

# Fallacious Tutor

by *Southern\_Witch\_69*

Hermione overhears a conversation and wants to learn more.

## Instructing Hermione

Chapter 1 of 4

Hermione overhears a conversation and wants to learn more.

**Disclaimer:** Just borrowing the characters for a bit of fun.

**Thanks go to my brilliant beta, Charmed\_Nay. She's the bomb, I say.**

*This is not HBP compliant.*

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Pansy smiled mischievously and looked around to make certain that nobody was listening. The only other person in the corridor was Granger, but she was bent down and picking up the books that had dropped out of her split book bag and muttering to herself. "Draco," Pansy purred, "if at any time you want to tutor me in the ways of cunnilingus again, you just let me know. What a marvelous tutor you are!" She winked. "Such a *lingual* little Slytherin."

"Shove off," he said in irritation, waving her away. "I think once was enough, thanks."

"We shall see," she mumbled as she hurried off.

Draco turned around and walked into Granger. "Get out of my way, Mudblood," he bit out, brushing by her roughly.

"Malfoy, wait," she called. He stopped but didn't turn around. "What were you two just talking about? You are a tutor? Since when?"

Red-faced, Draco spun around. "See here, Granger. You think you're so clever that you ca..." His rant came to an abrupt halt as he took in her honestly curious expression. Could it be she had no idea what Pansy had meant? This was just too good to pass up. "Have you never heard of cunnilingus before?"

"Yes, but I can't place it off the top of my head," she said, frowning her brow and shifting on her feet. "Do you have a book on it? If I remember correctly it was some odd communication... No, that's not it. Hmmm."

"It's something that has to be taught hands on," he said, moving closer to her. "Or mouth on."

"Mouth on? What are you on about?" she asked uncertainly.

"Do you want to know or not?" he asked indifferently, hoping she'd say yes. She nodded. "All right. I have time now. Do you?"

She thought for a moment. "Yes, I suppose I don't have to see Professor Snape for another twenty minutes. I just wanted to go early and not risk being late. How long will it take?"

"That depends on you and how quickly you come... er... catch on," Draco said smoothly, glad she hadn't noticed his slip up. He looked around again, sure he'd heard something. "You won't tell anyone that I'm being... nice, will you?"

"No, so long as you don't tell Harry or Ron that I am either," she agreed.

"Come on then. Let's go down that passageway," he said, nodding to a narrow crack in the stone.

"Are you sure it's all right?" she asked hesitantly.

"Yes, it leads to an empty room that I use sometimes." He moved on, certain she'd follow, and quickly went to the room. It was quite small, but it was clean and comfortable. "Sit... just there," he pointed to the large, cushioned window seat before the enchanted window, conveniently charmed to resemble the castle grounds at night.

He sat next to her, an air of confidence about him. "Let's start with the definition of lingual, shall we?"

"Well, glossal, I suppose." At his blank stare, she added, "Produced by the tongue...like a sound. Speaking. Er... It deals with pronunciation with the tongue and other organs of speech, like with linguistics."

"The definition that I like is the one that says something related to or near the tongue." He licked his lips.

"Well, it would be right hard to speak without a tongue. Look, are you going to get on with it or what?" she asked impatiently. "I don't want to be late for my meeting with Professor Snape. It's about my apprenticeship."

He nodded. "Are you certain?" Draco's head moved closer as he whispered, "Do you truly want me to show you how I use my tongue to perform cunnilingus?" She gasped as his tongue licked her earlobe. "It's a way of communicating all in itself, and yes, sounds are made."

"All-all right," she agreed anxiously.

"Very well." He flicked his wand, binding her hands and legs and covering her mouth. He could see the widening of her eyes as she struggled against her invisible bonds. "I need you to be quite still. Relax. I won't hurt you, but I need you to concentrate and pay attention to me while I explain this to you."

She visibly relaxed when she saw that there was no imminent danger. He took that as a yes, so he flicked his wand to lower the flames on the candles he'd lit, giving the room a soft glow. Another wave of his wand saw her legs parted. He knelt before her on the floor and waited while she struggled to move but couldn't.

"Mmamo, momp mit," she sounded out.

He was uncertain what she was trying to say. He simply shushed her by holding his index finger up to her mouth. "Now, where were we? Oh, yes, we were talking about definitions, weren't we?" She nodded brusquely. "Cunnilingus means to lick the vulva or he who licks the vulva. In this instance, that would be me." He smirked. "Ah, I see you've finally caught on."

Draco's hands slid beneath her skirt and found the top of her knickers and began slowly pulling them down her rigid body.

"Relax. You will like this," he said, hoping she would cease being so tense. Having not counted on the knickers being in the way with her legs parted in such a fashion, he quickly used magic to remove them and place them at her side. "You can have these back after."

She again mumbled something, eyes wide.

"Shhh," he said, looking at her skirt before him. He'd not yet peeked beneath to see the treasure he'd been thinking of as of late, wanting to prolong the interlude. He'd wanted to know what had kept Potter and Weasley sniffing after her for so long. It had to be something good. Just as his fingers hooked the hem of her skirt, a throat cleared behind him. He didn't turn around. He simply looked up at Hermione and saw that her face was red, and her eyes were closed in embarrassment.

Swallowing thickly, he stood and turned around, groaning inwardly as his eyes met those of a menacing Professor Snape. "Sir, I can explain," he said nervously, voice cracking.

Snape arched an eyebrow. "By all means..."

"See, Granger was uncertain about what cunnilingus was, so I told her that I could explain to her," he said, nodding back towards her.

"And binding her limbs and making certain she couldn't speak were just for added entertainment?" Snape asked, tone politely incredulous. "I find it hard to believe that she would have approved of such an activity."

Draco turned and said to Hermione, "Tell him, Granger, that you wanted to know."

Snape pulled him back roughly by his robes. "Get back, boy." He shoved him away. "Miss Granger," he said, waving his wand to release her bonds, "would you like to go to the headmaster about this?"

"N-no, sir," she said, head hung in shame.

"Very well. Draco, you will return to the Slytherin common room until I am ready to assign your punishment. Ten points from Slytherin, and I am very displeased in your actions," he intoned darkly.

"Sir, I swear. I wasn't trying to hurt her," Draco sputtered.

"Get... out... now," Snape said quietly. Draco fled as quickly as he could. Looking back at Hermione, he said, "It's all right, Miss Granger. Why don't you tell me what happened?"

"I heard him talking to Pansy about his tu-tutoring capabilities. She was saying he was great at," she swallowed nervously, "cunnilingus. I'd read about it before but couldn't place it. I stupidly thought they'd meant something else, sir. I've not heard it called *that* out loud. We usually just say... something else."

"Did you tell him that he could show you?"

"Well, yes, but I didn't think he'd... restrain me or... or take off my knickers."

"And when he did?" he prodded.

"I don't know. I wanted him to stop but not really." She bit her lip and brought her hands up to cover her face. "Part of me wanted to know anyway."

"Well, perhaps you should seek out Mister Weasley. I am certain that he wouldn't mind showing you," he said, crossing his arms in front of him.

"He's not my lover. We don't have that type of relationship," she admitted, finally looking up at him.

