hands on her hips. Her breathing was ragged, her cheeks tinged with red.

"You were told not to help him! It is all well and good if you want to tutor him a bit, but will you be there to save him every time he prepares a potion?" Severus roared back at the angry witch.

"I. Was. Helping him." Hermione enunciated each word as if speaking to a three year old.

Snape glared at Hermione. He was furious with her. "I told you not to help him in class! And then, you question my authority? You just continued to let your mouth run on."

"You weren't even listening to me when I tried to explain." Her glare matched his. Hermione mimicked a very snide version of Snape's voice. *Miss Granger, why are you talking when I haven't granted you permission?*

"You were not given permission to talk."

"Given permission? Given permission? Who the hell do you think you are?" Hermione's voice was shrill. Snape thought to cast a silencing charm, lest any one hear him arguing with the head girl.

"I believe I am the Potions master at this school, and I will dictate what will go on in my classroom. Is that understood, or perhaps you would like to lose another twenty points for Gryffindor?" His voice was low and silky but carried the unmistakable tone of someone who would not stand for being disobeyed.

"You wouldn't."

"Would you care to try me and see?"

"Then I believe we have nothing further to say to each other, Professor Snape." She turned to leave but was unable to disarm the wards on the door. Her words held a mocking tone. "Do you mind, *Sir?*"

Snape gave a deep sigh. This was not how he wanted to spend what limited time he had with her. "Hermione, we have so little time together as it is. I can think of quite a few things we can be doing with our time."

"Will you restore the points to Gryffindor?"

"You were told not to help. I did not need any further explanations. That was the whole point." Snape had walked around the desk to stand in front of her. He wanted to hold her. Taste her. Run his hands slowly up and down her body until she moaned with need of him.

"Will you restore the points to Gryffindor?"

"No. I can't do that."

Hermione was furious. "Do you intend to keep me hostage? I have studies to attend to, Professor."

"Hermione." He was caressing her arm, trying to get her to see reason. The other hand slowly slid around the edge of her breast to caress the hard peak he found there.

She pushed his hands aside. "I would like to leave now."

"Fine!" Snape unwarded the door. "You are free to go, Miss Granger. I am sure you have a great deal of studying to do. After all, NEWTs are tomorrow. And another thirty points from Gryffindor, for impertinence," his voice was cold. He had returned to his desk and was pulling a stack of essays towards him.

"Thirty points more!" she shrieked. He had deducted a total of fifty points!

"I suggest you leave before I am forced to take even more points from your precious Gryffindor, Miss Granger." Anger radiated from him.

"If I were you, I would watch where you go, Professor. I'll get back at you, you know."

"Miss Granger," his tone was threatening.

"Four more days. That's all I have to put up with you for. Four. More. Days. And then I can kiss Hogwarts and YOU goodbye." Hermione was yelling at him. Her voice was raw with emotion. Tears were welling up in her eyes. His remarks had hurt her. She did not want him to see her cry, to know how much he might really mean to her. She was unable to stop a single tear from slipping down her cheek as she turned and quickly left his office.

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Hermione stormed through the hallway. Whether she knew it or not, she was doing a pretty good impersonation of Snape. A snarl was on her lips, her face set in a frown, and her robes billowed out menacingly behind her. She was furious, her thoughts in turmoil. 'God, I hate that man! What in bloody hell did I ever see in him? How could I have ever thought I loved him? Fifty points! Fifty points! He will pay for that, if it is the last thing I do.'

She had reached the Gryffindor common room. "Snap dragons," she yelled at the painting.

"Really, my dear, you don't have to be so rude," said the fat lady.

Hermione was in no mood to be crossed. She drew her wand and pointed it menacingly at the painting. "Perhaps you would be happier if I turned you into a postage stamp?"

"Well, I never!" Came the startled reply, but the portrait swung open just to be safe.

The students looked up as she entered the common room. They had heard the commotion in the hallway. Harry and Ron were sitting in front of the fire playing a game of Wizard's Chess. Harry could see something was really upsetting her. "Hermione, are you okay? What's wrong?"

