

Revelations

by rosewood

Severus Snape has a little fun with a young admirer.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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At precisely eight o'clock in the evening the soft rap at the door reverberated through the Potions classroom.

"Enter," he replied sharply.

The girl hesitantly closed the door and made her way to the front of the room, stopping just short of his desk. He pointedly ignored her for several minutes until she began to fidget. Finally, he fixed his icy stare at her as a deep flush crept across her face. *Oh, this is going to be good*, he silently mused.

Soon enough, visions of billowing black robes whipping through the corridors flashed unbidden through her mind. Long, elegant fingers deftly handling potions ingredients with fluid grace. Ebony hair, fine as silk, framed an angular, pale face set with eyes as deep as the midnight sky. Finally, a frock coat lined with a never-ending row of little black buttons...

At this last revelation, he arched his brow, and his lips twitched slightly in amusement.

Dear Merlin, he knows, her inner voice cringed.

He arose from behind his desk and stood at arm's length in front of her, quietly contemplating her being. After a few moments, he circled her slowly and carefully studied her reaction as his robes brushed against her ever so slightly. He came to a standstill directly behind her, leaned in and allowed his hair to rest upon her shoulder as his lips hovered a mere inch from her ear.

"I must admit to being amused at your fascination with... my buttons," he purred softly. "Oddly enough, most witches fantasize about... my nose."

She shuddered as his deep voice resonated like sensuous waves across her skin. Once again, he stood in front of her, gently lifted her chin and gazed into her twinkling eyes. Suddenly, visions of his prodigious nose swept down her slender neck and caressed her naked breasts. Slowly he moved his nose across her navel and nuzzled it between the crux of her alabaster thighs...

Her breath hitched as he chuckled quietly at her vision and released her chin.

"It would seem you have quite an active imagination," he whispered. "Albeit, a dirty little one. I believe I have a solution to this situation. It won't be easy. It will be slow, hard and utterly filthy."

She shivered in anticipation.

He summoned his house-elf, who quickly looked at the girl, bowed his head and winked out of sight.

"What would your head of house think if she saw you now?"

There was a curt knock at the door, and a moment later Minerva McGonagall swept into the room.

"Hermione Sue Granger!" she hissed. "I had expected more from you."

It was apparent that Professor McGonagall had gone through this process before.

Soon the house-elf returned and placed a slender object in Hermione's hand. She stared at her toothbrush and then her professors, embarrassed and confused.

"Miss Granger, you are to get on your hands and knees and scrub every square inch of this classroom floor," Snape said with a smirk. "Professor McGonagall and I shall supervise your detention over tea."

A/N: The plot bunny was rabid!

This was written for the "Severus Snape's 50th birthday smut drabble writing challenge" on FB. The rules being:

- * The drabble must be no longer than 500 words.
- * The drabble must be SS-centric (obviously!) but you can use whatever secondary characters you like.
- * The drabble must include the following words: Nose, Silk, Twinkle.

A warm thanks to kittylefish for looking over this little drabble. :)