"I see." He brought a hand up to his mouth, tracing his lips with his long, pale index finger, lost in deep thought. Finally, he spoke again. "Cunnilingus is a form of art, Miss Granger." He strode forward, picked up the knickers that Draco had discarded, and sat next to her. He eyed the scant fabric for a moment before handing it to her,

expression closed. She quickly shoved them into the pocket of her open robes. "It's a way of giving pleasure to someone in an intimate fashion, but you also receive pleasure while giving it. Just knowing that you can control that person with a swipe of your tongue..." His silky voice trailed away, and he smirked as he noticed how mesmerized she was by his words. "When you have a partner that you trust, perhaps he or she will show you."

He stood. "I must see to Mister Malfoy and mete out his punishment. He may have had good intentions, but I believe he went about it the wrong way."

"Professor Snape," she called out. He turned back to face her. "Thank you. I appreciate this." He bowed slightly. "About my apprenticeship..."

"I believe we can discuss the terms at a later date. I'm sure you'd like to get back to your dormitory," he offered.

"You're going to allow me to apprentice with you?" she asked excitedly.

Nodding, he said, "Yes, I think I will. In two days, you'll be on the Hogwarts Express for the final time to travel back home. I'll give you two weeks with your family before I owl you with a meeting place. Agreed?"

"Yes, and thank you so much, sir!" She smiled happily. "For everything." As he turned to leave again, she whispered, "I trust you, sir."

"Pardon?"

"I said I trust you."

His face creased for a moment as he tried to grasp her meaning.

"You said that one day when I had a partner that I could trust..." She blushed profusely and looked away.

"Ah," he said, striding back to stand before her. He reached down and touched her chin, turning her face so that she'd have to look at him. He simply held her gaze for a couple of minutes, delving into her mind freely. "Perhaps we can discuss that as well when we meet," he said finally, releasing her.

She nodded and watched him glide away, admiring his confident, silent gait and billowing robes.

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"Draco, what the hell are you doing here?" Pansy asked in exasperation. "Didn't our plan work?"

"Oh, yeah, I had her right where I wanted her. It was all perfect!" he said bitterly. "She would have been eating out of my hand after that!"

"Would have been? Didn't you go through with it?" she asked curiously.

"No! Snape showed up just before I could." He shook his head and scowled. "Now, he thinks me to be some bloke that takes advantage of girls. I lost House points...not that I care much about that...and he's going to punish me somehow. I'll bet that he's even going to tell my mother and father about this." He sat down dejectedly. "How embarrassing. Do you have any idea what they will say?" He sighed. "Leave me be."

"Oh, no, no," Pansy said, sticking her palm in front of him. "We had a deal. I did what I was supposed to do."

"Right," he said, standing and taking a pouch from his robes. "There. 50 Galleons for your part in it."

"You know, Draco," Pansy said quietly as she took the sack, "when I said that I wouldn't mind it earlier, I meant it, but I would want things to be different for us."

"What?" he asked in disbelief. "As something more than just casual sex?"

"Yes."

Draco nodded, small smirk playing upon his lips for a moment. "I will think about it." He waved his hand dismissively, wanting to brood alone and wait for Snape.

Pansy smiled, knowing that she'd gotten what she wanted. It wasn't just the Galleons for that new hair and nail treatment she'd seen advertised in Hogsmeade. It was that Draco now knew she was interested in him, and things would progress between them. It had bothered her when he'd asked her to play a part in this scam to get Granger to talk to him about his "great ability" with his tongue.

She quickly made her way back down the corridor she'd come from earlier. "Hello, Professor," she said to Snape as he passed.

"Miss Parkinson," he acknowledged with a nod.

A minute later, Granger emerged from the passageway to Draco's room. "Psst," Pansy called, beckoning her over to the next corridor. Quickly, Granger went over. "Well?"

"It worked like a charm," the girl said smugly.

"I waited a minute and went right to Snape, telling him that I saw Draco pull you into that niche and was uncertain what he was about." She shrugged and eyed her freshly manicured fingernails. "Have you got it?"

Hermione pulled the diary from her bag. "I made sure to take it before Ron could read it. I don't know where he found it."

"It fell from my bag, I guess," she said in a bored tone. "Though I was angry that you had this for leverage against me, I think it worked out to our advantage. I've got the Galleons I needed without having to tell my parents I spent the last lot they sent, and you've had a chance to kindle something with the one person that interests you."

"Agreed. Good luck with everything."

"You're not so bad, Granger," Pansy said, slipping the book into the pocket of her robes. "I'm off to tend to Draco. I'm sure Snape has laid into him." She began to leave and paused. "That was quite Slytherin of you."

Hermione grinned, thinking of the plans she had for her first meeting with Snape. "He's not seen anything yet."

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**Southern's Notes:** I was talking to my dear friend, Warty, and she reminded me of this plot bunny. I quickly wrote it up before I forgot about it again. \*\*Psst, Warty. I didn't tell them you were talking about cunnilingus, okay?\*

Hope you've enjoyed.

The moral to the story?

Women can beat men at their own game... anytime, anyplace...especially if they work together. No man, or Slytherin for that matter, would have a chance.

For those of you following Luring the Enchantress, I've sent off chapter 36...bites nails...to my lovely beta. I will post it as soon as possible. I know some of you were a little

worried after reading the last one...smiles wanly.

# Professor Snape

Chapter 2 of 4

Snape demonstrates his skills.

**Disclaimer:** J.K.R. created these characters, and I'm borrowing them for a bit. (I'll have them home by curfew.)

**Thanks go to my lovely and brilliant beta, Charmed\_Nay.**

**SW69 Says:** HaHaHa... It was brought to my attention last time that this was (gasp!) OOC and vulgar. Ya think? So let me tag an extra warning onto this chapter.

*No, we aren't following the events of HBP, I'm having a bit of lewd fun with characters who may or may not act or say things that they would in canon, and this is meant to be an entertaining story only. Please click back if you are looking for in-depth characterizations and a thick plot.*

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Severus sat in the last booth near the darker corner of the pub, hoping that he'd have a few minutes to collect himself before Granger showed up. He'd been thinking about her often as of late, and it didn't sit well with him.

When he'd found Draco kneeling between her parted thighs with his hands on her skirt, readying himself to lift the garment, Severus had been truly shocked. At first glance, he'd thought she was there of her own accord, but then he'd noticed the odd positioning of her legs, hands, and her inability to speak properly. It hadn't truly pained him to take those points from Slytherin, for he'd needed to appear the concerned professor in front of his future apprentice. When she'd stated that she didn't want the matter brought to Albus, he'd breathed a sigh of relief. The ten points he'd taken from his own House was easily replaced, as he'd decided to award Parkinson fifty points for helping a fellow student. Slytherin still won the House cup.

As long as the girl thought well of him, she would readily agree to the terms he set forth in her apprenticeship, and she wouldn't go to Albus or anyone else like some sniveling snitch if things got a bit... taxing. Yes, the moment she'd demurely allowed him to handle things and absorbed his words as if they were law, he'd known that she would work out quite well.

It wouldn't do to have some mouthy little braggart trying to best him at every turn or running off to seek help from Potter or anyone else. He had plans for her. Of all the dunderheads that he'd taught over the years, there were only a handful of students that he'd actually trust as an assistant. She just happened to be in the graduating class when he'd needed help the most. He was on the verge of a breakthrough on something he'd been working on for two years, but he hadn't time to concentrate on the minor things eluding him to make it work successfully.

