

# Defrocked

*by quaffswinegaily*

Hermione peels off Severus's layers at last

## What Hermione Saw

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione peels off Severus's layers at last

Watching Headmaster Snape from across the room, Professor Granger recalled a conversation she had overheard when she was still a student at Hogwarts.

*"He's quite ugly."*

*"I bet he has a fit body under those robes."*

*"If he did, I wouldn't kick him out of bed for farting."*

After all this time, she was finally going to find out for herself what delights were hidden beneath the frock coat.

As she approached him, she was able to look more closely than she had previously. She noted that his skin, which had appeared pale when he was younger, now had a more sallow complexion, and his nose showed signs of his love of Firewhiskey.

His coat remained buttoned to the collar. The sense of anticipation grew as Hermione eyed the many buttons, wondering what lay beneath. In her mind's eye, she could see his smooth, lithe body, toned after years of fighting and working as a spy. The bulge of his pectorals must surely curve pertly, then down over the flat planes of his abdomen, following an ebony treasure trail to his crown jewels. Hermione swallowed thickly at the thought.

Raising her trembling hands to his collar, her fingers fumbled a little as she started the long process of undoing every single black button. She worked as quickly as she could, one button at a time, longing to be able to press her lips to his soft skin.

As she eased his clothes down over his shoulders her eyes ran over him, taking in the sight. His shoulders were narrow, and his arms skinny. His chest was a little sunken and covered in wiry hair. She pulled his garments further down, making his paunch of a belly wobble slightly, an indication of a more sedentary life and too many Hogwarts school dinners.

Only the true prize remained to be revealed. All she had to do was follow his ebony treasure... his greying and thinning treasure trail. She took a steadying breath and continued her downwards gaze to find his manhood, which sat shrivelled and small, nestled in a sparse nest of grey hair.

"Hermione."

Her gaze jerked guiltily back to his aging, jowly face.

"I may have had too much to drink for tonight. Maybe another time?" With that, Severus rolled over in bed and farted.

*Maybe not.*

A/N: Sunny33 planted the seed of an idea, smiled wickedly and left me to it. Blame her.

Thanks to Luvsev for her admin work.