

Wicked Little Secrets

by lamgin

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This will be a series of vignettes.

*First vignette is complete.

Wicked Little Secrets

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This looks so much better thanks to my beta, the wonderful AmyLouise. Thank you.

WICKED LITTLE SECRETS

By Gin

"Once you've finished copying the needed materials, gather your ingredients and begin. I expect a sample on my desk from every single one of you by the end of the class," said Professor Severus Snape briskly before glaring viciously at Neville Longbottom, who immediately cowered and shrank in his seat.

Once Professor Snape had returned to his own chair and the mound of parchments on his desk at the front of the class, Neville turned to Hermione.

"Help meee...," he moaned. Today's lesson was a recap of the Forgetfulness Potion. One that was a complete disaster when paired with Neville Longbottom.

Hermione shook her head, glanced again at Snape, and began prepping Neville's work area with their secret learned codes and movements, as whispering had proved disastrous in that class. Once finished, she got up and gathered the needed ingredients, as stated on the blackboard, even though it was committed to memory by now, and set to work chopping and mincing. Every now and then, Hermione would steal another glance at the Potions Professor's dark image before turning her attentions back to Neville's dangerously bubbling cauldron.

She tapped her wand quietly and quickly, twice, indicating he needed to turn down his flames. He did so hastily and held his breath, staring fearfully at his cauldron. Hermione yawned; her potion was already simmering nicely, and the class was about to end. Bored, she glanced over and saw Harry and Ron looking at something between them under their desk and look up to glare at Malfoy. She creased her brows, straining to see what they had, looking back and forth between them and Malfoy. She shook her head before sneaking another glance at her professor. His head was still bent over a stack of parchments. He raised an elegant hand to tuck a fallen lock of raven black hair behind his ear; Hermione stared at it, mesmerized.

"Oi!" Neville whispered urgently. "Hermione, it's purple ... is it okay?"

The Gryffindor Head Girl jumped in surprise and tore her gaze away from Professor Snape. She cautiously looked back at Neville's cauldron, doing a double take. It looked almost exactly perfect. She raised her eyebrows at Neville, whose face paled, and she shook her head. 'It's okay,' she mouthed silently, confused.

Neville blinked this time and his own eyes widened in shock as he looked down at his bubbling potion.

"Time's up," announced Snape, without looking up, and marking something that looked suspiciously like a huge, vicious zero.

The students all reached for their phials, ladled the contents of their labour into them and corked them. Ron shook his head; his was green and clumpy. Harry patted him sympathetically on the back.

As they all filed down to Snape's desk to give him their samples to be graded, Hermione's heart rate increased, and her fingers drummed quickly to an unknown beat against the soft glass of her warmed phial. Neville was shifting nervously on his feet just in front of her while Harry and Ron brought up the rear.

Snape examined each student's work, opening the phials, wafting the scent towards him, examining the colour and consistencies, stoppering and setting them aside, writing a grade on the parchment before him.

"Malfoy," Snape said, taking Draco's phial and studying it. After a moment, he set the phial in the rack along with the rest, and scribbled down a ten. "Well done," Snape said casually, signaling for the next student. "Longbottom."

Neville shuffled forwards and shakily handed Snape his potion.

"I see you managed to actually produce a potion this time," the Potions Master sneered. The Slytherins snickered while Snape uncorked the stopper and wafted a deft hand over the fumes to his face. He inhaled slightly, frowning. He raised the purple liquid up to the light, checking it at different angles, before finally setting it down. After half a second, he marked down a seven. "It's a bit clouded at the bottom, but otherwise..." he trailed off and looked up into Hermione's startled face. "Miss Granger, I thought I told you to stop cheating in this class. Ten points from Gryffindor and detention at eight o'clock, in my office, tonight. Now go and sit down," Snape finished smugly.

Hermione opened her mouth to reply but felt a sharp kick to her ankle as Ron signaled she should just take that and leave it be. She exhaled sharply before turning on her heel and following Neville back to their desks.