He could trust her to mark his essays and tests, to check over the potions that students turned in for scores, to keep quiet about the things he discussed or worked on, and to conduct competent research for him. Something he hadn't thought about, however, was what else she had actually ended up offering to him that fateful day after he'd found her at young Malfoy's mercy. *I trust you...*

Yes, going back to her and gazing into her eyes had been very informative. He'd seen a couple of flashes of obvious fantasy. It seemed that she'd thought of him in a sexual way...possibly even before that. He admitted to himself that he'd only seen her as a pesky young woman with a knack for annoying him, what with all that smug spouting of her textbook knowledge. However, when he'd picked up her knickers, he'd imagined her wearing them, causing him to see her in a different light...one he never would have acted on had she not so eagerly, albeit innocently, offered herself to him. Oh, he'd wanted to use her, but it wasn't her body he'd been wanting. It had been her mind and willfulness to work and please him.

Weasley was not her lover. Nor was Potter. *But in time*, he thought conceitedly, *I shall be*. He scoffed and shook his head in amusement. *Draco tutoring her in the ways of cunnilingus indeed! She'll not know what hit her once I've had my way with her*. So what if she was an ex-student? Who was he to decline such an offer? Yes, he'd start off by showing her the art of pleasuring a lover with one's mouth, and then, he would move onto other things.

He couldn't have someone saying that he'd offered her an apprenticeship only to have her in his bed within the first week. He especially couldn't have her thinking that way. Of course it would be just his luck that he'd inadvertently cause speculation for something he'd truly not intended... at first. No, it wouldn't bode well to rush things too much. She wasn't so thick that she wouldn't see his manipulations and quick-paced seductions. Matters such as these must be handled delicately and with cunning. There was no reason to force things. He'd simply let things happen at a casual, natural pace. He smirked to himself. *I am indeed a Slytherin and worthy of being the Head of House. She has no idea what I now have planned for us.*

"Hello, Professor Snape," Hermione said, smiling nervously.

Severus stood. "Miss Granger, I trust you found this pub easily enough?"

"I did," she replied, taking the seat across from him. She blushed slightly and said, "I admit to being excited when I received your owl, what with the last conversation we had."

"Why don't you allow me to buy you a drink?" he offered slyly. The liquor would put her at ease. "Then, we can discuss the terms of your apprenticeship." He arched an eyebrow and lowered his voice. "And anything else you might wish to question me on."

She smiled shyly. "That would be nice. I think I'll have a gillywater laced with gin."

Severus got up and moved to the bar. He could have summoned someone to their table, but he wanted to make certain that the drink was more than simply laced with gin. He needed her to be comfortable for this discussion. Once he had their drinks and had tipped the barkeep to keep them coming, he went back to his seat and handed her the drink.

"Oh, it's a bit strong," she commented, but she greedily took another sip.

"Now, then," he began smoothly, "where to start?"

"What is expected of me?" she asked, dabbing at her mouth with a napkin.

As they discussed the terms of her apprenticeship, they agreed on only a stint of one year with him having the right to demand another six months after if he didn't feel she'd reached the level she needed by that time. Having had over six drinks each, both were feeling no pain.

"So, Professor, what do I call you?" she asked cheekily.

"You will call me what you normally do...Professor Snape...as I am your superior... during the hours of work anyway," he said, signaling to the barkeep for another round.

"And my work hours end after we've finished our daily duties, which could extend late into the evening sometimes, but not always," she put in, remembering what he'd said. "I will be needed each Saturday for half the day at least...unless I request time away in advance."

"Correct."

"So if I wanted to sleep at my home on those Saturday nights, I could," she said.

"Yes, is that not what we've agreed on?" he asked testily. Perhaps he should rethink things. She was reminding him of her normal...

"Or I could find *someone* to show me all about the art of cunninglingus," she said, voice lowering to a seductive tone.

No, definitely not her normal self. "Indeed," he said, taking a long drink from his freshly filled cup.

"You know, Professor, when I said that I trusted you to... to show me about*that*..." She smiled and bit her lip before looking away.

"Do you still mean that?"

"Yes," she said, nearly breathless with anticipation.

Severus leaned forward. "Are you outright asking me to do this for you? Tonight?"

Her eyes met his, and she nodded. "I'm not your apprentice yet, so it wouldn't ruin anything." She downed her drink.

He sat back and stared at her for a few moments. Why not? It would be the first step of reeling her in. He could do that for her, and she would know how much pleasure he could give her with a simple... "Perhaps we should go someplace more private to have this discussion." His lips twisted up slightly. "My home perhaps?"

"Yes," she agreed, allowing him to place one of his hands upon her shoulder to Disapparate them away.

In the next instant, they were in a very small sitting room that had walls covered in bookshelves. She spun around in attempt to take in all of them.

"What a collection you have!" she blurted. "And not all on potions either!"

"Yes, it's quite impressive, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand to her. He noted how damp her palm was as she placed it within his, and he relished in the tremble of her hand. He flicked his wand, causing a shelf to open and reveal a hidden doorway. He quietly led her up the stairway, each step causing a squeak on the stairs below their feet.

He bypassed the first room and led her into the second room, which was quite large and comfortable. It also had many shelves of books adorning its walls. He watched as she took everything in, eyes wide.

Her eyes finally met his, and she nervously asked, "May I use the loo?"

Severus nodded. "It's just through there." Instead of lowering the lamps, he brightened them, wanting to clearly see what he was getting... er... giving, rather. When he heard the water faucet turn on, he decided to get comfortable, feeling slightly dizzy. He was quite certain that it wasn't just the liquor that made him feel that way. He tossed his cloak aside, unfastened his robes, and was rolling up his sleeves as she came back into his room.

"Are you quite all right?" he asked, noting her nervousness.

"Yes," she said quickly. "Do you have some... gin?"

Shaking his head, he said, "I do have some brandy."

"All-all right then," she agreed, sitting primly on the edge of his bed.

He easily summoned the bottle and a glass, filling it for her. "Here you are."

"Won't you have some?"

"At the moment, I have only the desire," he purposely lowered his voice, "for one thing." He reached out and trailed the line of her jaw with his index finger.

"Oh," she gasped, arching her head back a little.

His finger continued down to trace her collarbone and slid down to the top of her cleavage. "Drink," he said silkily, kneeling before her. He felt her body tense, but he didn't comment on it. Instead, he ran both hands down her thighs over the thin fabric of her blue skirt. Lower his hands went as they finally met the flesh of her knees and her shins before touching upon socks. A quick look up saw that she'd gulped down half of her drink but was watching him intently. He eased off her shoes and tossed them aside.

Unnecessarily, he pulled her socks away, smirking at her wriggling, slender toes; her nails were painted a rich maroon color. Rubbing her feet in what he thought to be an enjoyable manner, he was surprised to hear her sudden giggling as she wrenched her feet away.

"I'm very ticklish," she said through her laughter.

Grunting noncommittally, he placed his hands on her ankles and slowly slid them up towards her knees. He saw that she quickly downed the remainder of her drink.

"I'm a bit nervous. Isn't the room a little bright? Maybe if we turned the lamps down some?" she asked.

His hands stopped on her knees. Instead of replying, he reached up, took her glass, and set it on the floor beside him. He then gently pressed her onto the bed. "Relax, *Hermione*." Knowing that being gentle and casual with her would put her at ease, he didn't mind using her given name with a tender, seductive lilt.

She sighed and closed her eyes, taking his advice. "What do you need me to do?"

"Nothing. Allow me." His hands unhurriedly pushed up her skirt and bunched the fabric up near her waist. He gazed appreciatively at the silky, lacy, black knickers she wore beneath. *Obviously she'd hoped that we would indeed end up doing this* Both of his index fingers slipped beneath the sides of the silky fabric and softly moved back

and forth over her flesh, causing her to startle.

