

# What Happened In the Bedroom

by Blue Phoenix

Companion story to *Hermione's Odd Behaviour*. I'd recommend reading that one first. This one deals with what happened in the bedroom.

## Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

Companion story to *Hermione's Odd Behaviour*. I'd recommend reading that one first. This one deals with what happened in the bedroom.

Unmindful of the unconscious form of Harry Potter lying on the floor of his Potions classroom, Severus Snape followed Hermione into his quarters, closing the door behind them and putting up the same wards he'd used when he was a spy. The wards were designed to withstand an attack from Voldemort himself, so Severus felt safe enough to smile at the sight of his wife walking towards his bedroom. Or, that was, it was a smile when gracing the lips of Severus Snape. On the lips of a normal man it could only be described as a faint tug at the corner of his lips.

In fact, Harry Potter was so far from his mind that he might have, if faced with the question, 'Have you seen Potter lately?' just have stared blankly and sneered: 'Potter who?'

'Severus?'

The corners of his lips quirked a little further up. 'Yes, dear?'

She smiled at him. A brilliant flash of happily shining eyes. Severus wasn't normally a man for endearments, but he would have called Hermione 'pumpkin dearest' or something equally silly if it could have earned him that smile. At least in private, he would.

'What's taking you so long?' she asked, her eyes teasing. 'Has old age finally caught up with you?' With that she disappeared into his bedroom, and he could hear her clear laugh accompanied by the low squeak of wood that told him she'd jumped onto the bed. Like hell age had caught up with him! Severus felt younger than he had the last decade. In a second he'd crossed to the door and leaned against the doorframe.

His breath caught as he saw her lying on the bed. His bed. Her curly hair covered most of his pillow, and she smiled cheekily up at him while her fingers played with the lining of her sensible cotton panties. Like the formidable witch she was, she had spelled off her robes; they were now folded neatly on a chair by the bathroom door. Not that he complained. Her school robes bothered him slightly. He felt like a lecherous old man when he held her while she was dressed in those.

She raised her eyebrows in surprise when he didn't immediately join her. But the sight of her was too good to rush it. He was a patient man. With a smirk he shrugged out of his cloak, letting it fall to the floor behind him.

'Tease,' she berated, pouting slightly.

'I assure you, Mrs Snape, it's worth the wait,' he replied.

She bit her lip while squirming a little on the bed. For some reason she got all hot and bothered when he called her 'Mrs Snape'. While it was beyond his comprehension why she would find it arousing, Severus wasn't one to object.

He slowly undressed, savouring the way her eyes lingered on him, her face filled with admiration and lust. She surely needed glasses, to find him handsome. He could understand the odd witch falling for the image he'd built over the years. Dark, broody and mysterious seemed to work for him in that direction. He also got the ones falling for his intellect or magical ability. After all, Severus Snape was a powerful wizard. And he knew it. What he also knew, being possessed of a great deal of logic, was that he wasn't a handsome bloke. Pale skin and dark hair did no wonders for a man. A nose the size of a beak didn't make it any better. And, unlike the bloody rumours running rampant among the older girls in the castle, there sadly wasn't any connection between the size of a man's nose and the size of his more private parts. Or, if there was, Severus had been neglected on that part too. Not that his dick was small! Merlin. Severus would hex his own buttocks off before thinking such a thing. It was ... adequate. Being him really was torture. And still people dared wonder why he was so sour.

As he pulled down his boxers and let them pool around his feet, he looked down briefly. Today, at least, it was partially there. Then he looked up again to meet Hermione's eyes. She stared at his groin with hunger in her eyes, as usual not the least bit deterred by the fact that her husband needed her active help to get an erection.

Encouraged by her acceptance he stepped out of his clothes and walked over to the bed. Crawling in next to her he propped himself up on his side, his right hand caressing the soft skin of her belly.

Hermione reached out an eager hand and wrapped it around his partially engorged dick. With a practised movement she kneaded it up against his abdomen, making him groan in appreciation.

'You like that, huh?' she teased.

'You know I do, Hermione,' he replied. He wanted to tell her that he was sorry he couldn't get an erection just at the sight of her. Hell, just at the thought of her. But between all the potions he'd ingested over the years and his not-so-relaxing lifestyle, it seemed his body demanded more encouragement. It had never bothered him before. After all, who had there been for him to impress?

He knew from experience, however, that Hermione would simply look at him as if he was being silly and tell him not to worry. Like he was worried! He just didn't want her to be disappointed. Thanks to the dratted rumours started by those delusional schoolgirls, he had a reputation to live up to. One he was very aware that he fell well short of. He'd even, once, offered to take a potion to mend the matter. Hermione had looked at him with that stern look she had and said 'Tosh!' as if he was being ridiculous. Then she'd wrapped her hand protectively around his dick before leaning towards him. 'Taking care of this is my task, husband. Don't you dare interfere,' she'd breathed into his ear. Well, once again it was beyond his comprehension, but he wasn't about to object.