Hermione glared at Professor Snape while he railed on about Ron's inability to do anything correctly. "He didn't even look at mine!" she hissed to Neville. Neville smiled apologetically as the bell rang from somewhere out in the hall, signaling the end of class. She got up and slung her bag over her shoulder, still fuming, and followed Harry and Ron towards the door.

"Miss Granger." Snape spoke just as she was passing his desk. She stopped but didn't turn around. "Do not forget. Eight o'clock. Tonight." She stiffened, raised her chin and strode out the door, his eyes following her retreating form the whole way.

When she made it out of the dungeons, Harry and Ron attacked Hermione from two directions.

"Oi! Hermione! Don't go anywhere near Malfoy today," Ron whispered harshly.

When Hermione had gotten over her surprise at the two boys seemingly coming out of nowhere, she frowned.

"Why? What's the little prat doing today? Anything I can nail him for? Little prig, with his smugness! Technically, I didn't do anything to Neville's potion. He's got a chip on his shoulder the size of - ugh!" she railed on, nearly incoherently. "

Harry and Ron looked at each other questioningly.

"Okay," said Harry. "Anyway, we got hold of a note from Seamus today. He overheard a few of the Slytherins planning a 'festive little joke' for a Gryffindor yesterday. Though he didn't hear who it was for."

"Yeah. And knowing Malfoy, it's for one of us." Ron's face reddened with anger and his eyes went out of focus. Hermione chalked it up to a vision of Ron's involving a badger and a large hole in the ground that he constantly talked of when fantasizing about torturing Draco. She shook her head. A badger just wouldn't be enough.

"Most likely. Did Seamus get any other information?" she asked. They shook their heads. "Hm. Harry? What did you get on your Potions assignment today?"

"He gave me eight out of ten. I should've gotten a nine though."

"Damn," she hissed.

"Hermione?"

"Never mind. I'm hungry. Shall we?" And with that, the three of them started back down the corridor to go on to the Great Hall for lunch. Harry and Ron kept a close watch on their immediate surroundings as they went.

When they had settled at the Gryffindor table, Harry and Ron immediately began discussing a fitting punishment for Malfoy.

"I'm telling you, the badger thing will work!" said Ron heatedly.

"No. Where would we dig the hole? And where would we get a badger? I'm sure Professor Sprout would kill us if we took the one she's supposed to have," said Harry. Then he added, "I can't believe she has a badger; I mean really!"

"But ... he'd be squirming ... and the badger would be really hacked off! Maybe we could prod it with a stick ... it'd be so great, Harry! The sign of Hufflepuff beating his snakey arse." Ron's eyes lit up.

"Ron! You have to let go of the badger idea!" Harry said forcefully. He really liked Ron, but sometimes trying to reason with him was like talking to a brick wall, a wall which could, unfortunately, talk back.

"Fine. What if we tied him up to a statue outside, and set any other animal wait! We could put peanut butter on him! Then let any animal out to get him! We'd have to get his wand from him ... hah! Harry! It could work!"

Harry looked as if he was thinking about it while Hermione stared dumbly at the pair before shaking her head and turning her attention to her roast beef sandwich.

As she was about to take a bite of her sandwich, something hard slammed into her, shoving her food into her face and banging her ribs against the edge of the table.

"Ouch! What in the world?" She pushed away from the table quickly, missing the pumpkin juice that was steadily flowing down to the stone floor. She wiped off her face and turned to glare at her assailant. Malfoy's smug face stared back at her. Harry and Ron were already on their feet, wands drawn.

"Oh, sorry, Granger, didn't see you there," Draco smirked.

"I bet you didn't," Hermione hissed through her teeth. "Ten points for your carelessness, Malfoy."

Draco's eyes narrowed momentarily, then he shrugged. "Eh. You might want to clean that table off there's pumpkin juice running everywhere. Of course, Gryffindors aren't known for their table manners." He left, his two goons Crabbe and Goyle shuffling after him. Hermione could detect a slight bounce in Malfoy's step. Lavender had to grab the back of Ron's shirt while Harry grabbed his arm.

"Bastard. We're gonna need more than peanut butter," Ron hissed as he and Harry sat back down.

