

# Professing the Professor

*by notsosaintly*

What happens when a Muggle-born must teach a Pureblood how to drive a car?

## 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

What happens when a Muggle-born must teach a Pureblood how to drive a car?

Disclaimer: My thanks to JKRowling for allowing me to play with her characters. I promise they'll take a bath before they come home.

A/N: My response to [SASS's Learning to Drive Challenge!](#)

---

### PROFESSING THE PROFESSOR

~notsosaintly~

"I definitely need a drink," Severus mumbled to himself as he sailed through the halls on a sea of black robes. "What have I got myself into this time?"

His wand danced in a complicated pattern over a worn out portrait of Salazar Slytherin as he disengaged the wards.

"What's the matter, boy?" Salazar sneered at him haughtily.

"Silence, old man. I do not need any of your guff tonight." He murmured the password and swept inside.

"Ferme!" he bellowed, hoping the volume of his voice would produce an equal effect upon the door. It swung shut as silently as ever. Figuring Albus probably charmed the doors against such abuse, Severus cursed him mightily.

He poured a double finger of whiskey, knocked it back and refilled his glass. The faster he got drunk, the better. It was nearly as effective as being obliviated. Of course, he knew that he would still have to face the music in the morning.

Severus slumped onto the settee, burying his face in his hands and grabbing fistfuls of hair. Great Merlin's beard, he had been taken advantage of again! When would he stop trying to atone for his sins by constantly appeasing the old man?

Letting the whiskey burn down his throat, he sat back and closed his eyes. Nothing to be done for it now. Dumbledore had made a request. Severus had argued and argued to no avail and in the end, as usual, Albus had gotten his way.

How in bloody *hell* did the man do it time and time again, Severus wondered. Dumbledore was the only person to ever breach his defenses. It took years of being bamboozled by Albus Dumbledore for Severus to recognize the makings of a true Slytherin in Gryffindor clothing.

He just could not say no to Albus. Scratch that; he *could* say no and did so often and most vehemently. The fact of the matter was that Albus would not take "no" for an

answer. Thus, Severus was doomed to carry out another one of the headmaster's plans.

As head of the Order, Dumbledore had decided that transporting endangered Muggles and Muggleborns to safety would be best accomplished by means of Muggle transportation. Figuring that the Dark Lord and his followers would not suspect a wizard of utilizing Muggle technology, the headmaster had insisted Severus be the one to learn how to drive a car.

"Albus, I fail to see *why* I need to be involved in this. Have I wronged you in some way that you feel the need to torture me?"

Albus only chuckled at Severus's agony. "Now, now, Severus, there is no need to be so dramatic. You are the only one I can trust implicitly with protecting these people. Transporting them is only a side issue, a bonus of sorts. If I were to have someone else do the driving, you would merely have one more soul to look after."

Whatever happened to, "No, I will *not* be your damned chauffeur, Albus?" Why did those words seem to evade him? So now he was relegated to the fate of being a chauffeur on top of babysitting a bunch of dunderheads. Bloody fucking wonderful.

And then! If that was not enough, *then* the old fool had *suggested* that he ask, of all people, *Miss Granger* to instruct him!

Severus drew blood restraining himself from screaming. "Miss Granger?! Have you gone completely barmy, you daft old fool? I will not be asking *anyone* to assist me in learning how to drive a Muggle contraption!"

"It is not as easy as it looks, my boy. Do consider asking her. Miss Granger is the only one I know of to have obtained a Muggle license to drive. Of course, *could* look around for someone else, but time is of the essence."

Of course, the headmaster's suggestions were never negotiable. He made them *sound* as though you had a choice in the matter, but you actually didn't. Severus was doomed.

Fourth whiskey drained, he felt properly sedated and let himself fall into the haze.

\*\*\*\*\*

He had been glaring at her from under hooded eyes all throughout Potions.

It was not as if she had been doing anything wrong. If anything, she had been doing everything right. He just didn't want to admit it. Of course, that bloody bat still refused to acknowledge her outstanding talent for potions. He hadn't even remarked on her decision to study the subject after she graduated. It had, after all, been quite the topic of conversation during the last faculty meeting. It was the first time she had rued the mandatory attendance of Head Boy and Girl at faculty meetings. She had been roundly embarrassed at being the focus of everyone's attention.

Even more embarrassing was afterward, when Professor Dumbledore decided to comment in Professor Snape's presence upon what an excellent potions apprentice she would make, having not bothered to discuss it with either of them beforehand. Of course, Professor Snape had burst a blood vessel in the rant that ensued. If she thought his tongue was sharp before...well, she had no doubt about it now. It was too bad. She would have been quite open to the idea. He obviously was not.

NEWT-level Potions was intense and challenging. Students in Professor Snape's final year of Potions did individual study, so she chose her own projects and was enjoying it immensely. She was rather proud of her current project, a marriage of Wolfsbane and the Draught of Peace. Actually, the idea had struck her after reading an article published in Potions Today, written by none other than Severus S. Snape himself. When she posed the plan to her professor, however, he had looked down his lengthy nose at her and said, "Wolfsbane is a potion better left for masters. Perhaps you should try your hand at something more...manageable."

