

Making an Impression

by melusin

Short drabble series for LJ's grangersnape100: Transfiguration and Submissive!Snape challenges.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: It's all JKR's. Not mine, not ever.

He had to choose today of all days, didn't he? Hermione was trying her best to ignore the dark-clad presence sitting impassively, arms folded, at the back of the room. First-year, Gryffindor Slytherin. Inanimate to animate Transfiguration: Module one, Exercise two. First attempt.

Great, just great. She took a deep breath and addressed the class:

'If you've read the assigned chapters I gave you last week, you should have no difficulty in accurately performing this spell. The teacups in front of you should transform into mice—not hamsters, not rats, not gerbils, but mice—and back again. So, wands out and... begin.'

Headmaster Snape watched the ensuing chaos and tried not to smirk. It was one of the most pleasing aspects of the job, surprise teaching inspections—especially when he could fluster the more inexperienced staff members, like Professor Granger. But her command of the class was impressive; she praised and scolded, correcting the hopeless and quickly dispatching any mice/cup hybrids that materialised. Brisk, efficient, controlled... His attention drifted from her exemplary teaching technique to her measured movements and the occasional tap-tapping of vinewood against her hand. Thoughts of that small figure tightly laced into a leather corset sneaked unbidden into his mind...

Would she be as proficient with a flogger as that wand? Could she wield a whip? Could she Transfigure a teacup into thigh-high boots with laces up the back—? Suddenly, Hermione spun around, dealt with a spiteful hex aimed at a Gryffindor boy, then paced some more. Her eyes were everywhere:

'Enunciate clearly,' she barked. Then, looking directly at him. 'Intent is *everything*.'

Severus shivered. Oh, it most certainly was, and he was rock hard at the thought if it. Before term was out, it was his avowed intent to be on his knees begging to lick Hermione Granger's cunt.

'You may go.' Unsurprisingly, the normally boisterous first years filed out quietly.

'So...' Hermione began, clearing the board with a deft swish and a flick. 'How was I?'

Severus kept his eyes on her wand as she moved towards him. 'Adequate.'

'Oh...?' *I'm good, and he knows it.* Unconsciously, Hermione tapped her wand against her thigh. The resulting bobbing of his Adam's apple did not go unnoticed. 'Not... strict enough for you?'

Severus' breathing hitched almost imperceptibly, confirming her suspicions.

'Well, *Professor.*' She grinned. 'Give me another chance, and I'll show you just how strict a disciplinarian I can be...'