Hermione, too, was seething as she waved her wand at the dripping yellow mess on the table and turned her goblet right side up. She poured more juice into it. "My sandwich is ruined," she stated before grabbing another one from the heaped silver tray in front of her and taking a sip of her pumpkin juice.

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After finishing their lunch, Hermione, Harry and Ron set off for their common room. Today they had an extra hour, as there was a staff meeting this afternoon and classes were delayed. Hermione kept looking around, blinking, on their way up the stairs to Gryffindor Tower.

"Hermione? You okay?" inquired Harry, noticing her disorientation.

"Yes. No. I mean, I just feel funny," she said slowly. She blinked at the light-headed sensation suddenly clouding her mind.

"Okay," said Harry, watching her with concern. When they arrived at the portrait entrance to Gryffindor tower, they gave the Fat Lady the password before clambering in.

"Hermione!" squealed Lavender, rushing over to her. "I saw what that rat, Malfoy, did to you. Cocky little ferret, isn't he? You should have taken more than ten points; you know he did that on purpose!"

"Of course I do. But I was appointed Head Girl because it was assumed that I wasn't malicious or petty. Whereas you, Lavender, would have taken more points than what was fair off the little prick." Hermione immediately slapped a hand over her mouth and stared wide-eyed at the hurtful look on Lavender's face.

Everyone in the common room stopped what they were doing and stared at Hermione, while Ginny quietly laughed in one corner, along with Seamus and Dean.

Lavender's rosy mouth worked silently while Parvati glared.

"She was just being sympathetic, Hermione. You should try it sometime!" spat Parvati from the chair in which she was sitting.

"Yes, and you should try a little less make-up," Hermione quipped. Again her eyes widened, and she looked around fearfully to Ron and Harry.

They both stared open-mouthed at her while Parvati puffed up like a fish.

"You are such a heartless bitch, Hermione!" raged Parvati, rising from the chair.

"And you're a trivial little twit," Hermione said, desperately closing her eyes tight.

"Ugh!" squeaked Parvati, balling her fists at her side.

A shocked Harry, realising that something wasn't right, grabbed Hermione's arm and began tugging her out of the common room. Ron smirked at all the appreciative sniggers he heard as he followed them out. Parvati had been particularly brutal this year.

"Well, your hair is still a pathetic entity!" Parvati yelled after them.

"I'm surprised you even know what an entity is!" was the last thing heard before the portrait hole closed.

Once outside, Harry and Ron stared at her: Harry, a little shocked and worried; Ron, a little proud and appreciative.

"What was that about, Hermione?" asked Harry, searching his friend's face.

Hermione gave him a baleful look. "Well, it's pretty obvious, isn't it? Honestly, Harry, sometimes I wonder if you've been hit one too many times with a Bludger." She looked sadly at Harry and tried to cover her mouth again while Harry tried not to look hurt. "I'm sorry," she said quietly.

"I know," he tried to say dispassionately.

"Veritaserum?" said Ron sympathetically, patting her arm.

"Obviously! No need to question where your brains went." Hermione, close to tears, looked desperately back at Ron. He took a step back, obviously hurt.

"Are you saying I'm stupid?" he asked incredulously. Harry slapped his own palm over Hermione's mouth, which was starting to widen.

"Ron! Shut up!" Ron looked at Harry, a little angry. Harry rolled his eyes. "Let's just get Hermione to Madam Pomfrey."

They set off down the stairs towards the Infirmary. Ron grumbled about the hurtful insult Hermione had made about his intelligence before swiftly having his honour and manhood assailed by her immediately after. When they finally reached the Medical Ward, Ron decided to stay behind. He was still a little angry over having his IQ questioned, despite Hermione's apologies.

"Madam Pomfrey?" called Harry stepping inside the hospital room. There was only one little boy sitting up in a bed at the other end.

"She's not here," the little boy said timidly.

"She's not?" said Harry.

"No, Harry. He already said she wasn't--"

"Thank you, Hermione!" said Harry, agitated. He turned his attention back to the pale boy, "Do you know where she went, then?"

"Um, she said something about a teachers' meeting," said the boy.

"Oh right. Okay. Thanks." Harry pulled on Hermione's arm to leave, but she remained rooted firmly in place.