The great git.

After a lengthy argument, she got her way, of course. Honestly, did the man *have* to argue about everything? When he finally caved in, a small smile played about his lips. He was no doubt looking forward to handing out her first failing grade. Well, she would have to prove him wrong then, wouldn't she?

Hermione sighed as she glanced up to find him *still* staring at her. What the bloody hell was this, anyway, Potions Under Duress?

Tidying up her workspace, she gathered her things and was about to exit the classroom when his lofty baritone echoed after her.

"Miss Granger, I require a word with you...*please*." He winced at the sacrifice of having to utter that single word.

Uh-oh. Did he just say, "please?" That could *not* be good. She halted dead in her tracks, turned around slowly and grudgingly made her way up to the front of the room.

Severus shifted his weight uncomfortably in the chair. A mixture of anger and vexation deepened the creases around his eyes and mouth. He could not believe he was about to do this. The only satisfaction he could gather from the situation was how nervous she looked. More than likely, she thought she was in trouble, which meant that rules had most definitely been recently broken. Perhaps he could squeeze a detention into this whole mess as well. He sighed. Probably not without the headmaster noticing.

Every last little rule she broke since first year ran through her mind like quicksilver. What could he have possibly found out about? She blanched. Could it be he had found out about her borrowing Harry's invisibility cloak to slip into Hogsmeade last week to pick up a potions ingredient she had forgotten? Blast! That had to be it.

"Sir?" Raw nervousness colored her tone. May as well get it over with quickly, she thought.

Professor Snape cleared his throat and ran a hand through his hair. He gripped a handful at the roots, wanting most desperately to tear it out, convinced it would be less painful than this.

Hermione focused on the stark whiteness of his skin against the blue-black of his hair just to have something else to think about. She felt lightheaded and needed to keep herself grounded. Bracing herself as she heard his sharp intake of breath, she was shocked when her normally peevish professor made a visible effort to calm himself.

Carefully folding his hands in front of him, Severus took a deep breath. "Miss Granger. It seems that I *require* your services." There. That was not so painful, was it? Who was he kidding? That bloody well *hurt*!

Hermione was floored. She wasn't in trouble? He didn't know about her trip into Hogsmeade? Her pounding heart began to slow as relief washed over her in waves. It took a moment for his words to penetrate the haze in her brain.

Severus's eyes narrowed. Just as he suspected: she *was* expecting to be in trouble for something. He pondered for a moment what it could possibly be: a trip to the Astronomy Tower with Potter or Weasley; perhaps a late night swim in the lake, again with one of those infernal boys?

She interrupted his musings. "What sort of service could I possibly provide, Sir?"

He fixed his gaze on her squarely and bit back another sigh. Here goes nothing. Albus be damned, he thought.

"Apparently, the headmaster wishes for me to learn how to use Muggle transportation. Some nonsense of how it would be of some benefit to the Order. My dissension in the matter has evidently been noted but has once again gone unheeded. Therefore, I am forced to ask you, since you appear to be an authority on everything Muggle,

to...teach me."

Muggle transportation? What on earth was he talking about? Perhaps he needed to learn how to use the Underground?

"The Muggle Underground is not dissimilar to..." she tapered off at his deepening scowl.

"Please, let me *finish*, Miss Granger," he snarled, the lines deepening in his face. Putting both hands flat on the desk before him, he leaned closer. "Professor Dumbledore specifically stated that he wants me to learn how to navigate a...a cart, whatever the bloody hell the contraption is."

"A car? He wants you to learn how to drive a car?" she asked incredulously. She bit back a smile. It certainly would not do to incite the man, especially after narrowly escaping punishment.

"Since you seem most familiar with what a 'car' is, then perhaps you would be able to bestow some of your extensive knowledge upon me," he said through gritted teeth. His left temple throbbed.

The pain flickering across her professor's countenance was the only thing that kept Hermione from laughing out loud. This was obviously very difficult for him.

Pity aside, she thought, why should she use her precious study time to teach a man...who openly hated her, by the way...how to drive a car? And Dumbledore had suggested *her*? The man was obviously a few knuts short of a galleon. She made a mental note to personally thank Professor Dumbledore for such a rare and wonderful opportunity at the next faculty meeting. The meddling old geezer.

Professor Snape was not wholly ignorant of the inner battle going on inside Hermione's head. Her emotions and thoughts played upon her face like text on a page. In fact, he had quite expected such a reaction. But Dumbledore, in his infinite wisdom...he snarled at that bit of sarcasm...already had a plan in place. Thus it was that he was forced to listen once more to just how fortunate he would be to have Miss Granger as a Potions apprentice next year.

He had no doubt the bait would be sufficient to lure her in. Although, why ~~he~~*wanted* to bribe the chit was beyond him.

Silently cursing Albus, he heard himself saying, "Of course, if you do this for me, I would be willing to make a...concession on my part."

That got her attention. Severus Snape willing to make a concession? Well, this ought to be worth a listen, at least.

"What concession would you be referring to?" Hermione asked slowly, her eyes narrowing in distrust.