"What's wrong? I hate him. That's what's wrong. I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!" Her voice got louder with each pronouncement of her feelings.

Ron looked bewildered. "Hate who?"

Harry had an idea, but did not think it was wise to ask in the crowded common room. It was just then that Hermione noticed they were playing chess. "You're playing Wizard's Chess? We have NEWTs tomorrow and you are playing Wizard's Chess? We graduate on Friday, or have you two forgotten?" She was screaming at them. Striking out at everyone and anyone.

Harry tried to be reasonable. "Hermione, we have been studying all afternoon. We're just taking a short break. Calm down."

"Fine. Go ahead. Destroy your lives. I am going up to study." She stormed up the stairs to her room.

Ron was shaking his head. "She's gone mental, that one."

Harry agreed as they returned to their game.

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## Tuesday

Breakfast was not a pleasant affair this morning. The first of the NEWT exams for the seventh year students would be given this morning. The remaining NEWTs would be held on Wednesday. The students were using what little time they had left trying to review notes.

"What is the third step in transfiguring the pin cushion, flick left or right? What charm is used to create mass in an object?" Neville's voice was fearful. Sure he would fail all of his exams.

"Really, Neville, it's right here in the notes. Use a *Substantive Charm* to create mass, and the third step is to rotate the wrist. You do not flick until the fourth step." Hermione was annoyed. She had been telling them all year to study. They would start testing in a half hour. It was too late now.

Hermione suddenly felt his eyes on her. She looked up at the head table and met Snape's stare. His expression was closed. She looked back down at her notes, still too angry to deal with him.

The Headmaster stood up. "Your attention, please." The noise in the Great hall died down as Dumbledore continued. "In a few minutes, our fifth year students will be taking their OWLs, and our seventh year students will begin their NEWTs. We wish all the students good luck. The exams will continue through tomorrow. On Thursday afternoon, we will have our final playoff match between Gryffindor and Slytherin for the Quidditch Cup. Friday will be graduation and Friday night will be the leaving feast with a final ball for the graduating students and their families. You may now leave for your exams and classes. Good Luck to all."

The students poured out of the Great Hall and headed for their exams. The remainder of the day passed in a flurry of questions and answers. Tension ran high through out the castle.

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## Wednesday

Breakfast Wednesday morning saw the students in even worse moods than the day before. Tempers flared. Most were suffering from lack of sleep. By the end of the day, it would be all over but the shouting.

Ron was buttering his second roll as he said to Harry, "I can't wait until tonight. No more tests. No more Snape!"

Harry was watching Hermione, "Yeah, well, let's just get through today. Hermione, you look like hell. Are you all right?"

Hermione appeared distracted. "Yes, of course. Can we please go? Are you both ready for our Potions NEWT?"

Ron and Harry were going into Auror training. Actually, since Harry had defeated Voldemort at Christmas, just six months ago with the help of Ron, Hermione, and Professor Snape, he and Ron were already accepted into the training program. NEWTs were pretty much a formality for them. Hermione had set her sights on the title of Potions mistress. The three left the Great Hall and headed to the dungeons for their exam.

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Snape was sitting behind his desk glaring at the class as they took their exams. He was trying to think of a way to get Hermione to speak with him. She had avoided him since their argument on Monday. He could not let her leave under these terms.

Somehow, she had managed to get under his skin. They had worked together in close quarters over the previous summer at the Order headquarters. They had spent many long nights arguing over ingredients and procedures. She held her ground with him, never backing down. It was after they defeated Voldemort, in December, that he realized he felt something for the woman in front of him. Her intelligence. Her mind. Her body. Oh God, her body. This was no child. She was definitely a woman.

Hermione was carefully chopping dragon's liver for the final stage of the potion. She had no desire to give him any reason to notice her. The sleeve of her robe knocked her quill to the floor. Harry reached over and picked it up, handing it back to her.

"Thanks," she mumbled.

Snape sat up straighter. "Five points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger, and a detention with me, at 7:00 tonight for talking without permission again."