"Oh! That tickles!" she said.

"Lie still," he said quickly, stopping his ministrations for a moment. She was quite sensitive, which would make his work all the easier...once she got past her initial discomfort. Ever so slowly, he moved his fingers again, feeling the satiny smoothness of her flesh give way to light dusting of hair as he neared her center. He felt her body jump slightly and retreated his fingers, opting instead to lean forward and place his mouth against her knickers right where he was certain her clitoris lay.

A sharp intake of breath from her told him that his guess had been right. Using his tongue, he flicked over her, exerting enough pressure to send jolts through her body. He then nipped lightly with his teeth before pulling back. She'd sprayed a dab of fragrance upon her body, arousing him much more than he already was. Pity they hadn't discussed the art of fellatio just yet. He could have easily positioned himself to give her access to him. *Another time...* Hooking a finger beneath the top of her knickers on either side of her waist, he began pulling them down.

When it was clear that she wouldn't move to aid him, he quietly said, "Lift up." The moment her body arched upward, he quickly slid them down, trailing kisses down her legs as he did so. Once the knickers were discarded, he parted her legs slightly, having to force them some. She seemed to be quite nervous and was shaking. He feared that if he offered to allow her the chance to change her mind that she would take it, so he remained quiet, willing his hands and mouth to put her at ease.

Open-mouthed kisses...alternating from one leg to the other...seemed to please her and made her twitch with each stroke of his tongue and movement of his lips. As he neared her thighs, he parted her legs more and more, noting that she was readily moving her shaking limbs to accommodate him.

At last, he had her just as he wanted her and took a moment to look at what she'd offered him. She'd taken great care with her grooming. He wondered if she always trimmed and partially shaved or if it was just in case he followed through with her request? Either way, he appreciated the gesture and felt the twitching of his erection against his underpants. He would like nothing more than to bury himself inside of her. *Perhaps later...*

Using his fingers to part her skin, he leaned forward to taste her pink inner flesh properly.

"Oh, my God!" Hermione blurted. Just the one touch of his tongue had her wanting to grind his face into her. He was going about it too slowly, but if she said anything, she would appear too eager! She wanted him to think that he was instructing her... showing her something new. Technically, it was new... sort of. She had to bite her lip to keep from laughing again as one of his fingers moved over her shorter, prickly hair, tickling her in the process.

Suddenly, his mouth, tongue, fingers, and teeth were doing things that she couldn't have imagined before. She felt one finger penetrate her, delving as deeply as it could go, curving round her pelvic bone and causing her to moan. His mouth and tongue moved up and seemed to fasten against the flesh of her clitoris as he suckled and laved.

Her body bucked and arched off the bed as dozens of tiny sensations vibrated through her body. To keep her from arching too much and sliding off the bed or away from him, he placed his arms over her thighs. She lifted her head slightly and saw his dark hair flying about as his head moved with his ministrations. As if sensing her gaze, he moved so that he could stare up at her, one dark eye piercing her with an unwavering, intense stare while the other remained lost behind a portion of his hair.

Unable to watch him while he watched her, she threw her head back and simply enjoyed what he was doing to her. Instinctively, her hands found his head and entwined in his hair as she tried to pull him closer to put more pressure on what he was doing. Her hips began gyrating against his fingers and mouth as if she were having sex...no longer caring what he thought of her or her previous experience. She was feeling good. He was right. Cunnilingus was definitely an art, and she'd found the perfect master to teach it.

"Don't stop," she begged loudly, moving in time with him. "Oh, yesssss... It's... I'm almost..." A series of incoherent words left her mouth as she moaned in pleasure, finally peaking and then finding that release she'd been gradually building towards. He carried on until she reached down to stop him with her hand, feeling an odd tingling that wasn't unpleasant, only uncomfortable. Breathing deeply for a few moments, she finally came down from her high.

Gathering her courage, she lifted herself up on her elbows and gazed at the man who was still kneeling between her legs. Part of his face was still covered with his hair, but he lifted the eye that she could see to gaze at her as he licked his index finger from bottom to top and then put it into his mouth for one last suck. Once done, he smirked, "And that, Miss Granger, is how it's done."

She nodded and flopped back down. It was more than she'd ever imagined. The fumbblings with Ron were nothing like this, and that one night of exploration with Harry paled in comparison to anything this man could do. When she heard the rustling of fabric, she realized that he was up and pulling on his robes. He was standing in such a way that there was no mistaking his arousal. Nervously, she asked, "Sir?"

"Yes?" he replied quietly, not looking at her, concentrating on his robes.

It was endearing that he would pleasure her and ask for nothing in return. This made her respect him all the more. What man could do that? Not any that she knew of, but her experiences were limited to those near her own age...none of which had his skill or level of maturity. She smiled and sat up, adjusting her skirt and not asking why he'd stooped down to snatch her knickers and stuffed them into his pocket. *Ha! So much for thinking he is above such boyish gestures.* For some reason, she didn't mind that he wanted them, but when Ron had baldly asked for a pair, she'd turned him down. Who cared if Snape wanted a little souvenir?

"I was also wondering about something," she said, mustering her courage. There was no way that he'd refuse her...hopefully...but she had to say it just right. If he knew that she was tricking him by pretending to be more innocent than she was, he would dismiss her quickly, thinking she was playing a game with him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Would you mind terribly if I... er... you know... reciprocated?"

His eyes widened slightly, and he exhaled a long breath before answering. "That is not necessary. I didn't ply you with drinks to..."

"No," she said quickly, hoping he would agree, "I want to try. I want to see if I can... make you feel the way I felt."

After a long pause, he nodded and moved to sit next to her. "Well, just as with cunnilingus, fellatio is also an art. I am certain that with my guidance, you could adapt to it quickly enough."

She smirked while he wasn't actually looking. *Severus Snape you are in for a bumpy ride and are much easier to manipulate than I'd thought. It won't be long before I come to mean more to you.* Listening to his deep, rich, silky voice as he gave pointers on what she could try, she thought about the magical bet she'd made with Parvati Patil. They'd been playing truth or dare with the other girls in the dormitory and discovered that they both had crushes on Hogwarts professors. After the others left, they'd confided in each other and vowed to become involved with the ones they cared for. Hermione wondered if Parvati had made any progress with Madam Hooch. Last she'd heard, Hooch had taken her to see Madam Pomfrey about the twitching in her eye, not realizing that Parvati had been batting her lashes at her.

"You find this amusing?" Snape asked, disgruntled.

She shook her head, adding, "I think I've heard enough." This time, it was she that dropped to her knees *Time to show him what a quick learner I am.*

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**Southern's Notes:** Teehee! Okay, there is the little second part that most of you requested. I do hope it was enjoyable. Snape thinks he's ensnaring an innocent girl in seduction, but he hasn't a clue that she wants to be caught.

I'm smiling. Things are much lighter for this Hermione/Severus when compared to my other story, Luring. The next chapter (Nearing the End: Part 2) is in the works and

should be with my beta shortly.

And, as with last time, I'd like to thank Wartcap for her lively messenger conversations. Teehee...

# Apprentice Hermione

Chapter 3 of 4

Hermione shows Snape what a quick learner she is. We find out more about Parvati.

**Disclaimer:** These characters belong to J.K.R. I'll be sure to Scourgify them before I send them back. Remember: This is for fun only.