"If you are successful in teaching me how to, what did you say, 'drive a car,' I would be willing to take you on as my apprentice next year."

Her mouth dropped open.

"I do not recall my stores being short on dungeon flies, Miss Granger, so if you would kindly close your mouth," he snapped with out thinking.

"Well, I, uh...erm," she stuttered very unbecomingly, "I passed my driving exam last summer. I suppose *could* teach you how to drive a car." Just in case she had been hallucinating, she added quickly, "Would it be possible to get that offer in writing, Sir?"

He almost laughed. Almost. "You shall have it in writing. I will see you after classes are over tomorrow and you can explain the process to me," he said dismissively. "You are excused."

"But, Sir, you *do* understand that learning how to drive a is sort of a...hands-on experience, I suppose you could say." Oh, she was going to pay for that apprenticeship with blood, she just knew it.

His eyes widened in alarm. He had not thought of the necessity of practical instruction. He had no doubt, however, that Dumbledore had. That sneaky, conniving Gryffindor. That man had definitely been mis-housed, for sure.

"I am positive our esteemed headmaster will have everything taken care of by our lesson tomorrow, Miss Granger," he glowered at her dangerously. He wanted her to get the hell out of his classroom so he could flog Albus and give him a piece of his mind. He ended their conversation abruptly. "I will see you tomorrow then. Good afternoon."

Hermione left in higher spirits than she had been in all day. Just *wait* until Harry finds out about this! *She* was going to have Professor Snape at her mercy and had an apprenticeship to boot!

\* \* \* \* \*

Definitely should *not* have told Harry, Hermione thought ruefully.

Harry had been a downright prat all evening, rolling about the common room floor and laughing in fits and starts. He wanted a blow-by-blow report after she was through with Snape the Bastard. He threw in suggestions every now and then of how she should handle him. Hermione was positive that Harry did not fully appreciate the situation; he had never learned how to drive.

A couple hours of his immature nonsense was just about more than she could endure. When Ron returned from his tutoring session, Hermione excused herself and went up to bed. Waves of hysterical laughter chased her up the stairs.

In the privacy of her rooms, she had to admit, however, that it made her almost giddy to have a professor...especially Professor Snape...*ask her* to instruct him in anything. The fact that she was going to be able to teach a pureblood wizard about something Muggle was right up her alley. It was a perfect opportunity. After all, it was their ignorance that caused their prejudice.

After classes the next day, she changed into a pair of tight Muggle jeans and, in an attempt to be one notch more irritating, a Gryffindor-red jumper and traipsed down to the dungeons. Knocking cautiously on the classroom door, she heard vague mumblings from inside. Taking that as permission to enter, she opened the door.

There her usually dour professor stood, dressed in formfitting black pants, a silky loose fitting white shirt, black riding boots, gloves and cap. Eyes wide as saucers, she covered her mouth to keep the laughter from escaping. She had to give him credit, though. While he was not wholly familiar with Muggle attire, at least he still dressed with unwavering good taste.

"I do not find any of this amusing, Miss Granger," the man in the riding gear snapped. "I would hope that if there were anything amiss with my appearance you would have the common decency to inform me before I make a fool out of myself."

She choked back the giggle that threatened to erupt. *He* was right; it was, after all, the right thing to do.

"Well, as charmingly dressed as you most certainly are, we are learning how to drive a car, not ride a horse." Her voice wavered only slightly. Remembering Harry's plea, would she *please* have a little fun at her professor's expense, she added, "Of course, if I had the power, I would have to deduct five points for not doing your homework."

"Bloody Albus!" Severus exploded. "I knew the old codger was up to *something*! I am going to hex the twinkle out of his eyes once and for all!"

Hermione's giggles finally bubbled to the surface at her normally stoic professor's outburst.

"And I suppose *that* is how Muggles dress to drive a car, then?" he snarked at her outfit in distaste.

"Well, actually, yes," she replied matter-of-factly, straightening slightly and proudly displaying her Gryffindor colors. "Actually, there really is not *a specific* way to dress when one drives a car. Comfort is important, I suppose. Although," she suggested as an afterthought, "you may want to remove the cap and gloves."

With the cap removed, she noticed his hair was drawn back and tied at the nape of his neck with a thong of black leather. The style was flattering to his features. With careful nonchalance, he slowly drew one finger at a time from the gloves. He smirked as her mesmerized eyes moved from his hair to his hands.

"Is this more appropriate, then?" he asked, posing for her approval almost tauntingly.

"Much," she said, swallowing the lump that had mysteriously appeared in her throat. She tried to ignore the slight tingling feeling that had ignited in her stomach.

Hermione had never seen him out of his teaching robes before, much less in an outfit such as this. The way he was dressed, he resembled a photo from the cover of one of Lavender's romance novels. The only ingredients missing were the dramatic landscape and the windswept hair. She tried to shake the inappropriate thoughts out of her head. This was Professor Snape, after all, she reminded herself.

"Let's proceed, shall we," he said, all business-like. "I am sure neither of us wishes to spend all weekend in each other's company."