"Detention. You've got to be kidding!" Hermione was livid.

His voice was low and silky, "Would you like to make it twenty points and perhaps lose your NEWT, Miss Granger?" This was perfect. Fate had given him the perfect chance to try and reason with her again.

"No, Professor." The words were forced out through clenched teeth. Despite her anger, she still managed to complete the potion without mangling the ingredients too much.

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Hermione arrived at Snape's office door at 6:57. She did not want any more problems with him than she already had. She knocked at the door and heard the standard, "Enter."

She stood inside the doorway waiting for Snape to tell her what to do. "Professor. What am I to clean, or brew, or grade?" her tone was distant.

Snape looked at the woman standing in the doorway. She had changed in the last year. She was no longer a child and she would be gone in two days time. Not if he could help it. "Please sit, Miss Granger." He indicated the chair in front of his desk.

Hermione sat in the straight back chair. The seat was not inviting. No one ever lingered in Severus Snape's office. She sat looking at the dark man before her. Meeting his gaze.

"Hermione, we need to talk. This has gone far enough."

"I am here for detention, sir. How will you have me serve it?" She was all business.

"I could think of a few ways you could serve me." His voice had dropped to nothing more than a caress.

She felt a rush in the pit of her stomach. Her body was responding to the suggestion in his voice. Remembering what his touch could make her feel. She was already wet with desire for him.

Snape's eyes darkened as he saw the pulse at the base of her throat throb. He was rock hard and could barely contain himself for want of her. In a few minutes he was going to pick her up, rip her knickers off, and take her over his desk.

Hermione watched Snape, knowing what he wanted. What she wanted, too. But she was not ready to give in to him just yet. "Sir, the detention?" She started to rise out of the chair, but Snape was faster. He waved his wand and she was bound, hand and foot, to the chair with magic ropes.

She struggled to get free. "This is enough, Severus. Let me go. NOW!"

Snape sat on the edge of the desk enjoying the view. "Yell all you like, pet. I have locked and warded the door, as well as placed a silencing charm on the room. What is the Muggle expression, no one can hear you scream?" He reached out, gently stroking the soft skin along the line of her jaw. Slowly, he trailed his fingers down past the hollow of her throat. "Hermione." Her name was a silk caress against her sensitized skin.

She had stopped struggling. Her breath coming in short pants. There was no question he was exciting her. "What do you want from me?"

"That, my dear, is a loaded question." His lips descended on hers. A gentle brush of his lips and the kiss became more insistent, possessive. His tongue pressed against her lips, demanding entrance. Their tongues fought for dominance, as they tasted each other.

He was so hard now it was almost painful. He could smell her arousal. While they kissed, his hand slowly unbuttoned her robes and caressed the tops of her breasts. He leisurely pulled on her taunt nipples through the lace of her bra.

A soft moan escaped her throat. He pulled back to look at the woman in front of him. Her eyes were glazed with lust. Her lips were red and puffy, and a light flush rose from her chest to redden her cheeks. Her breathing was uneven. Hermione moaned again from the loss of his lips.

"I have no intentions of letting you leave me, you know. You are mine. I will not share you." His hands had drifted down to her legs and under her robes. He caressed her bare skin. His fingers slowly moved up the outside of her thighs. His fingers worked their way gently across the sensitive flesh where her leg met her body.

She was shifting around now, trying to place her body where she needed his touch. "Severus, please."

"Please what, my love?" His fingers just gently brushed her mound before pulling back. Her body jumped as if touched by a live wire.

"Why are you doing this?" Her voice was a moan.

"I will not let you leave me, Hermione. I am a possessive man. And you are mine." He leaned forward and bit the soft flesh at the base of her neck, marking her as his. "If I untie you, will stay with me?"

"Severus, please. I need to feel you hard inside me." She was desperate now. No one had ever invoked the intensity of feelings he did.

"Will you stay with me?" His hands continued to caress her body, only occasionally going where she needed it. She had wantonly spread her legs, trying to force his hand. "Will you stay?" His voice low, seductive.