**Thanks go to my lovely beta, Charmed Nay.**

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Severus laid back and allowed her hands to caress him through his clothing, enjoying the feel of being fondled. After a few moments, he reached down to unfasten his trousers, but she slapped his hands away. Just as he was about to tell her to get on with it, she slowly began to untie his trousers, making sure to leave lingering caresses as she did so. He knew that she was trying to make it last for him, but he could do without the anticipation build. His balls were already full and aching.

Impatiently, he thrust his hips up, urging her to lower his trousers. She did so at her own pace, causing his eyes to narrow *She'd better not try any of this working at her own pace during her hours as my apprentice. It's as I say or else.*

Taking a page from his book, Hermione kissed his hairy thighs as she pushed down his trousers, letting them pool at his feet before making her way back up to his underpants. He tilted his hips again, enabling her to pull them down. Her eyes widened the moment his erection sprang free and jutted out proudly, swollen and ready. Unable to resist, he reached down to give it a small shake, breaking her lust-filled, awed gaze.

"Where were we?" he asked huskily.

"Right here," she replied promptly, leaning forward to place a chaste kiss on the tip of his cock, tongue darting out as she pulled away to taste the small dab of liquid lingering there. She pulled back to examine him, making him feel as if he were on display at some shop.

He twitched it a couple of times, eliciting another giggle. *All that girlish laughter. I loathe that. In time, she'll stop that.*

She smiled lightly before grasping him with one hand and gingerly sliding it up and down the flesh of his shaft. Hermione used her other hand to fondle with his balls, nails raking across the sparse, crinkly hair.

Severus felt shivers run down his spine. *She has the softest touch I've ever felt.* When her mouth lowered and opened, taking him inside, he moaned in satisfaction and frustration. He wanted nothing more than to push himself inside her hot, wet mouth, but he knew that she likely hadn't ever experienced this. Not if her reaction to cunnilingus had anything to say about it.

Slowly down, she went, not quite nearing the bottom, and then slowly back up again, her mouth traveled, tongue gliding, tasting, and laving. The hand on his sac never stopped caressing him. Suddenly, in a burst of energy, her head started bobbing and moving in a way that brought him pleasure...immense pleasure.

"Ahhh," he breathed.

Hermione was quite pleased with the turn of events. She could tell that he was enjoying what she was doing to him. She quickly looked up towards him when she felt his hands pushing her hair away from her face and found that he'd taken to watching her while she pleased him. Her cheeks reddened immediately, but when she saw his eyes partially close in ecstasy, she felt quite pleased with herself.

*I am making Severus Snape moan. He wants me.*

During her seventh year, she'd become somewhat obsessed with him, watching him while he walked, while he ate, while he taught class, while he marked tests, and while he did anything. She had easily concealed her growing admiration for him, knowing that her friends wouldn't approve, and when she found out that he was searching for an apprentice...and willing to give her a chance...she'd never been more excited. It would be the first time that she'd ever been alone with him and working at his side, not exactly as an equal, but on a completely different level. She would no longer be a "stupid girl" or an "insufferable know-it-all" to him. She would simply be Hermione, his apprentice. She vowed then and there that she'd do everything possible to make him see her as a potential equal, for she fully intended on attempting to have a relationship with him one day.

The way his robes moved with his easy gait, the way his voice reached out and wrapped around her spine, the way his dark eyes penetrated others, and the way his long fingers chopped his potions ingredients with precision had all played a huge part in changing her feelings for him and in making her see him as something other than a teacher. Yes, she'd had a crush on Lockhart when she was younger, but that was just a crush on a flashy man. She'd liked what was on the surface and things he'd boasted about doing. With Snape, it was different. She hated what he was on the surface. It was what was beneath his brooding, mysterious, oftentimes cold demeanor that she'd been attracted to. The possibilities were endless. She simply hoped that he would be pleased by who she truly was on the inside.

So far, things were going according to plan. She was yet to be his apprentice, and she'd already tricked her way into his bed. All else would fall into place. Her thoughts ceased abruptly as both of his hands pushed down on her head, forcing her to take him in completely. Quickly stopping herself from gagging, she pulled back against his pushing hands. However, his hips began thrusting upwards as if he were having sex with her mouth. She had no choice but to move with him and to try to keep herself from retching. That wouldn't be impressive for him.

Just as she thought she might, his hands lessened their hold on her head, and she was able to control her own movements once again. Although, something was different. She could feel a slight vibrating feeling at the base, and then, she felt warm liquid being spurted into her mouth. *Bloody fucking hell! He's coming.*

As if hearing her thoughts, he groaned in agreement, moving with his ejaculation. This had never happened before. Ron usually warned her, bragging early about his pending release. Severus sort of snuck up on her. Well, hell, what should she do? Did she swallow, possibly making him think ill of her? Did she spit, possibly offending him? Uncertain, she quickly got up, mumbled, "Pardon me," and ran for the loo, spitting in the sink.

"So... not quite as I planned then," she whispered to her flustered reflection, feeling ridiculous. She rinsed her mouth off and flushed the toilet for good measure, hoping

he'd think she'd needed to have a pee, and made her way back out to his bed. Severus was already up and had his trousers fastened.

"Er... sorry about that," she mumbled.

"Nonsense," he said holding out his hand to her.

She took his hand and allowed him to lead her down into his tiny sitting room where he poured them each a glass of brandy. After taking a couple of sips, she said again, "Really. I didn't mean to run off like that. I..."

"Hermione," he said, holding up his hand, "I should have warned you. When I explained to you beforehand about how I liked it, I should have realized that you wouldn't be expecting that. I was too caught up in it...you give a good head job by the way...to warn you." He sipped his drink and looked smug for a moment before adding, "There is nothing wrong with swallowing... if you are so inclined. You are a very fast learner. I think your apprenticeship will work out well."

*He thinks I've never done this before and chalks my uncertainty up to his not directing me better. Perfect. I can so easily play on this* She smiled. "Thank you, Severus. I was uncertain."

When his eyes narrowed, she wondered if she shouldn't have called him by his given name. She'd only done so because he'd used hers. Perhaps she should simply stick with sir or professor for the moment.

She quickly plowed on. "Sir, please don't be offended. I'll do better next time." She bit her lip to appear coy. "If... if you'd like a next time."

He placed his glass down on the rickety table before them and turned to her. "Would you like there to be a next time?" he asked casually.

Hermione was uncertain as to what he wanted to hear, but she decided that honesty would be best. "Yes, I do." She looked down, allowing a blush to grace her cheeks. "I... when we aren't doing our jobs during the day, maybe on some of those nights or... er... some of the weekends, we could have other meetings like this."

He said nothing for so long that she had to finally look up at him. He seemed to be lost in thought. When she took another sip of her drink and coughed slightly, he looked back at her.

"We can likely come to some arrangement," he said, adding, "but know that I am not interested in anything... serious. What we would share would be simply two people seeking pleasure with each other. Your apprenticeship will not be affected by our more intimate relationship. If you earn it, you will be granted your title. You will respectfully call me by my title during our hours of work."

Hermione nodded. "I agree. It's what we've already decided." She smiled easily, happy that he'd actually agreed to eventually moving into another type of relationship with her. When? How? What next?

"Sometimes I go off privately to do things on my own. I'll not be questioned, nor will I offer to tell you where I'm going or who I may be meeting."

"I understand," she said, already thinking of ways to change that.