"All weekend?" she muttered weakly. He had a point: the sooner this was over, the better.

Hermione followed Professor Snape outside, jogging to keep up with his extra long stride. His shirt billowed in the slight breeze as they walked briskly past Hagrid's cabin and alongside the forest. More than once she had to remind herself that she should not be admiring the view.

The castle had been well out of sight for about five minutes when he came to a sudden halt. Lost in thought and, therefore, not paying as strict attention as she should have been, Hermione's hands reflexively grabbed his waist to prevent a collision with his backside. She held her breath. He was lean and muscular and reassuringly solid. Oh, bloody hell, if only she could flip a switch and turn off her treacherous mind.

Peering around his body, which had gone quite still at her hands upon his person, she squeaked, "I am supposed to teach you how to driv*that*?"

His only response was a clearing of the throat.

What was he waiting for? Oh! She dropped her hands suddenly, having forgotten they still rested above his hips. She was positive that it would have been less embarrassing to simply run into him. She would try to remember that for next time.

Facing them was a tiny black and white Citroën DS that was most certainly older than she was. It sat on an old unused road she had never noticed before.

"Indeed you are," he said, looking at her sideways. "You*did* say you knew how to work a car."

"Oh, I do. I do," she reassured him. "It's just that you are so....and the car is so...." her hands waved in the air, trying to describe what she could not bring herself to say.

"The car *is* a bit small," he agreed. Suspicions of Albus's meddlings niggled his brain. "Perhaps it will feel bigger once we are inside."

"No," she shook her head slowly. "It won't." She doubted the headmaster had charmed it to be larger on the inside than it looked. In fact, she wouldn't put it past that lemon-dropping old man to make it even smaller.

After a minute, they both snapped out of their respective Albus-laced reveries and came to a mutual unspoken decision to get on with the lesson.

"Right," she said with obvious false cheerfulness. "Come on, then," she urged the stoic Snape who had still not moved toward the car.

"It won't bite," she admonished, remembering the Weasley's flying car with a grin. She would have bet ten galleons*that* car could, though. She opened the driver side door, inviting him to climb inside.

"What are you grinning at, Miss Granger?" he snapped, eyeing the car with reproach, his hand resting distrustfully on his sheathed wand.

"Climb in, Professor. It's quite all right, I assure you."

With one last look of apprehension, he folded himself into the car. His knees were bent up, crushed against the bottom of the steering wheel and his neck cricked at an angle.

"Hold on a minute," Hermione giggled. Sliding one hand between his crushed legs, she felt under the seat for the chair release. Professor Snape hit his head on the low ceiling as he tried to move out of her way.

"My, you are jumpy today, Professor," she said*sassily*. "I am only trying to adjust the seat to give you more room."

He relaxed a little as she fiddled between his knees. He could not*believe* the situation he found himself in. Here he sat in a Muggle contraption with a student fiddling about between his legs, her breasts pressed against his thigh. Merlin's teeth! Those *were* her breasts! Quite ample ones, too, by the feel of them. "Bloody fucking great!" his inner voice screamed as his body started responding to the breast situation.

She found what she thought was the release but it wouldn't budge no matter how hard she jiggled it. The action of jiggling the stick made her whole body shake. The professor squeezed his eyes shut, hoping she would not turn her head and notice the bulge growing in his lap. Bugger Muggle clothing anyway. He much preferred the privacy his robes offered in situations such as these. Finally, the stick released and the seat shot straight back to its full position.

Once again, her balance failed and she sprawled across his lap. Just as quickly, she got up muttering apologies and not meeting his eyes. Holy fuck! Was that an...oh gods! Her eyes begged for a look-see. Was that as big as it felt? Refusing to satisfy her curiosity, Hermione decided the best course of action was to feign ignorance. Quickly, she stood and straightened her jumper, completely avoiding his gaze.

If she *had* bothered to look at him, she would have been shocked at the amusement written clearly upon his face. By the time she reached the passenger side of the vehicle, however, his trademark smirk was securely in place.

"Right then, Professor. I suppose we should start," she began once she was sure she had complete control over her voice. "First, you want to place your hands on the steering wheel."

He looked hard at the spoked wheel in front of him, then gripped it so hard the skin on the back of his knuckles became almost translucent.

"Professor," she reproved. "That's not a broom handle; you needn't grip it quite so hard. I promise you won't fall off."

Slowly, he relaxed his grip until she muttered, "That's better."

When she reached over to move his hands into the correct position, however, he tightened right back up.

"Would you *please* relax, Professor?" she gritted through her teeth as, with great difficulty, she released one hand from the steering wheel and then the other. His hands were strong as iron and twice as big as her own. And here she was, staring at her professor's hands. Once again, trying to shake out the inappropriate thoughts, she moved them into the proper position.

"Now release the clutch. You do that by pushing that pedal, right there, with your foot. That's right. Keep holding it down. Now turn the ignition to start the car."

He looked at her blankly until she indicated a small piece of metal sticking out next to the steering wheel. He poked it gingerly with a finger. When nothing happened, he reached into his robes for his wand.

Hermione reached out and slapped the offending hand, tutting at him as if he was an errant child.