"Yes, yes. Anything." His hand traced the outside of her mound and slipped lower to stroke her nub. His lips caught hers in a bruising kiss. He stroked her faster now as she rocked her body against his hand, desperate for release. She felt tingling low in her groin as it built in intensity, and finally, taking her to the edge and over. Her body stiffened as her breath caught. His name left her lips as she reached her climax.

Snape released the ropes and picked up the woman in the chair. Her arms came around his neck and she snuggled into his chest, trying to catch her breath. An archway leading to his private quarters appeared in the back wall. Severus carried Hermione through his sitting room and into his bedchamber.

Neither one was seen or heard from for the rest of the night.

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#### **Thursday**

Harry and Ron meet Hermione entering the Great Hall. "How late did the git keep you last night?" Ron asked.

Before she could answer, they heard a commotion. Harry pulled Colin Creevy aside. "What's going on?"

"Dumbledore was looking for Snape. He didn't turn up for the staff meeting this morning. Someone said they thought they saw him on the Quidditch pitch tied up like a Christmas goose. I have to get a picture of this." Colin was running out the doors with the rest of the students.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at each other and took off after the other students.

As they neared the pitch, they saw something. Ron pointed and asked, "Is that *Snape*?"

It was an amazing sight that greeted their eyes. There, plain as day, was Severus Snape, magically tied to a straight back chair in the middle of the Quidditch pitch. The Slytherin team had come out early to practice for the big game and found their Head of House in the middle of the pitch.

"Is this your work, Potter?" Malfoy called out.

"No, I wish it was though." Harry said with a smirk.

The Headmaster was examining the ropes as McGonagall tried to despell them. "Get them off me, Albus." Snape was snarling.

"We have tried, Severus. It seems whom ever tied you up has placed a powerful charm against anyone else releasing you." Dumbledore's eyes were sparkling, a smile on his face.

"Who did this, Severus?" asked McGonagall, trying once more to despell the ropes.

"When I find out, there will not be enough of them left to identify," snarled Snape.

Hermione walked forward and stood in front of Snape. "If you give back the fifty five points you wrongfully took from Gryffindor, I will let you go." She was smiling as she faced the angry man.

"Albus?" Minerva stepped forward to intervene when Albus placed a hand on her arm, holding her back.

Hermione smirked. "I told you I would get you back for deducting those points."

"It was only fifty points, not fifty five." Snape answered through clenched teeth.

"You took five points yesterday, remember? And after you tied me up last night, well, I think this is only fair, Severus. It's amazing how soundly you were sleeping. You never even noticed when I brought you out here." Hermione could not stop the grin from spreading across her face.

"He tied you up?" Harry was angry.

"Hermione, love. Let me go and we can discuss this." Snape was going to kill her when he got his hands on her.

"Miss Granger, what is the meaning of this? Severus, she is a student. Where were you last night? Albus!" McGonagall could barely contain herself.

Dumbledore was waving his wand in the air. Hundreds of balloons appeared, suspended in the air over the pitch. A table appeared on the side with cake, pumpkin juice, and biscuits. "I believe Mrs. Snape was in her new quarters last night." Dumbledore said with a smile.

"Mrs. Snape? She is a student. Severus, how could you."

"Relax, Minerva, she ceased to be a student yesterday afternoon after she completed her final exam. And if I am not mistaken, the use of the time turner in her third year added a year to her age, making her nineteen. I believe they were married last night in Hogsmeade. Congratulations, Severus and Hermione. Would anyone like cake?"

A flash of light momentarily blinded the Potions master. "Mister Creevy, if you have not removed yourself and that camera before I am released, they will have to extract it from your stomach." Colin took off at a run.

Hermione walked over to Severus. "Well?" she whispered in his ear.

"Fine, fifty five points to...Gryffindor. Now, untie me, wife." The ropes magically disappeared. Snape was rubbing his wrists.

Harry Potter was glaring at him. Snape turned to Potter and yelled, "Potter, ten points from Gryffindor! For breathing."