"Come on, Hermione. He said she was at the staff meeting; we'll just go find her. They won't be upset with us for this." He pulled again, but Hermione remained still. "Hermione! Come on!"

"I can't," said Hermione fearfully.

"Why not?" asked Harry impatiently.

Hermione's eyes widened, scared, and she shook her head, while replying swiftly, "Harry, please don't ask me because I don't want them to question me!" Hermione looked down, biting her lip.

Harry studied his friend carefully before shrugging. He was curious as to why she would react this way. What didn't she want them to know? What would Hermione possibly keep from a teacher?

"Well, you can't stay this way. Ron and I will go insane with you in this state. And there's no telling how much you were given ... wait ... How were you Malfoy!" Harry said narrowing his eyes suspiciously.

She nodded. "It's the only way I can think. When he bumped into me "

"He laced your drink with it this afternoon. That little prick! Don't worry. We'll get him, Hermione," he said reassuringly.

"Harry, calm down. We'll just ride this thing out. It can't last for much longer than an hour. Most likely," she added.

Harry looked up, worried. "Hermione, we love you, but we're going to have to stay away from you until then. We'll go nuts "

She rolled her eyes impatiently. "Oh, you will not!"

"It was a figure of speech, Hermione."

"I can't help it!" she moaned, defeated.

Harry looked at her for a second, then looked back to the doorway. "Well, I can," he said determinedly. "They won't ask you anything more than what's necessary. Let's go."

"No!" cried Hermione trying to wrench her wrist out of Harry's grip. But Harry succeeded and began to drag a struggling Hermione out of the infirmary, leaving a very confused little boy behind.

"Is she fixed?" asked Ron, a little more harshly than necessary, when they returned.

"I'm not broken!" spat Hermione. "I was just drugged."

"In other words, no, Ron." Harry stepped between them. "Madam Pomfrey is at the staff meeting. We'll just go and get her." He grabbed Hermione by the wrist again and led them down the hall. Ron sighed and followed after them.

"This is no picnic for me either, Ronald!" she said, injured.

"Alright!" yelled Harry. "No one say a word till we get to the staff room! Okay?" They all nodded, and Harry picked up the pace.

When they arrived, Harry tentatively knocked on the big wooden door to the staff room, and Hermione stiffened. After a moment, Professor McGonagall opened the door and looked out curiously at her Gryffindors.

"Yes?" she asked calmly.

"Um, Professor? Sorry to bother you, but we have a bit of a problem and need to see Madam Pomfrey," said Harry looking at Hermione, who looked away. Professor McGonagall anxiously looked at Hermione, her brows creasing.

"I see. What is wrong, Hermione?"

"As Harry said, we need to see Madam Pomfrey," Hermione said sarcastically, then winced and looked apologetically to her beloved Head of House, who looked slightly alarmed.

She opened her mouth to retort, but Harry cut her off. "Um, please, Professor, we think she's been given Veritaserum."

McGonagall's eyes widened, and she stared at her favourite student. "My gracious! Come in then, Madam Pomfrey is right here." She ushered her students in while the rest of the faculty looked around curiously. Snape frowned at the interruption.

"What do they want now?" Snape asked, glaring.

"Just a moment, Severus," McGonagall said offhandedly. "Poppy. Bit of an emergency. Miss Granger may have been given Veritaserum. Do you have an antidote?"

At this several of the teachers gasped. Unauthorised use of Veritaserum warranted extreme punishment. Even Snape sat up a bit higher in his chair and eyed Hermione cautiously. Dumbledore rose from his chair immediately and walked around to Hermione, faster than she would have believed possible.

"Oh!" cried Pomfrey. "I don't think I have any in my stores," she clucked before looking to Snape. "Severus?" He jumped slightly and quickly looked back to Poppy.

"What? Oh, yes. I think I have some down in my office."

"Miss Granger," replied the Headmaster. "Do you know how this happened?" he asked Hermione kindly.

She swallowed. "I believe so." Dumbledore nodded while Minerva fumed behind him.

"Would you please tell us, my dear? This is an extreme offence. As I'm sure Professor Snape has told you, Veritaserum is a heavily guarded ingredient and very dangerous in the hands of the wrong people. Please, tell us," he asked her again.