"No, Professor. You cannot use magic to start a Muggle car. Here," she showed him as she turned the key and the car started. In surprise, his foot came off the clutch. The car sputtered and jerked into silence.

Again, startled by the sudden motion, he reached for his wand.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake!" Hermione cried as she once again stopped his hand from reaching its destination. "If you are going to reach for your wand at every little thing, I am going to have to ask you to give it to me."

"I will *not* be handing over my wand to anyone, much less a student!" he sputtered indignantly.

"Well then, be a good boy and keep your hands off!" she spat back impatiently. "Do you think we can continue?"

A quick nod of his head and he pressed in the clutch and turned the key. This time he kept his foot in place and the little car pattered to life. Thank Nimue he was a quick study. She hated repeating herself.

"We are not moving. Why are we not moving?" he asked, sounding a little frantic. This was all turning out to be much more difficult than he expected.

"Because we are not driving yet. Remember to relax your hands, Professor," she admonished. "All right then, the car is already in first gear. You need to release the emergency brake and press the gas pedal with your other foot."

She indicated the brake and showed him how to release it. Surprisingly, he followed suit as though he had been doing it his whole life. Then he pressed his foot into the gas pedal and the tiny little engine whined higher and louder. He took both feet off the pedals and the car shook violently and died. This time the wand actually made it out of its sheath.

"Oh, bloody hell!" she screamed as she snatched the wand away from him.

"Return my wand this instant, Miss Granger!" he snarled, his voice rising dangerously.

"I most certainly will not! I *told* you this was a Muggle car. I *told* you it was safe. I also told you I was going to confiscate your wand if you insisted on using it!"

"Do not shout at me, Miss Granger! Perhaps you have forgotten that you are a student and I am your professor."

"No, I have not forgotten!" she continued to shout. "However, at the moment our roles are reversed, making *me* the instructor. It would be nice if you could perhaps remember that and stop shouting at me!"

Professor Snape closed his mouth and snatched back his wand, sheathing it up his left sleeve. Damn that girl's impertinence anyway.

"If you pull it out again, I will toss it out the window. Do I make myself clear, Professor?"

"A student reprimanding a professor! Should I live to be one hundred and eighty-seven, I shall never understand how I got roped into this!" he cursed hotly under his breath.

"Believe me, the feeling is mutual!" she growled back at him.

"If I remember correctly, Miss Granger, you received the better end of the deal."

"Sure," she sniped, "if you call having to put up with an ill-tempered, quarrelsome man on a daily basis the better end of the deal."

They glared at each other in silence, finally at a loss for words. Finally, in exasperation, he looked away. Perhaps they had better just continue on with the lesson. But he vowed that this was nowhere near the end of the discussion. He was **not** going to let her win. He shoved in the clutch roughly, started the car and released the emergency brake. Blast all, now what?

"The gas pedal," she sulked.

He pushed the gas but all the engine did was make that whining sound again.

"It's okay," Hermione softened her voice. "You have to ease it gently. Push it in a little and release the clutch slowly. Just give and take."

They started off slow and then suddenly the gas pedal was to the floor and the clutch was out and they were sailing at a snail's pace of 15 kilometers per hour.

"Now shift to second gear. Just push in the clutch, shift and then balance the gas with the clutch to let it out."

Hermione squealed, "Professor! **THAT** is not the stick shift!"

Removing his hand firmly from her thigh, she placed it onto the stick shift.

"My apologies, Miss Granger. Though perhaps you have not been eating enough lately. I felt no difference."

Bloody git. She reminded herself that *she* was supposed to be the one having fun *at his* expense, NOT the other way around.

He got the hang of shifting quite quickly and they sped faster and faster down the narrow lane. He shifted through third and then fourth.

Out of nowhere, a unicorn crossed their path up a ways and froze. Hermione threw a glance over at her companion and screamed for him to stop; then simultaneously remembered she had never shown him where the brake was. Not having time for anything else, she moved over quickly and shoved her foot between his knees and down onto the brake. The car skidded to a halt less than a meter from the poor stunned unicorn. Its head **bobbed** back and forth in shock.

"Oh, look at him," Hermione whimpered. "Do you think he's all right?"

"He certainly is better off than I am at the moment," Severus griped, spitting out a mouthful of long brown curls.

Noticing the long arms about her waist, she snapped, "Well, perhaps if you would let go of me, I could make you feel more comfortable."

He snorted as he released his grip. More comfortable? Nothing could make him feel more comfortable save a stiff drink or a bit of weed, preferably both.

"Owwwww.....the emergency break is stuck to my bum!" she whined as she tried to move back into her own seat. She massaged her backside vigorously. He tried in vain to avert his gaze.

"All right. Sorry about that, Professor." Hermione settled into her seat. "That pedal that I just pushed? That was the brake. It stops the car."

"Indeed," he muttered. "However, perhaps applying the emergency brake would have been wiser? It appears to have been an emergency, after all."

Feeling quite foolish, as that certainly would have been the most logical thing to do, she gave him a glare out of his own repertoire.