Deciding not to spend any more time thinking about an issue that clearly didn't bother his wife, Severus lifted his hand from her belly and put it lightly on her cheek. He let it slide slowly along her jaw line until his fingers tangled in the soft wisps of hair at the base of her neck. With a slight smirk he leant forward and touched his lips to hers.

'Now you're talking,' she whispered onto his lips. Her words were more than a little muffled, but he knew her well enough to understand. He also knew her well enough not to be surprised when the underwear separating them vanished. His impatient little witch.

There was little talking after that. Hermione made mewing sounds at the back of her throat while they kissed. She also rubbed her thigh to his, both maddening him with desire. By now her hand had succeeded in its assignment and his dick was as stiff as it ought to be, the wanker.

He toppled her over onto her back, bracing himself over her. Damned. His elbow had to protest, did it? Well, it could tense up all it wanted. If it started aching later he'd just take it out on some unsuspecting Hufflepuff. That was what students were there for after all.

Hermione pulled him down to her again, and he forgot all about the blasted dodgy elbow. There was only so much that could be going on inside a brain at one time, even if said brain belonged to Severus Snape. Currently he had his attention divided between the soft feel of her breast against his palm, deliciously contrasted by her stiff nipple, the way her tongue caressed his lips, and the feel of his dick pressing against the inside of her thigh. Severus couldn't be snarky at such a time.

He must have flinched, though, for suddenly Hermione pulled away a little, looking sternly at him.

'How many times have I told you, Severus? If your elbow is bothering you, there's no need to do it like this. There's plenty of other positions...' She smirked...he must be at blame for teaching her that.

'It's not a bother,' he lied. While the plenty of other positions were worth trying...all of them...his stubborn pride refused him to be dictated by a ruddy elbow.

She looked like she didn't believe him the slightest. 'Well. There is the bath?' she suggested, knowing him to be partial to it.

Ah. The bath. Now, that did sound tempting. 'Next time,' he agreed. 'Right now I can't wait any longer.'

She muttered something sounding suspiciously like 'about time,' but her words were muffled enough by sounds of delight as he resumed his attentions that he couldn't be sure.

There was a faint sigh of 'oh, Severus,' as he sank into her, savouring the feel of his wife. Then a strained 'Mrs Snape' as she grabbed his butt firmly. Finally a shout of 'wife' as they came undone in each other's arms.

---

As they rested, limbs heavy from satisfaction, he stroked his hand over her bushy hair. Hermione for some reason found her hair annoying. Severus felt she'd be incomplete with any other. Sleek, well-tamed hair would hardly suit his wild little lioness.

'Do you think Harry's fine?' she asked at last, not sounding very worried.

'That boy lives to plague me,' Severus replied. 'He wouldn't do me the favour to depart this life because he heard you beg me to give you an orgasm ~~my~~ wife.'

She just chuckled at his usual grumpy tone. 'Well, he's too old to wander around under that cloak. It was one thing when he was a kid, but an eighteen year old boy should know not to sneak around like that. The only thing he would be justified using it for is a tryst with Ginny now and then.'

Severus snorted at her logic. 'True,' he admitted lazily. 'Although as a teacher I do have to remind you that 'trysts' are against school rules.'

She giggled happily, her hand coming to life on his chest and creeping down towards his crotch. 'Really, Severus?'

'Really, Mrs Snape,' he purred against her neck. Fuck. She would wear him out, his lovely wife. But then again, what better way to die than in her arms? He'd much rather his obituary said, 'Severus Snape passed away in the throes of passion,' than have it say, 'Severus Snape died an old and lonely man.'

'Well.' She paused, her hand alluringly close to its goal. 'I'm not sure. Hardly want to break school rules, do we?'

'Sod school rules!' he demanded. He knew she was teasing. But still ... a man could only stand so much teasing from his beautiful young wife.

'But we might get in trouble!' She had that innocent look down, biting her lip while her eyes went wide.

'Finish what you started, witch, or I'll show you trouble!' he growled. His witch grinned like a mad woman at that, looking very smug indeed.

---

The sun was already rising over the lake by the time Severus stirred. Something was tickling his cheek while his nose could detect a decidedly pleasing scent. His hand batted away the offending object, coming into contact with curly hair. *Hermione*. Severus smiled in his sleep. Unlike the slight tug at the corner of his mouth he presented when awake, the still sleeping Severus Snape looked blissfully happy. The tickling hair, however, wouldn't leave him alone. It tickled his large nose, making Severus grimace. Right now he wasn't too fond of that hair. He'd had a very nice dream about...Severus woke fully, no longer remembering his dream. It had probably involved Hermione and a bed, though. Or Hermione and a bathtub. Possibly Hermione and a private stretch of grass under the stars. His dreams never strayed from those themes, unless he counted his ruddy nightmares.