Hermione swallowed, feeling dizzy. "I believe it happened at lunch, Headmaster." She stopped, with force, and stared at the wall behind the old wizard's head. He raised his bushy eyebrows and gestured for her to continue again.

"I think it was slipped into my drink." She stopped again, careful to say only what she was forced to.

"Indeed. Do you know by whom?" Albus asked. Snape shifted in his seat, and Minerva paced in the crowded room.

"We think Malfoy did it, sir," she said shakily.

"Mr. Malfoy? Why do you think that, if I may ask?" the Headmaster asked patiently. The room seemed very tense for some odd reason.

"We that is Harry, Ron and I well, he bumped into me at lunch, and Harry and Ron had overheard a plan for Malfoy to try to play a trick on us soon." Hermione could hear the blood pounding in her ears. She just wanted to get the antidote and get out of there.

"I see," said the headmaster and glanced quickly to Severus, noticing the younger man's unease. "And how did you come to get this information?" he continued softly.

"Well, I didn't get it, Harry and Ron did." Hermione gestured vaguely toward Harry and Ron, who still stood in the doorway. "Today, in Professor Snape's class." Hermione looked quickly at Professor Snape, who raised an eyebrow at her. She looked away hastily and swallowed again.

"My dear, are you quite all right? Poppy, what are the symptoms of an overdose of Veritaserum?" Albus asked quickly keeping his worried eyes on Hermione.

Hermione answered first. "No, sir. I don't feel well," she whimpered and looked at the floor, studiously avoiding everyone's concerned expressions.

"Oh dear," said the Headmaster and Madam Pomfrey at the same time, both alarmed. McGonagall came rushing over to the Head Girl. Snape sat in his chair, looking paler than normal.

"Severus, do you think she could have been given an overdose?" McGonagall asked nervously.

"I believe Miss Granger is simply nervous from all this attention. If she were given an overdose, we would most definitely be able to tell by now." Snape's face was impassive, but Hermione noticed his foot was tapping relentlessly against the flagstone floor. She met his eyes and sighed gratefully; his mouth twitched, and he looked back calmly to the Headmaster.

Albus regarded his Potions Master and nodded. "What do you think, Poppy?"

The mediwitch nodded slowly but began looking over Hermione. Her wand was pointed at the girl. "Your colour is off ... you're so pale. And your skin is clammy, dear." The mediwitch grabbed Hermione's wrist. "Oh! Your pulse is racing! You should sit down." Her wand continued to wave up and down over Hermione.

Hermione groaned. "I no, I would just like an antidote so I can go and get ready for my next class, please!"

Madam Pomfrey blinked. "I don't think she's well. Severus, you say you have an antidote? Child, if you knew of Mr. Malfoy's plans, why didn't you say something earlier?"

"We didn't know he'd be doing this, Madam Pomfrey. It was just speculation that he was planning anything at all. And we were in Professor Snape's class and didn't want to get into further trouble."

"Further?" asked McGonagall reproachfully. "Did you get into trouble?" She couldn't stand losing points to Slytherin.

"Yes, Professor," Hermione looked to the floor.

"Whatever did you do "

"Miss Granger unnecessarily helped Longbottom with his potion. It's nothing new, really," Snape said swiftly. "That problem has been addressed. She has detention. Anything else? Or shall I be allowed to go and administer the antidote to her?" Snape said tartly.

Minerva sniffed. "Most unfortunate for you, my dear," addressing Hermione.

"Not really." Hermione gasped and clapped a hand over her mouth, blushing. Snape stilled his tapping foot.

"No?" asked McGonagall incredulously. "What on earth could you possibly find appealing while serving detention with Severus?"

Hermione grew pale again and began sweating, obviously fighting the urge to speak, and swallowed repeatedly. "They're ... not ... as bad ... as one would expect!" she gasped with effort.

Severus swallowed. "Honestly! My teaching methods are not on trial," his deep voice rose among the group. He looked at Hermione, then to Dumbledore, and quickly turned his eyes back to Minerva. "Now, may I please escort Miss Granger to my office and give her the bloody antidote?"