"I suppose that would have worked as well, but it is not a very safe way to come to a stop and it is not good for the car." It really pained to defend her stupidity, but she was not going to broadcast her mistake to the man next to her. It would please him way too much.

"Why is it not good for the car?" he asked.

"I don't know. It's just not," she huffed impatiently. "My dad told me when he was teaching me to drive and I cannot remember right now."

"Call the Daily Prophet! Little Miss Know-It-All does not, in fact, know it all," he announced sarcastically to no one in particular.

"Oh, put a lid on it and start the car again!" she snapped at him angrily.

Smirking, he pushed in the clutch and started the car.

He got it going once more on the road, testing the brake every now and then and driving as fast as he could. She had the distinct feeling that there was a little too much testosterone in the air. Rather like when Harry and Ron went racing about on their brooms. Men and their toys, she grumbled to herself.

"You do realize there is a speed limit, don't you?" she complained as he pushed the little car so fast that the speedometer no longer registered the true speed. "Would you slow down? You are going to kill us both!"

"Where did *you* learn to drive, Miss Granger, from a correspondence course?! No one is going to be killed. This is what you would call 'having fun.' Surely you know what it is like to have a little fun?" he quipped at her over the loudly whining engine.

Suddenly, there was a loud pop and the car veered across the road, first in one direction, then another, until he got it under control and came to an abrupt stop. And for a fourth time, out came the bloody wand. Just as quickly, Hermione snatched it and tossed it out the window.

"What the ... Do you ..." He sputtered, trying to get control over his anger. "Are you *aware* of what you have just done, Miss Granger?!" His voice was loud but seemed small in the confines of the tin can they were presently occupying. Nothing like the echo he usually achieved yelling in the dungeons.

"Yes, I am *quite* aware of my actions!" she yelled back. "I threw your bleeding wand out the window, just like I said I would!"

"You will get out this instant and go look for it!" he growled.

"Fine. And *you* can get out and fix the flat tire. The spare is in the trunk!" she shouted as she exited the vehicle and slammed the door as hard as she could.

It did not take her long to find his wand. She had brought her own and all it took was an "Accio Professor Snape's Wand!" and it was in her hand. She sheathed it alongside her own. There was no need to let him know she had found it yet.

Back at the car, he stood at the open trunk, staring blankly inside.

"Miss Granger!" he called, noticing belatedly that she stood directly behind him. "What is a 'spare'?"

"An extra tire. It should be right here," she answered, looking inside to find a completely barren trunk.

"Damn!" she shouted. "Blast all, there is supposed to be a spare tire in here!"

"I gathered as much," he said. "Why don't you just give me my wand and I will have us on our way in a second.

Hermione froze. It was a toss up: give him his wand and give in or don't give him his wand and teach him a lesson. Let's see...which one would it be?

"You *did* find it, Miss Granger, did you not?" he growled, turning from the car to face her.

"Erm..." she murmured very unintelligibly, backing up slowly right into the broad expanse of the nearest tree.

"Hand over my wand, Miss Granger," he purred as he pinned her to the tree.

"I will not!" she growled. "I told you..."

"Yes. You *told* me I did not need my wand. You *told* me everything would be safe. Swerving about a road traveling at over 120 kilometers per hour with a flattened tire is *not* safe. Give. Me. My. Wand. NOW!"

"Listen, you insufferable man, I am the one teaching you how to drive a car. How can I do that with you foolishly waving your wand about like a first year?"

"Foolish wand waving? First year?!" he stammered, letting her go. She took the opportunity to duck under his arm and make a run for it.

Oof. She forgot she was dealing with an Ex-Death Eater. Bloody hell. He tackled her and before she knew what had happened, she was flat on her back with her potions professor pressed on top of her.

His hair flew about his head, having escaped its confines. Come to think of it, the wood provided a really nice dramatic landscape as well.

"Get off me." She struggled against him as he gripped her arms tightly. She lifted her head off the ground but was unsuccessful otherwise.

"I will not get off you until you give me my wand, Miss Granger," he drawled dangerously into her ear. "It is entirely up to you whether I get off or remain where I am."

"You great bloody git!" she screamed. "I swear, when I have my hands free I am going to hex you backwards and forwards and every which way until you no longer know which end is up! I cannot believe I even *considered* being your apprentice! It certainly is not *worth* all the complete and utter *shite* I have had to put up with teaching you how to drive!"

She blathered on and on while he stared down into her angry twisted face. Her words had begun to blur together and made no sense at all.

Does this girl *EVER shut up*, he wondered, amazed that she hadn't tired yet of berating him. Her chest heaved against his own as she took another breath to continue insulting him. He sighed. He always loved a good argument, and there was nothing like a soft woman beneath him raving away uncontrollably. There was only one way to bring this to a halt.

He brought his mouth down upon hers forcefully, kissing her hard. Oh, it shut her up, all right. At first she struggled in surprise, but he was quite insistent. She had no choice but to respond.

Instead of fighting him with words, she fought him with her lips, returning his kiss with equal ferocity. He turned force into passion as their kiss deepened. Her body burned beneath his, sharply aware of every single centimeter of his muscular body beneath her. When he broke the kiss, she moaned at the loss.