He looked at the woman next to him, that smile slowly returning without him even realising it. Then reality hit him over the head. He was in his bed, at night, with his sleeping wife. While that was a dream situation, Hermione ought to be back in her dormitory by now. They could hardly hope to keep this a secret until after graduation if she spent the night.

'Hermione,' he whispered, his voice groggy from sleep.

'Mmm,' she replied, burrowing her face a little further into the pillow.

'Wake up, dear,' he insisted. 'You need to get back to bed.'

'I'm in bed,' she muttered, turning from him.

'Your own bed,' he explained, rolling his eyes at the back of her head. 'As much as I like your company, the sun must be nearly up.'

'Oh, fuck!' she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright in bed.

'That's more like it,' he replied dryly. 'I'll see you next week.' He kissed her shoulder. It made her turn to him with a hopeful look in her eyes.

'Can't we wait just a bit? An hour can't matter?' she hinted.

He smirked at her. 'No, Hermione. Back to your tower you go.'

She pouted but got out of bed. 'If you don't behave yourself, Severus, I might just not earn myself a detention next week,' she threatened.

He lifted an eyebrow, not the least bit intimidated. 'If you think you can last two weeks, Mrs Snape,' he purred.

'Damn you!' she cried. Then her face softened. 'Of course I bloody can't, you insufferable man.'

---

In the boys' dormitory in Gryffindor tower, Harry Potter bolted upright in bed. He stared wildly at the curtains around his bed while his heart drummed loudly in his ears. Then his shoulders slumped slightly, and he breathed out in a rush of relief. A nightmare. *Merlin riding naked on a Thestral!* Harry shuddered. The image of Snape wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, with pink frilly hearts on them, seemed to be burned into his eyelids.

Desperate for more sleep, Harry flumped back onto his mattress. But his eyes stubbornly refused to close themselves. Snape in heart-adorned underwear walking over to a Hermione decked with whipped cream and chocolate sauce! Harry would be lucky if he could ever sleep again after that nightmare. He certainly wouldn't be touching chocolate for a very long time! What had the girl been thinking, marrying Snape?

---

The next day rumours circled the castle that Professor Snape had actually awarded some Hufflepuff fifth-year five points in the first lesson of the day.

As the week wore on, however, it became a myth, a legend. No student any more believed in Professor Snape awarding points than they believed in the existence of Nargles (with the exception of Luna, of course, who believed in both). But, then again, as the week wore on, Severus Snape's mood became worse by the hour. In the end of it, Lavender Brown and a gaggle of girls could be heard in the corner of Gryffindor common room, whispering urgently together, punctuated by mad bouts of giggles. Snipes such as: 'just needs a good fuck', 'that nose is huge, surely other parts must be, too?' and 'wouldn't mind giving him a little attention' reached Harry.

'Mental!' he blurted, turning to Ron.

'What's that, mate?' Ron asked, not looking up from his study of the tabletop.

Harry explained.

'Oh, yeah,' Ron agreed. 'Though I suppose that's love for you.' He sighed dreamily. 'Take me, for instance. I know Nargles doesn't exist. Yet I go searching for them, just to make Luna happy. I even wish we found one, just to see her smile.' He grinned like a fool. 'Even Snape deserves love, mate. If he was as happy as I am, I'm sure he'd become less sour.'

Harry rolled his eyes.

'Besides. You know what they say about sex draining the tension out of a man,' Ron added wistfully. 'I'm sure he'd be much more easy-going if he got laid on regular basis.'

Math never had been Harry's strong point. But even he could count back and find that Snape's odd bout of mellowness had followed directly after Hermione's 'detention.' Ugh!

'Yeah, right,' he said, getting up. 'I'm just going to-' He didn't finish the sentence. Ron was tracing odd patterns on the tabletop and seemed lost in his own world. Probably daydreaming about Luna...again.

'I'll just go Scourgify my brain,' Harry muttered to himself. 'Maybe a well-placed Obliviate would do the trick?' Shaking his head as if to get rid of something nasty he wandered out of the portrait hole and down the corridor. 'Snape!' he muttered at odd intervals.

It was a shame for him that Romilda Wane heard him and started a rumour that Harry Potter, hero of the Wizarding world, was really gay...despite his relationship with Ginny Weasley...and had a crush on Professor Snape. It caused Draco Malfoy to actually topple of his bench in the Great Hall, rolling on the floor while he laughed like a mad person. It also got a chuckle from Snape himself...in the privacy of his own chambers where he was certain that no one could see or hear him partake in such a human activity as chuckling. After all, if his student no longer feared him, he might actually have to *work* in order to ensure discipline during class. That wouldn't do at all.

---

A/N: Thanks for reading. I've started a story telling how on earth Snape and Hermione ended up married in the first place.

Once I find myself a beta (anyone?) I'll start posting. :)