Everyone looked alarmed at Severus' outburst while Dumbledore looked questioningly between Hermione and Severus.

"Very well," agreed the Headmaster.

Severus stood, roughly shoving his chair back, and made for the door. "Miss Granger!" he barked. She obediently turned to follow him out, with Minerva in tow. Harry and Ron stood gaping at Hermione, having observed the entire discussion. Neither was sure of what had just happened.

"He must have you fooled, my dear," said Minerva comfortingly when they arrived at the door. She knew of Severus' abominable detentions. While she was fond of him, she knew Severus wasn't the most agreeable man to cross.

"Oh, I can assure you he hasn't " began Hermione, and she whimpered again. The Transfiguration teacher looked down at her student questioningly, but Snape interrupted.

"Thank you, Minerva," he said and slammed the door in her face. She stood, completely startled, behind the door and looked to Albus, who shrugged.

Harry and Ron stood, looking worried, beside Hermione, who was visibly shaking.

"Hermione?" ventured Harry. "What was that all about?"

Hermione let out a strangled cry, but Snape quickly closed his hand over her mouth and glared at the two young men. "You are to go to your common room immediately! You are no longer needed." They both stood unsure, staring at Snape's hand over Hermione's mouth. She wasn't struggling.

"I said go!" ordered Snape and grabbed Hermione's arm, tugging her down the hallway. The two boys stood staring after them and moments later departed for Gryffindor Tower.

When they reached the bottom of the stairs leading into the dungeons, Snape stopped and jerked Hermione around to face him. He looked up and down the hallway and back up the steps before turning his attention back to the trembling young woman before him.

"What was that all about? What happened?" he hissed fearfully.

Hermione winced and sighed. "I don't know! I think that bastard Malfoy "

"Quietly."

" slipped it in my goblet at lunch when he ran into me!" She was breathing heavily. Snape placed the back of his soft hand against her face, checking to see if she was feverish. She actually could have been given an overdose.

He let his wards down and quickly pushed her, albeit gently, through the door of his office further down the hall and closed it behind him. Hermione stood, shaking, in the middle of his office, while he leaned against the door with his head back.

"I was so worried ... we were so close," she said. He nodded, then snapped his head back up and looked at her.

"Seriously, are you all right? Do you feel unwell? I'm going to murder that little git!"

"Yes," she smiled, walking up to him. "I was just so nervous. My God, I thought we'd had it," she laughed sadly. Snape walked over to her and placed a long, delicate finger over her lips, quieting her.

"Shh. I know," he said and pulled her to him, hugging her tightly. She sighed and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her cheek against the scratchy wool of his robes, feeling safe.

"You know, I was oddly turned on by the fact that we could be caught," said Hermione before a look of shock crossed her face. "I swear, it's as if no thought is safe!" she gasped into his chest, embarrassed.

Snape pushed her back from his chest to look at her, one eyebrow crooked. After a beat, he replied, "You would be."

She smiled and leaned up to capture his soft lips in her own, and he wrapped his arms back around her tiny waist to return the gesture. He had been so worried that Hermione would accidentally let their little secret spill today. He hoped nobody caught on to their strange behaviour.

After a fierce couple of minutes, he pulled their lips apart to nuzzle the side of her neck. "You know, I was planning on you simply scrubbing a few cauldrons this evening, but seeing that you almost ruined our private trysting, you should be properly punished."

She reached up and bit his earlobe, making him hiss with pleasure. "You are not faultless, Professor; you were very rude to me this morning." She reached down to stroke the bulging fabric at his groin, and he moaned softly in her ear.

"Another problem, Miss Granger. You have been told not to help Longbottom if it isn't a group project. Whatever can I do to make you see sense?" He bit down on her shoulder and gently sucked. She inhaled and pressed him up against the wall, wrapping her leg around his own.

"I don't have a clue, but do be creative," she moaned, seizing his mouth again and beginning to stroke his tongue with her own. He reached a hand around to grab her firm bottom and squeezed while running the other through her tangle of brown curls, crushing her lips against his. She arched into him, desperate to have their clothes off. Making love in his office was a fantasy she'd not yet fulfilled.

