

Honest Answers

by BrenaMarie

Hermione's answer to her husband's question brings about an interesting turn of events.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They belong to JKR; that's why she's got all the money.

Hermione Snape turned the page of the book in her lap and silently wondered when her husband would complete his rounds. As she reached for the cup of coffee she was drinking, she heard the door to their quarters open, then close. The tell-tale sound of Severus removing his teaching robes quickly followed.

"I was just thinking about you," she called out.

"Really, now?" Severus responded.

"Find anything interesting going on?"

"The usual, honestly. Snogging and shagging abounds in the halls of Hogwarts," he said as he walked into their living room.

"Shagging... sounds like fun," Hermione said with a smile as she sipped her coffee.

"It probably was until I found them."

Hermione then felt her husband lean over the back of her recliner and nuzzle her neck as he awkwardly wrapped his arms around her.

"So, would you be interested in a similar brand of fun this evening?" he whispered in her ear.

"I might be able to be persuaded," she giggled in response.

She watched as her husband walked around her chair to stand in front of her. Since he apparently had activities in mind other than a quiet evening reading, Hermione closed her book and placed it on the end-table.

When she looked back up at her husband, she found him standing imperiously over her with his arms crossed and a stern look on his face.

With a slight smirk on his face, he simply stated, "Detention, Miss Granger."

Hermione only could gape at him in response.

"Cease your fly catching. I expect you to report to the Potions classroom in twenty minutes, properly attired of course."

Before she could form a coherent response, he had already stalked off.

I can't believe he's doing this now! I haven't even had any time to prepare!

Hermione jumped out of her chair and rushed into their bedroom. She went straight for the closet and started maneuvering the contents until she found what she'd been looking for. With strength she didn't realize she possessed, she latched onto the side-handle of her old school trunk and yanked it out of its hiding place.

She pulled the trunk to the foot of their bed, opened it and found her old school robes neatly folded right on top of the pile of items inside.

There is no way I'm going to be able to fit into these!

Hermione brandished her wand and started to swish and flick in rapid succession. In no time, she undressed and transfigured her current undergarments into something black, lacy, and sexy that she knew he'd love.

While attempting to don her old school skirt and shirt with their alterations, she considered what brought about her current predicament...

Three Months Prior...

The Snapes were lying naked in bed, having completed another satisfying evening of love-making.

"That was amazing, love," Hermione said quietly to her husband as she gently ran her hand up and down his sweaty torso.

"Is there anything I can do to make it better?" Severus asked her sincerely.

"I don't see how, you always know just what I need."

"Don't you have any fantasies?"

"Well..."

"Please, tell me."

"It's silly. I'd rather not."

"Hermione, I want to fulfill your every desire, and that is what fantasies are."

"I... I've always had the clichedetentionfantasy," she said rapidly in response.

"You... really?"

Hermione buried her face in her pillow to hide the dark pink that was coloring her face.

"We'll do it someday, just give me some time."

"There's no hurry, Severus. Honestly, you don't even need to..." she said, slightly muffled since she still hadn't moved.

Hermione felt her husband roll over and place his hand under her chin. She could tell that he wanted her to remove her face from being buried in her pillow...

"Look at me, Hermione."

Finally, Hermione turned her head so she could look into his eyes.

"There is nothing to be embarrassed about."

"I..."

Before she could respond completely, he silenced her with a passionate kiss.

Hermione stood in front of her bedroom mirror, eyeing her reflection. She took in the image of her tight-fitting, white blouse and her breasts practically pouring out of her bra. She didn't bother to lengthen her old skirt. She simply extended the waist line. Then she turned to the side and bent over at the waist and watched as the skirt rode up and exposed her rear-end nicely.

Perfect.

After one last glance in the mirror she turned, grabbed her old Gryffindor outer-robe, and headed for the Potions classroom.

A/N: This is in response to debjunk's challenge for me to use "Detention, Miss Granger" in a drabble.

Much love and hugs to debjunk for the beta work. A quick squish needs to go out to astopperindeath for being so encouraging I don't think I could have finished this w/o you!