"Well, it appears I have finally discovered how to silence Hermione Granger." It came out in his usual silky drawl but with an uncharacteristic teasing quality.

He shifted so he could hold both of her wrists in one hand. She pulled a little against the restriction until she realized what his other hand was doing. The back of his hand trailed down her cheek and he checked a lock of hair that had blown across her lips. One of his long fingers trailed across the bottom lip that she so frequently abused. He leaned down to nip at that bottom lip before he continued his downward path.

Those breasts. Those lovely, round, plentiful breasts. That was his goal, at the present moment anyway: to have those beautiful globes at his mercy. He grasped one through the yarn of her jumper, running his thumb in a circle around the center. Oh gods, yes, they were perfect, he thought, as he pressed into her body harder, his erection grinding against her thigh.

A Gryffindor-red nipple found its way into his mouth, and he suckled it through the cloth. It solidified in his mouth. Hermione's hips arcing beneath him was enough reassurance that she would no longer be trying to escape. He let go of her wrists and brought his other hand to join the fun, listening to her moans and grinding against her writhing body as he continued to fondle her through her shirt.

"Hermione," he whispered, "tell me you want more." He hoped beyond hope she would say yes. If she declined, he would stop, although he would find it most difficult.

"More," she murmured incoherently through her passion-filled haze. "Yes, more." Was he insane? Of course she bloody well wanted more!

Drawing her to a sitting position in front him, he encircled a long leg around her bum enclosing her within his personal space. He pulled the offending red jumper over her head and tossed it aside. Underneath, he was rewarded with the sight of two gloriously plump orbs squeezed and pushed up within a flimsy black lace bra. His already tight pants became more uncomfortable, especially sitting in this position.

Kneeling before her, he began unfastening the buttons of his shirt. In a heartbeat, she was brushing his hands away and taking over, eager to find what lay beneath.

She was not disappointed. His muscles were firm but not overly defined. He was lean but not too thin. His strong, wide shoulders tapered to his flat belly. She ran her fingers over his chest where the hair was sparse, lightly skimming the nipples.

The sharp intake of breath tore her gaze from his chest upward to where blackened eyes seemed to melt with her own. He drew her up against his body, needing to feel her skin against his. With a single flick of a finger, the clasp was released on her bra and he slid it from her shoulders. One hand reached down to cradle one of her breasts as he slowly brought his mouth down upon it. He supported the small of her back as she liquefied in his hands.

The sensation overwhelmed her. He was devouring her and she had never felt anything so good. Her body ached to feel more of his touch. She yearned to feel the hardness that was pressed up against her belly, to learn what made him feel good.

Shyly, she felt her way down his body until it rested on top of the bulge between them. She felt its length, smoothing her hand down to the fullness beneath and up to the tip. He was longer than her hand and broader than she had expected a man to be. She fumbled at the fastenings on his trousers, anxious to release what was inside.

Taking pity on the poor girl, he pushed her back on her heels and took over her endeavors. Slowly, he opened a button, then another, then another and so on until his pants fell open, releasing his rather enlarged member. She stared openly, eyes wide.

Chuckling lightly, he asked, "What's the matter, Miss Know-It-All? Have you never seen an erection before?" At the slow shake of her head, he laughed harder in amusement.

"Here, my little apprentice," he guided her hand toward the object of her fascination. "It is about time you learn."

He wrapped his long fingers around the small hand that enclosed his erection. Gently, he escorted her hand up to the top and down to the base. He showed her the little intricacies as he spiraled his thumb over the moist tip and slid his finger deep behind his balls. She was a quick study, as he knew she would be. He tossed his head back slightly, closing his eyes as she took over, riding the blissful sensations that were rippling through his body.

Suddenly he felt a moist, tight warmth surround his cock and moaned. Merlin's teeth, this girl was adventurous. He knew that he was quite the mouthful and she had most likely never done this before. She did not disappoint, however. She sucked in her cheeks and twirled her tongue around the circumference, spiraling her mouth down the length of his cock until he pushed against the barrier of her throat. She continued up and down, sucking tighter, engulfing his cock in her virgin mouth while his mind numbed and thinking became a thing of the past.

Her hands roamed his body, exploring his backside, the inside of his thighs, grasping and releasing his heavy sac. He felt her fingers press up against the tender skin behind his balls and he let out a moan. The finger slid backwards and entered his hole. Holy fuck! Where did the little vixen learn how to do that?! He had to end this now before he came in her mouth. If he was going to cum anywhere it was going to be buried deep within her body and only after she came at least once. He was, after all, a gentleman.

Pushing her back, he smirked at her squeals of protest.

"Now, now, no complaining, my dear. You can have more later, if you like. Time for the next lesson."

He unbuttoned and unzipped her Muggle jeans. They were skintight and clung to her most seductively. Pity he had not noticed before. Perhaps he would have pulled off the road earlier. No matter. He finished removing her jeans and her knickers until she was blissfully naked before him. His cock twitched uncontrollably at the sight. Oh, how he wanted to be sheathed inside her tight little body. He stopped only long enough to finish removing his boots and pants.

