

An Opportune Moment

by sunny33

A giant squid shaped crop circle has appeared near Hogwarts. Snape and Hermione are sent to investigate.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Anything recognisable belongs to JKR. The rest was inspired by the crazy people who frequent the chat room on Saturday nights. Cheers, girls!

"Tell me again, Miss Granger, just why we have been assigned to investigate this phenomenon?" snarled a wet, cold, and disgruntled Potions master as they traipsed through a field of barley. It was dark, and the constant, penetrating drizzle had ensured they were soaked right through to their skin. Severus Snape was not impressed.

"You heard what Kingsley Shacklebolt said, Professor Snape. This particular crop 'circle' is exactly the shape of a giant squid – *our* giant squid; it is situated merely twenty miles from Hogwarts, and traces of magic have been found in the area. There is a strong likelihood that someone from Hogwarts is involved, and as we are the only Order members at Hogwarts who were not planning to attend the Halloween Ball, we were seconded into the investigation. And I am no happier with this than you are, so I would appreciate it if you stopped complaining and concentrated on the task at hand... *sir*." Being sopping wet while performing a duty for which she had definitely *not* volunteered and being whinged at was not conducive to showing proper respect. The order to avoid using magic so as not to contaminate the scene had precluded the use of water-resistance and warming charms – if they discovered the perpetrator of this prank, he, she, or they would experience the combined wrath of a very powerful pair.

"Pass me one of those torches, Miss Granger. We need to look for evidence. Anything unusual lying around the compressed area of barley may be useful." Snape cursed as he stubbed his toe on a small rock. "Merlin's scrofulous scrotum, doing this in the dark is so fucking ridiculous!"

"Language, Professor," admonished his bedraggled companion. "If we were seen here during the day, it would create speculation we can ill afford. Just keep looking." Hermione swore if she had to continue acting the reasonable member of their impromptu partnership, she would start docking points from Slytherin. The man was such an insufferable bastard.

Suddenly, she noticed something odd glinting in the torchlight. Picking it up, she gasped as she recognised the small, golden eye attached to a wisp of maroon wool. Quickly pocketing it before Snape noticed, her lips thinned as she remembered a conversation only a few hours earlier.

"Ron, whatever has happened to your jumper? Isn't that the one your mother knitted you last Christmas?"

"Oh, looks like I have lost an eye off the dragon. Wonder where that happened? Never mind, 'Mione, Mum will sew on another one next time I see her."

The two idiots she called her friends had disappeared for an hour during the Hogsmeade outing earlier that day. Muttering about losing track of time in the Quidditch supplies shop, they had quickly changed the subject by asking her about her new book purchases.

"Fucking devious, foolhardy idiots," she muttered to herself.

"I couldn't agree more, Miss Granger. Whoever did this are definitely idiots. And what were you saying about language?" Snape asked, the smirk almost tangible.

Hermione remained silent as she desperately sought a means to distract Snape from investigating further. Fools they may be, but she wasn't about to be the instrument for them to be arrested by a Ministry ultra-sensitive about the improper use of magic in Muggle areas. She would exact retribution herself, and the means occurred to her as the beam of her torch outlined the nicely defined arse of her Potions master. The black jeans he was wearing – thick, warm Wizarding robes having been denied to them in case they were seen – were certainly an improvement on the many layers he usually wore.

Since returning to Hogwarts, she had noticed his barely-hidden, dark sensuality, swathed in layers of bitterness and anger, but evident in the grace of his movements, the depth of his passion, and the depth of his black, fathomless eyes. Distracting Snape would by no means be unpleasant.

"What is wrong now, girl?" Snape growled as he looked over his shoulder to find Hermione standing stock-still, eyes fixed on him.

"Oh, nothing is wrong, sir. In fact, it all looks just perfect from here," she murmured softly.

Noting the direction of her gaze, somewhere between his knees and his waist, he frowned, a mixture of disbelief and not a little anxiety clouding his expression. "Miss Granger, are you checking out my *arse*?"

"Mmmm, oh yes. I mean... no... sir." She met his eyes and smiled innocently. "Not that it is not a fine-looking arse."

Snape turned and eyed her suspiciously. "Well, I suggest *you* concentrate more on the job at hand and less on my..." He faltered as the young witch stepped closer to him and placed a hand on his chest.

"Why not?"

"Why not what?"

Her hand started caressing his chest slowly, sending unsought sparks of interest straight to his groin. "Why not concentrate on your delicious arse, and strong shoulders, and firm, lean thighs and—"

"*Miss Granger!* The cold must be addling your brain. Unhand me this instant!" The reprimand would have been more successful if it had not been issued at an octave higher than his usual, smooth baritone.

"I don't think you really mean that, Professor." It was now or never. Protecting her friends had never been quite so enjoyable. Winding her hand around the back of his neck, Hermione reached up and met his astounded lips with her own, silencing his half-hearted complaints. "I don't think we will find anything here, but I can think of several more pleasant ways of spending our time. Perhaps somewhere more comfortable, like a nice, soft bed?" As her other hand met agreement from the decided swelling in his groin, she smirked to herself. Her plan looked set to solve both problems; getting her professor naked and covering for the boys.

As an added bonus, the knowledge she had been 'forced' to shag the dreaded Potions professor in order to save their miserable skins, and they could not breathe a single word, would form the perfect revenge.

A/N: Saturday night drabble prompt from ApollinaV: Recently in the news, there's been a new crop circle in an English barley field. It is of a giant squid. It's three times the size of most crop circles. You connect it to our favourite giant squid.

I took the liberty of moving the crop circle to Scotland for the purposes of this drabble. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for checking this over.