

More Than She Expected

by sunny33

Ginny Weasley has detention with Snape. Why isn't he in his office when she arrives?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They all belong to JKR. I'm just toying with them.

Ginny Weasley braced herself and knocked on the Potion master's office door. She knew she'd deserved detention, but the thought of spending two hours doing whatever disgusting task Snape had planned really annoyed the redhead.

Damned git. If he hadn't been sneaking around, he wouldn't have heard what I said. Serves him right.

The door swung open of its own accord.

Curious.

Poking her head around the door, Ginny checked the office. No-one was there.

Oh, well, he did say seven o'clock.

Suddenly, she heard an odd noise. It appeared to be emanating from the slightly open door behind his desk.

Should I? Dare I? There it goes again. Am I a Gryffindor or not? Why would he leave this door open? He might be in trouble.

Slowly, she edged open the door. Snape's quarters were beyond: neat, comfortable, and not a thing out of place. The noises continued. Now she was closer, she could hear grunts and groans. It sounded as if the professor was in pain.

I've come this far. Might as well check it out. Worst he could do would be another detention – with Filch. Ewww. Okay, get a grip, Gin; you can do it. One more door. Further into his lair. Mustn't think like that.

The bedroom was impressive. An enormous bed with thick, soft quilts of orange and brown. Fluffy rugs in the same colours and yet another door with loud moans increasing in frequency beyond.

He really is a child of the seventies, isn't he? All that orange and brown. Someone should lend him a few Witch's Home Design magazines and introduce him to the nineties. All right, what's going on in there? Must be his bathroom.

Ginny suddenly stopped in her tracks. Severus Snape was in the bathroom of his private quarters making regular moaning noises. She'd assumed he was hurt, but the

realisation that, despite the rumours, he was presumably a normal man with normal male needs shot into her awareness.

Could he be doing that? With all the doors left ajar? Surely not? I'll just risk a quick peek. Might be worth it – always wondered what he was hiding under those robes, and imagine what the girls would say. Like I'd tell anyone I'd been perverting at Snape.

Peering through the crack in the door, Ginny gasped and blushed. Turning on her heel, she ran as quickly and silently as she could through the bedroom and back to Snape's office. Closing the door behind her, she sank to the floor of the dungeon corridor. Using the wall for much-needed support, Ginny closed her eyes and let out a soft whine.

Oh, fuck. If he heard me, I'm dead. Detention wouldn't be good enough. Expulsion wouldn't satisfy him. Death. That's all he'd settle for.

Now, settle, Gin. Act nonchalant. You saw nothing. You're here for detention. That's all. Breathe.

Back in the bathroom, Snape finally let out a cry of triumph as he found long sought relief.

Constipation was such a bitch.

Saturday Night Drabble prompt from ApollinaV: Ginny sees something no girl should ever see. Sorry AV, couldn't resist!

Many thanks to WriterMerrin for looking over this.