A feast lay before his eyes. Where to begin, he pondered. When in doubt, start at the bottom and work your way up. He took one of her toes into his mouth, sucking it in and out suggestively. Hermione had propped herself up on her elbows to watch. Her half-lidded eyes glazed over at the insinuation. He nibbled his way up her calf to the back of her knee where he placed small kisses that trailed up her inner thigh until they reached the thatch of curls that surrounded his ultimate goal.

He pushed a finger into her wetness, feeling the barrier that proved her virginity. Burying his face into her stomach, he grabbed hold of the desire building up inside of him. Slowly, his finger pumped into her again and again, his thumb circling her sensitive point until her hips bucked involuntarily into his hand and her tight sheath convulsed around his finger.

Drawing his hand away from her heat, he sat back to watch her recover from her orgasm. Bringing his hand up to his nose, he sniffed longingly at her lingering scent and licked the moistness, sweet as honey, from his fingertips.

"I see that your hands are good for something other than stirring a potion," she said huskily. The small smile that the comment elicited from him cranked her desire up

another notch.

He beckoned her to him. More than willing, she scampered onto his lap, straddling him.

"Guide me into you, Hermione," he pleaded in her ear desperately, barely containing the hunger in his voice.

She grasped him with such fervor and anticipation that he had to bite back a yelp of pain.

"Easy! That's not a broom handle; you needn't grip it quite so hard." When he realized how eerily familiar that sounded, he added with a smirk as he grabbed her arse firmly, "I promise you won't fall off."

Hard and fast was the only way to dispense with virginity, and so she impaled herself with one swift movement upon his cock. Severus gasped with the intensity of the pleasure that assailed his senses. So hot. So wet. So tight. She hung on to his shoulders and began to move up and down around his length.

The rough handling he gave her bouncing breasts made her move faster on top of him. Each time he filled her, he could feel the end of her tunnel squeeze around the head of his cock. He groaned through the flesh in his mouth and tried desperately to contain himself.

A few more strokes into her depths and he could not take it anymore. He flipped her over onto her back and dove into her with wild abandon.

"Gods," he groaned through gritted teeth as he slammed into her ever harder. "Cum for me, Hermione. Cum for me now!"

She screamed in compliance as he sank into her one last time and exploded. He held himself still for a brief moment to feel her muscles grip around his throbbing cock, then he shoved into her again and again until she had milked him entirely of his seed.

Exhausted, he rested his forehead on hers, looking deep into her sated eyes.

"You always were a quick study," he murmured between labored breaths. She chuckled beneath him, causing friction between their bodies.

Reaching down between her legs, he moved a finger over her swollen mound. The slight inhale from her lips told him she was quite sore. His finger came back with blood on it. She looked at him in wonder as his tongue snaked out to lick it off.

Then he was traveling down her body and spreading her knees to display her sex fully. He looked at her with questioning eyes, wondering if she knew the meaning of what he was about to do.

"Blood of virgin," he began, "And lover's seed..." Hoping that she would know, that she could finish the rhyme.

"In ecstasy taken, Will age impede."

"Precisely," he murmured as he dove into the wetness created by their desire, a mix of her virgin blood and his seed.

His tongue circled around her clit in tight little movements. He drew her need, her desire out of her body and into his waiting mouth. She was open to his probing tongue. It pierced the place he had most recently vacated, as he licked and soothed the wound he had created. He removed the combination of their joining with a gentle urgency. She could feel the emotion behind his actions, behind the care he took to relieve her discomfort. And then she felt the pain dissipate and her nerves knew only pleasure. Higher she climbed on waves of tongue-induced rapture.

"Oh gods!" she screamed as she reached the point of no return and the tide turned and brought her crashing down to earth with her professor's tongue drinking in the remnants of her bliss.

When she was finished, he longingly kissed the sensitive part of her inner thigh and rested his head on her abdomen. She let her fingers play through his hair while they rested contentedly.

"I suppose that Headmaster Dumbledore had this whole thing planned, didn't he?" she asked while they dressed silently next to each other: him lovingly clasping her bra and her buttoning the top button on his shirt with a small smile.

"Hmm. Well, I do not think he intended for it to go *quite* this far," he surmised. "But I have no doubt that he thinks we are similar in many ways."

"Are we similar in many ways?" she asked timidly, wondering if perhaps she came across as being snarky to her friends.

He chuckled lightly as they walked back to the car. "Well, you are definitely nicer than I am," he said to her immense relief, "but I believe what Albus sees is that we both have a proclivity towards reading and studying and research. He has always told me, to my deep chagrin, that you remind him a lot of me when I was your age."

They reached the car and Severus drew his wand, muttering a charm that repaired the tire.

"Hey!" Hermione shouted in surprise. "How did you get your wand?"

"I have my ways," he replied mysteriously. He pulled her to him and said, "Better get used to it, I think," before he kissed her thoroughly, making sure that she had no doubt that what happened here today was only the beginning.

He turned to open her door. "Put on your seatbelt, my dear. It is going to be a rough ride home."

~fin~