After a few minutes of heavy petting, he finally got his head clear as he realised what was about to happen. He pushed her away, panting.

"No, no, my love. The meeting will soon be over, and Albus, and gods know who else, will be showing up to see if their little star is all better." His voice reverberated all the way down to her thighs. She rubbed up against the tight fabric at his groin and moaned.

"Then we'd better hurry," and she fully slid her half-unbuttoned blouse off her shoulders. Severus' hands automatically went up to cup her breasts, and he made a frustrated sound before moving her over to his desk. While Hermione's hands were fumbling with the plethora of buttons on his teaching robes, Snape's hands were rummaging through his desk drawer, their lips never parting. He made a sound of triumph as his fingers closed around a clear phial. Hermione again backed Severus up to the wall, shrugged out of her bra and pressed against his smooth, slightly defined chest. He pulled the cork out with his teeth and gently cupped her face, parting her lips with his thumb.

"Better get this over with, my dear." He tipped the phial's contents, the antidote, into her mouth. Her lips puckered, and he conjured a goblet of wine for her to swallow, then set it aside when she had drunk.

"Now," she said, her face flushed. "Where were we?" She quickly walked up to him and jumped up into his arms. He turned and slammed her up against the dungeon wall. He hiked up her skirt while pushing down her knickers, then fumbled at his belt and trousers. Once those were out of the way, he quickly resumed nibbling at the soft flesh at her throat.

"You know," he said while his lips brushed her neck, "the meeting could be over any minute..."

"And we could get caught very easily." She gasped as his penis finally found its way to her opening and rubbed teasingly against her moist centre. "Stop playing around!" she shrieked and wiggled her hips to get closer to him.

He chuckled darkly. "I believe I am the one with the authority here," he said smoothly.

"Yes, Professor...", she said tartly and scratched her nails over his back.

He pulled his hips away from hers, and she whimpered at the loss of contact, then quite suddenly gasped as he plunged into her. He bit his lip and buried his face in her neck while her hips began bearing down on him. His hands came around to grip her buttocks as she writhed and arched into him. Severus smiled as he watched her pretty breasts bouncing in time with her gyrations. Hermione was sure her back would be black and blue in the morning from the hard stones in the wall.

His mouth came down and seized a taut, pink nipple, and she smiled and arched into him, further sending his mind spiralling. Her own mind was reeling from this experience. They could get caught. And while it didn't seem fun earlier, it definitely had its perks now.

"Next time," she gasped, "we'll ... have to try ... the desk."

He chuckled deeply, stimulating her nerves even further, before saying against her breast, "My, aren't you an eager pupil?" Her fingers raked across his back once more and came up to pull his face back up to hers.

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Meanwhile, back at the meeting....

"So, I think Hagrid should try to capture a female badger for the Hufflepuff House mascot, as he really is growing restless. It could only be good for him," said Pomona Sprout hopefully.

Dumbledore nodded solemnly. "I think it is an excellent idea. Hagrid, if you can't find a suitable female, you have my permission to order one from the Magical Menagerie. Now then, if that is all, I believe I shall go down to check on Miss Granger and see if her antidote is working. You are all dismissed," he finished, beaming.

"I think Poppy and I will come with you, Albus," said McGonagall, rising from her wingback chair and collecting her papers. He nodded and they left the office to go down to the dungeons.

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"Oh, Severus!" screamed Hermione. This was turning out to be even more arousing than she'd thought.

He covered her mouth with his again he'd forgotten to sound-proof the room. He was getting close, and he pumped faster, feeling his belly beginning to tighten.

~*~*~*~

"I think I'll go for a walk this evening. Would either of you ladies care to join me? The weather is lovely," Albus said as they reached the head of the stairs of the main staircase. Minerva declined, owing to a build up of test parchments, while Poppy said she was in the middle of inventory for her private stores.

~*~*~*~

"Hermione ... they'll be here any ... minute," he grunted against her soft neck.

Her breath was ragged, "I know! ... I ... knowww!" She reached over to kiss him again, her walls starting to clamp tightly around his shaft.