He grabbed Hermione by the arm, pulling her back towards the castle.

Harry and Ron watched them walk off. Harry shook his head. "I kind of think they deserve each other."

Ron watched them go, "I said it before and I'll say it again. She's brilliant. Brilliant, but she is a little scary, you know?" Harry shrugged as they went to practice for the game.

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"I'll get back at you for this," Severus purred in her ear.

Hermione put her arm through her husband's as they walked back to the castle. With a sparkle in her eyes she said, "I'm counting on it."

### **Epilogue - Friday**

The Great Hall was packed to the rafters. Harry Potter and the Dream Team were graduating. Even the press was in attendance, hoping to get a few pictures and a lead or two. No one was quite prepared as Dumbledore called up the Head Girl for her diploma.

"Our Head Boy, and senior captain of the Slytherin Quidditch team, Draco Malfoy." There was light applause as Draco accepted his diploma and shook hands with the Professors.

"Our Head Girl, the only person to ever score all perfects on her NEWTs, Hermione Granger Snape." Not a sound was heard as she walked up to receive her diploma. Grinning, Harry and Ron started to applaud and the rest of the students joined in. Hermione shook hands with the Headmaster and Professor McGonagall. She was just about to shake her husband's hand when he pulled her in for a soulful kiss.

Poppy was kept busy reviving several of the witches that had fainted.

The Headmaster was beaming as he said, "And congratulations to Professor and Mrs. Snape on their marriage."

~~~ The end ~~~

A/N: I realize an epilogue in a ficlet this size is a bit presumptuous, but I felt a need to end the week. Hope you enjoyed.

I'd love to hear from you, please review. As always thoughts, comments, reviews, whatever are always welcome.

Regards, Pearle

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The Challenge requirements:

Bondage Challenge

Overall explanation:

Severus Snape, Hogwarts Potion Master, is tied up somewhere (Quidditch pitch, in the Great Hall, in the dungeons, in the forest, your choice)

Requirements:

- Must be in the Dream Team's seventh year.
- Must include Hermione and Severus (DUH!)
- Snape and Hermione is in a relationship (lovers, enemies, etc)
- Hermione wants revenge (if they're lovers then they can have had a fight and if enemies then because of i.e. bad grades).
- At least ten people are on the pitch when Snape is found.
- Harry has to be there when Snape is found and Snape will deduct points from him for no reason.
- Hermione must have an internal conversation with herself about Snape.
- Hermione has to knock Snape unconscious somehow, so that he won't find out that she was the one who tied him up.

Required scenes:

- Hermione yelling in the Gryffindor common room (why she is yelling is up to you).
- Hermione trying her best not to cry in front of Snape, but can't help letting a tear fall.
- Snape deducting 20 points from Hermione in class because she was unable to shut up.

Required sentences:

- "Miss Granger, why are you talking when I haven't granted you permission?" asks Snape.

- "Potter, -- points from Gryffindor!" Snape take points from Harry when he has been released from wherever he was tied up. Harry gets angry.
- "You look like hell"
- "I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!"
- "Is that Snape?"
- "I'll get back at you/him!"

Bonus:

- Dumbledore asking the students to tell Snape, if they find him, that he need a word. This can be over lunch, which Hermione isn't attending because she's in the library, and Harry and Ron can tell her afterwards. She gasps and hurries off to the place where she tied Snape up, but there are already people there.
- Colin Creevy taking pictures of Snape when he's tied up.
- Draco Malfoy being there when Snape is found.
- Dumbledore thinking that the situation is hilarious. Serious, but hilarious.
- Some student flying into the Great Hall, yelling that Snape has been found somewhere tied up. Ron and Harry will naturally hurry off to see him, along with a dozen other students.
- Hermione being the one to untie Snape.
- Hermione having a crush on him (if you've made them lovers then it's quite obvious)

ENDING:

The ending is your own choice. Will she confess to Snape? Or maybe Dumbledore?

Rating: Your choice.

Genre: Your choice:

Length: All