"You do realize that I would prefer to keep this just between us," he said softly. "It wouldn't bode well for either of us to pass this knowledge on to others, as they might believe I had ulterior motives by allowing you to apprentice with me."

Not wanting to be totally dishonest, she said, "Well, there is someone that knows that I am... er... attracted to you. I confided in her about what happened with Draco and how you'd come to save me."

"Who?"

"Parvati Patil, but she'll not tell anyone. I promise."

"Just don't be specific. You needn't give details about our personal relationship...should we decide to have one," he said, eyeing her warily.

"Not at all. I didn't mean that I would tell her about this," she pointed back and forth between them, "but she just knows that I... sort of... you know, fancy you."

He sat back as if burned. "Hermione, you realize that I don't reciprocate any..."

She placed a finger against his lips, surprising him. "I know," she said simply, placing her glass aside. She wanted to lean in to kiss him, but she decided against it. Instead, she rose. "I'm going to go. I'll get my things ready and report to the castle as directed."

"Are you certain you won't Splinch yourself?" he asked, nodding to her nearly empty glass. "You've had a few."

"No, no," she said, allowing a slight slur to enter her voice.

"Come," he said, "I'll Apparate you home."

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### ONE WEEK LATER

"Are you home?" Parvati's voice called from the sitting room grate.

Hermione walked into view and saw her friend's head in her fire. "Yes, come on through."

With a whoosh of emerald green flames, Parvati walked out of her grate a few moments later. She immediately went to the couch and plopped down.

"Oi! You're filthy! Geroff!"

Sliding ungracefully to the floor, Parvati pouted and shook her head. "It's a lost cause."

"You might want to try washing your clothes... or bathing," Hermione put in cheekily, taking in her friend's filthy attire.

"The pitch is quite muddy, thanks, and I had to go search out lost Quaffles." She pulled at her hair. "You'd think they'd spell the damn Bludgers to be picked up automatically." She shook her head and sarcastically added, "No, I had to deal with them, and they nearly beat me to death. I don't know how anyone can stand playing Quidditch! Especially women!"

"Well, if you are that miserable, just quit," Hermione said, summoning her trunks to her.

"I can't, Hermione," Parvati whined. "It's the only time I have to see *her* and to try to talk to her. Maybe something will change, though now I am uncertain!"

"I think volunteering to assist her with her Quidditch training camp was a good idea, but honestly, look at you! You aren't happy about it at all," Hermione pointed out. "Maybe you should just come out and tell her what you feel."



"Nearly did today," she said. "And if I had, I would have made a fool of myself."

"Go on."

"She was healing a few of my bruises from where I'd been hit, and she was so close to me, her face inches from mine." Parvati sighed, lost in memory.

"And?"

"Her yellow eyes stared into mine for a long moment. She was saying how she truly liked my eyes, the dark pupils that are so black. She loved my long, dark hair. I sat up and told her that her hairstyle was great, short and grey, and that her yellow eyes were to die for." At this point, Parvati got real quiet.

Hermione stopped putting things into her last trunk and sat down next to her friend. "What is it?" She didn't like the slight frown on Parvati's face.

"I was leaning closer, closing my eyes, and placing my lips against hers when it seemed that she wanted me to." She covered her face with her hands. "We snogged for a few moments...and I've never been kissed so intensely...before she pulled away and started laughing, saying how I'd been hit in the head with a Bludger and she was sorry for taking advantage of me." Pulling at her hair, her friend added, "Then, we were off to Pomfrey's again. I listened to them talking while I had a lie down on a bed for a moment after drinking a vile potion! Rolanda said..."

"What did Madam Hooch say?" Hermione prodded, hand resting on Parvati's shoulder in a gesture of comfort.

"She said that she hoped word didn't get around about me trying to snog her! She said that she'd been saying she liked my dark hair and eyes because they remind her of her lover, and the next thing she knew, I was complimenting her and kissing her!"

Parvati's face was read with humiliation, and her eyes had unshed tears.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Hermione said. "I never thought Madam Hooch had a lover."

"Neither did I," she said sadly. "She made it sound so... dirty." She sighed before continuing again. "I know that this lover works at the castle. Madam Pomfrey told Rolanda that she hoped her foul-tempered lover wouldn't try to hex me and was glad that I was no longer a student! Can you imagine?"

Hermione straightened. "A lover at the castle? Dark hair? Dark eyes? Obviously it's a professor, as she was glad you were no longer a student that would be hexed." She tried to think which women had dark hair and eyes.

"Yes, just like me," Parvati said miserably. "Hooch took up for me, though, and said that I'd been hit in the head and likely didn't know what I was saying. So, once I stood up, I thanked her for the potion and told her that my mind was much clearer. After that, I took off as quickly as I could." She bit her lip. "I could swear that she'd been trying to pick up on me, saying that about my eyes and hair, looking at me like she wanted to kiss me."

"You are a very pretty girl," Hermione said, hoping to mollify her. "She likely did, but she thought better of it since she's already involved with some other woman."

"Hermione," Parvati said, faltering slightly, "I don't think it's a woman. Besides, we never knew for certain that she flew on our side of the pitch, we only thought she did." Parvati shrugged. "I mean, yes, it's obvious that she does feel attraction to women, as evidenced by our kiss, but her lover... It's not a woman."

"Sorry?"

"I think... I think it's Professor Snape. I heard Madam Pomfrey saying something about him. She used his first name, Severus."

All of the blood rushed out of Hermione's face, and her mouth gaped open. Severus gave no indication that he was seeing anyone else in anything serious, and he certainly hadn't minded giving her a quick tutoring session on cunnilingus and fellatio. They'd even planned on becoming lovers while she apprenticed with him. Impossible.

"Well, it couldn't be. I would know."

"Why would you know?" Parvati asked angrily. "I certainly didn't know! Now, I've gone and made a fool of myself. I'm just glad that I have the excuse of being hit by a Bludger." She stood slowly. "Just be careful, Hermione. Don't let him know that you fancy him. Being rejected is bad enough, but being laughed at by the person you care for and their lover is just humiliating. They're probably sniggering right now!"

Having kept her meeting with Snape a secret, Hermione said, "I won't." If she was going to make a fool of herself, she certainly didn't want Parvati to know about it. She would find out if Hooch truly was Severus' lover. If she was, then she'd not try to come between them. That wouldn't be right. *Surely he would have mentioned it.* His words came back to her.

*Sometimes I go off privately to do things on my own. I'll not be questioned, nor will I offer to tell you where I'm going or who I may be meeting.*

Maybe he planned to slip off to meet his lover and not tell Hermione about it, getting the best of both worlds. Shaking her head in disappointment, she took Parvati's hand and got to her feet.

"What will you do now?" Hermione asked quietly.

"I'm going to keep helping with the training camp and getting to know her better. Maybe she's not in a truly serious relationship with Snape." Parvati shuddered. "No offense, but I really never imagined him to have any lovers. It seems he's a right magnet for women!"

Hermione nodded. "I hope there's been some mistake. Maybe I'll find out the truth," she said. "Let me know if you hear anything for certain."

"Will do," Parvati agree. "Do the same for me."

"All right."

Nodding to the trunks, Parvati said, "You start soon, eh?"

"Yes, I'm leaving to go to him tomorrow. Dumbledore is letting us stay at the castle for the remainder of this summer to start getting things ready, giving Snape time to get me ready for when the students come and to show me how Madam Pomfrey likes her potions brewed and stored."

"Well, I'm on the pitch a few days per week while the camp lasts. Maybe some evenings we can get together in Hogsmeade for a drink, maybe compare notes."