~*~*~*

"Was it just me, or were Severus and Hermione acting..."

"Peculiar?" offered Albus.

"Yes." finished Minerva.

"Oh, I think Severus was right. The poor girl was probably just embarrassed. The whole staff was there." Poppy smiled fondly.

"Mm," whispered Dumbledore when they reached the foot of the stairs leading down to the dungeons.

~*~*~*

"I'mmm ... yes!" He kissed her harder, growling, feeling his own orgasm beginning.

~*~*~*

"Oh!" Poppy stopped and bent down. "My dress is caught on something."

Albus and Minerva turned around, and helped to try to free up the mediwitch's dress.

"I wonder when Argus was down here last," sniffed Minerva, looking around at the dusty dungeon floor.

~*~*~*

Severus reached a hand down between them and began rubbing his thumb hard against Hermione's clit, keeping his mouth firmly locked around hers while they both came at the same time. Her walls clenched rhythmically and hard around him as he spilled into her, moaning as quietly as she could, and she clung to him with all her might. When the delicious waves had passed, she collapsed limply in his arms, feeling him soften inside her, and stroked his back tenderly with her fingers.

He nuzzled her neck and softly kissed her again, leaning his forehead against hers. They looked deeply into each other's eyes, and Hermione softly laughed. The moment was held for a only a second before he suddenly looked panicked.

"Get your clothes on!!" he whispered. He gently slid out of her and eased her back onto her footing, both on shaky legs. He turned around to retrieve his trousers, robes and wand.

Hermione quickly slid her bra back on, clasped it, and dashed around for her blouse and robes as well, trying to keep her mind calm.

~*~*~*

"You know, I think Severus might need a vacation. Do you think he'd be offended if I mentioned it to him this summer?"

"No. He needs to get out and get some sun. He's always so pale," offered Madam Pomfrey.

Dumbledore nodded sadly and raised his hand to knock on the door to Snape's office. Inside, Hermione's head snapped up. Snape looked surprised he'd forgotten to lock his door.

"Severus?" Albus called cheerily. Snape waved his wand over his shirt, smoothing it, slipped his robes on the best he could and waved it back over his chest. He looked back to Hermione; her blouse was still not on!

"Slip your robes on!!" he whispered harshly. She nodded and did so, trying to smooth them out as well. She reached over and grabbed a book and settled in a chair. Snape quickly looked around frantically for her blouse, spying it behind the edge of his desk.

The door opened as he ran his hands down over his hair and snapped his face up.

"Your door was unlocked," came Albus' cheery voice again.

"Is that so?" asked Snape, quite clearly out of breath but trying to hide it.

"Yes. Are you alright, dear boy?" Poppy took a step forwards, and Snape nodded.

"Yes. It's ... just a bit warm down here. Don't you think?" He held his breath and there was silence for a moment.

Then, "You know, it is a bit warm down here," offered Minerva. Snape silently exhaled and smiled slightly.

"And how's the patient?" Poppy asked in her brisk, yet gentle voice. Hermione looked up with flushed cheeks and smiled.

"Oh, I'm fine now. Professor Snape fixed me up."

Snape blinked, then deftly kicked Hermione's blouse under his desk and smiled as well.

Poppy went over to Hermione and felt her face. "Well, I still don't like your colour, and you're much too warm. Come upstairs with me, and I'll give you something. All right?" She smiled kindly and Hermione nodded, letting her usher her out of Severus' office.

"Thank you, Severus," said Albus. "And I trust you'll deal with Mr. Malfoy accordingly?" he asked looking down his nose at Snape.

He nodded. "Rest assured the matter will be taken of, Headmaster."

"Very well. See you at dinner then." Dumbledore turned to follow the rest of the party out.

"Oh, Miss Granger?" called Snape.

Hermione turned and looked at him questioningly.

"Don't forget you still have detention this evening at eight o'clock."

Hermione smiled wickedly out of sight of the others, and Snape's lips twitched before shutting his office door.

"I don't know what you find appealing in detention with him," muttered McGonagall.

Hermione smiled secretly, already anticipating the evening.

Vignette #2 is forthcoming.