"Sounds good." So far she was winning the bet, as she'd already been more intimate with Snape than Parvati had with Hooch, but she didn't want to tell her friend that. Besides, she would have enjoyed a heated snog with Snape. He hadn't kissed her or even looked as though he wanted to. Hopefully, that would change.

Long after Parvati left, Hermione sat and simply wondered if she was making a mistake in pursuing Snape. He'd been up front with her and told her that he didn't feel anything for her in that way, wanting only a physical relationship. She was willing to do that. If something happened between them, so be it. She would welcome it, but she would not pressure him for anything...though she would be quite convincing that she was his equal in all ways... just in case. If nothing came of their time together, she would have no choice but to move on and use whatever knowledge she'd gained with him in her future.

However, if he was involved with Hooch, Hermione knew that she'd not allow things to go any further. She wouldn't want some woman to do the same to her, so she wouldn't resort to stealing someone's lover's affections. She hadn't really liked the woman when she'd taken her flying classes. She was too loud, blunt to the point of being

rude, and quite domineering. That wasn't exactly honest, was it? She was very fair and seemed to like honesty...at least on the Quidditch field.

Sourly, she said aloud, "Are you involved with Snape, Hooch?" She wrinkled her nose as she pictured them together. Snape certainly had a lot to offer a woman, but what did Hooch have to offer him? It didn't seem right. She vowed to find out exactly what the nature of their relationship was... if she had to follow him on one of his outings!

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**Southern's Notes:** Well, here is another chapter of the "vulgar and ooc" tale. There is another for sure...maybe two. Hope you are amused. Cheers!

## Learning Something New

*Chapter 4 of 4*

Hermione and Parvati learn some interesting news.

**Disclaimer:** I've borrowed a few of J.K. Rowling's characters for this tale, but I'll return them later.

*I'd like to thank my lovely beta, Charmed Nay, for going over this with me.*

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Hermione frowned as she sat down before the fire in Snape's office. She'd been at the castle with him for nearly two weeks, and he hadn't even mentioned their encounter to her once. Instead, he'd worked her hard, directing her to do this and that. She had the evenings to herself, and she'd seen him leave the grounds three times so far. Although she'd wanted to follow him, she couldn't bring herself to do so for fear of being caught.

One of the times that he'd left to venture off, he'd been carrying his broom with him. She'd been quite green with envy, figuring he was off flying with Madam Hooch. Shaking her head to rid herself of the memory, she decided to Floo Parvati. Earlier, the girl had asked if she wanted to go to the Three Broomsticks for a few drinks. Hermione had declined, hoping that since it was a Friday something might come up with Snape. Nothing had come up. He'd told her to finish up and have a good weekend.

Tossing some Floo powder into the grate, she called out, "Parvati's flat." In only a few moments, she could see into her friend's living area. "Parvati?"

"Hermione, hello," Parvati said, coming into view. "What's going on?"

"Decided to take you up on those drinks," she said.

"Eight sound all right?"

"It does. I'll wait for you at the front entrance."

"Absolutely."

"Right. See you then."

Perhaps Snape was worried that she was too attached to him. She had admitted to fancying him last time, and she wasn't an idiot. She'd seen the alarm in his eyes. Yes, this was all likely a test to make certain that she wasn't too attached. No, she would go out and show him that she needn't stay pining away at the castle for him.

As quickly as she could, she bathed, dressed, and made herself presentable. With one last look in the mirror, she felt confident enough to leave. At eight o'clock sharp, she and Parvati met and entered the Three Broomsticks. They took a table near the restrooms, as the place was quite full.

"Well?" Hermione asked after she took a sip of mead.

"Nothing at all," Parvati said glumly. "I think it's time to give up on her."

"But what of her and Snape?"

"I've not seen them... Shite! Look!" Parvati, open mouthed, pointed across the room.

Hermione turned and paled. Snape was sitting there with Hooch, Sinistra, Hagrid, and Pomfrey. He was seated between Hooch and Hagrid. This deeply disappointed Hermione, but she decided to not let it ruin her night. He'd not promised her anything, and she'd not asked anything of him.

"Ah, well," she said with a shrug. "Buggers could have told me they were having drinks. I guess they didn't want me around."

"Maybe Snape doesn't want you to know about him and Hooch. I mean, you told me that he knows you fancy him, right?"

"Yes," Hermione replied, deciding to continue the small lie she'd told Parvati. "I told him that I was attracted to him, and we shared a moment, but then he was adamant about not wanting anything else with me... as I am his apprentice."

"But what confuses me is why snog you?"

Hermione had given the girl the impression that she and he had snogged... not that they'd done other things. "Well, why did Hooch snog you?" she countered.

Parvati blanched. "Sorry. I shouldn't have said that," she mumbled. "I didn't mean anything by it."

"Nor I. I'm just saying that people slip up is all," Hermione said. "No reason we can't get pissed and forget our disappointment for the moment, eh?"

"Too right."

An hour later saw them well into their cups and approached by two young wizards. Hermione had just begun to lecture the redhead that it was always good to have an updated edition of Hogwarts: A History for the knowledge it provided.

"Think of your children," she huffed. "You should know all you can about their school."

"I don't want kids," the wizard said, flashing white teeth at her.

"Well, think of the crossword puzzles in the *Prophet* each day. There is always something about Hogwarts on there." She couldn't quite think of any other reason for the bloke to have the copy of that book, and she was uncertain as to why she'd brought it up in the first place. She lifted her mug of mead and narrowed her eyes at it as if it were at fault. "I think I'll need the loo."

When done, she returned to their table to find Sinistra, Hooch, and Snape standing next to Parvati, who was laughing hysterically. There was no sign of the two wizards they'd been talking to.

She heard Sinistra saying, "She certainly does not need to be put up at the castle for the night. She can Disapparate to her home without any problems."

"I can't just let her leave like this. She'll Splinch herself," Hooch replied worriedly.

Snape's cold gaze met hers. "I shall see to my apprentice. I bid you all a good evening."

"Leaving, Severus?" Hooch asked.

"Yes."

Before Hermione could protest, he had a hand on her arm and was pulling her out the door. The warm evening had finally cooled off, and a light breeze blew her hair into her face. She pulled away from Snape's grasp to pull her hair back only to have him pull her to him roughly.

"What did you mean by entertaining those fellows?" he asked harshly.

"We were just having a few drinks," she said, trying to move away from him. "What the hell do you think you are doing?"

*Crack!* "I am escorting you back to the castle."

"You don't have to pull me about like I can't walk for myself," she snapped. He released her quickly, and she nearly fell, causing him to grab her again. "Sorry," she mumbled. It seemed that maybe she had drunk too many drinks.

"I simply don't wish for you to harm yourself," he said, leading her forward. Fortunately, his hold was less rough than it had been.

Still feeling a little jealous and bitter, she mumbled, "You could have stayed with Hooch, you know."

"I don't recall needing your permission to do as I pleased, Hermione." As they reached the door to her room, he released her. "Good evening." He turned on his heel and began striding away.

"Wait," she said, trying to think of a reason to ask him to stay for a little while.

"Yes?"

"Won't you come in?"

"For?"

"Oh, well, I don't know," she said with a smile. "A talk?"

"I've been listening to nonstop chatter all night. I think I could do with a bit of silence." He turned away again.

"For anything else," she blurted.

He turned around to gaze at her for a moment. "You've had too much to drink."

"Maybe," she admitted. When he didn't move towards her or away, she added, "I want to be with you tonight, but if you are in a serious relationship with her, I don't want to interfere with that."

He looked puzzled and stepped closer. "With whom?"

"Witch... witch... grrr!" she growled. "With," she corrected, "Madam Hooch. She's your girlfriend, isn't she?"

Snape's mouth gaped open in shock. She figured he was likely trying to figure out how she'd found out about them since he'd been so discreet with his comings and goings. Hermione was puzzled when his gaping mouth closed and formed an odd smile.

"And how did you come to this conclusion?" he asked.

"Well," she began, not wanting to take all the credit, "Parvati said that she overheard some things that Hooch was saying to Pomfrey."

"Such as?"

"How her lover had dark eyes, hair, was a professor here, and would be in a foul temper if he knew that Parvati had snogged her." Hermione clamped a hand over her mouth. "Please don't hex her. It wasn't planned; it just happened."

"Rolanda snogged Parvati Patil?" he asked, stepping closer.

"Only the once," Hermione said, slur leaving her voice as alarm set in. "She didn't know that Hooch wouldn't be interested. We thought she was a... thought that she liked other women."

"So... she's been giving me a hard time about spending my time with you, and here she is doing the same thing," Snape said, eyes gleaming.

Hermione shook her head. *What have I done?* "It's not as bad as what happened with us. Can you please just leave it be? Hooch already made it clear that nothing else would happen."

"Indeed," Snape said, backing Hermione into her now opened doorway, shutting it behind him. "If you must know," he reached out for her, "I am in no relationship with anyone, and that's exactly how I intend to remain." His head lowered to hers. "However, if you are still interested in our *other* arrangement... I think we might as well advance things." His lips grazed hers for a moment, and she felt his words against them. "Don't you think?"

Her mind was foggy. She wanted to lean into his kiss, but she was too happy that he wasn't in a relationship with Hooch.

"But if it's not you... Who else? Parvati said she heard Madam Pomfrey mention your name."

"The only thing she'd better be mentioning me for is making her potions for the hospital wing."

"But you left the castle on your broom. I thought..."

"You thought wrong," he said before pressing his lips back to hers again for a firm, chaste kiss.

"Yes, but..."

Her words were cut off by his impatient mouth, tongue finally exploring hers. So this was what it was like to snog Snape. And he wasn't in a relationship with anyone else. This meant that she could carry on with her plans. There was still a chance...even though he'd said that there wouldn't be...that he would take a liking to her and want something more. In fact, she simply knew that with time and patience. He would be hers.

Groaning slightly, she ended their kiss. "So you've been staying away because you didn't want to..."

"Cease your chattering," he said, though there was no bite to his words.

"I can't help it. I've been wondering if you'd changed your mind about our... arrangement," she said quickly, circling his neck with her arms, pulling his face to hers. "And then thinking that you and Hooch... Well, you know what I mean."

Before placing his lips against hers again, he murmured, "I have thought of this. I cannot deny it."

The next moment saw her lifted and carried to her bed. "Severus," she said, wanting to be honest, "I am a little nervous. I haven't gone this far before and hope that I'll not disappoint you." She wasn't only playing the shy part, for she truly did have reservations. This was not Ron. This was Severus Snape.

"Nonsense," he said, pulling at his robes. "Am I not to tutor you in the art of... making love?"

"Yes," she said, feeling completely at ease. She was uncertain if it was the small smile he gave her or the warmth in his voice. All of the hard work she'd done, leaving her frustrated and lonely, was about to pay off. She would endure the tedious tasks being his apprentice brought before her. Anything to prove herself. Anything to remain near him.

He tossed his robes aside. "Relax," he said quietly, moving to help in her disrobing. Clothing was unfastened, pulled away, and dropped to the ground. Kisses and caresses were exchanged, and before Hermione realized it, she was on her back with him between her thighs, positioning himself so that he could penetrate her...just as she'd been wanting for many months.

He was finally to be hers...if only for a little while.

Easing into her, he gave her a small encouraging grin, making her feel as if she'd lived for that moment. After a minute of adjusting, awkward maneuvering, and moving about, they found a rhythm, moving to the beat of the tapping of the headboard, the rustling of the bed sheets, and the slight creaking of the bed.

Much later when Hermione awoke from a short sleep, she was pleased to find him still with her. She snuggled closer and placed a kiss upon his bare chest. "Thank you," she whispered. A fleeting thought passed through her mind before sleep took her again. *I have to tell Parvati that she got it all wrong. Severus is not Hooch's lover* She grinned lazily. *He's mine.*

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"And then," Parvati exclaimed, "Professor Snape comes over and tells him that he'd better get his arse out of there if he knew what was good for him." She laughed. "Rolanda was at his side the entire time. It looked as if she was hoping the blokes wanted to have a fistfight or something. She seemed eager to join in, what with the way she was cracking her knuckles."

"I wondered what happened to those two. When I came out of the loo, it was just you there with the others." Hermione blushed. Her friend had already guessed that she and Severus had ended up in bed that night, but she hadn't committed to answering her questions, just shrugging them away and refusing to give any details.

"He looked furious and jealous," Parvati continued. "That's how I know that you two had to have ended up shagging that night! The way he pulled you out of there..." She sighed dramatically. "I was hoping that Rolanda would do the same, but that's when I realized my mistake."

Hermione laughed. "I felt so ridiculous about asking him about that. He found it amusing though."

"Well, honestly, I never thought of Sinistra being Rolanda's lover. She does resemble Snape a little... in a dark, Slytherin sort of way." She shuddered and shook her head. "She was quite scary, ordering Rolanda about and glaring at me."

"She did seem testy when I approached you."

"I thought that maybe I had a chance since Snape had taken you off, but then I heard Sinistra saying that the only witch that would be staying over at Hogwarts to sleep off her drinks was her and that no little tart had better find her way into Rolanda's quarters." They shared a laugh. "Needless to say, I was able to slip away and Disapparate to my flat without Splinching myself."

"Well, I'm sorry things didn't work out for you, Parvati. Maybe it just wasn't meant to be."

"But that kiss we shared, I really liked it and thought she wanted me," her friend said glumly.

"She likely did and was probably flattered, but I suppose what she has with her current lover isn't worth jeopardizing for something unknown," Hermione said softly. "I can understand that."

"So can I," Parvati said begrudgingly. "I just wish things could have been different. The woman fascinates me. I have no idea how it happened. I just found myself thinking of her all the time." She shrugged. "Just a crush, I guess."

"Perhaps."

"Any wedding bells anytime soon for you and Snape?"

"Of course not," Hermione said, laughing. "I'm his apprentice, and for now, that is good enough." She blushed a little, remembering how they spent the rest of their weekend...rarely leaving her bedchamber other than to bathe or eat.

"Well, I'm off," Parvati said. "This is the last day of the Quidditch camp. Thankfully!"

"It'll be quiet around here with the others leaving until just before school starts again," Hermione said. "But I think we'll manage."

"I'll bet you will," Parvati quipped. "I think that leaving here is the best thing for me. Out of sight, out of mind."

"There is someone out there for you," Hermione reassured. She reflected on those words. It was quite true, wasn't it? There was someone for everyone...even for her and for Severus.

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**Southern's Notes:** Well, I think that's enough for this story. I'd forgotten about it. How sad! It was simply supposed to be a PWP anyway, but I felt the need to give it some

sort of closure. Thanks for reading!