

How to Enjoy a Dull Meeting

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A one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Characters and concepts belong to JKR.

How to Enjoy a Dull Meeting

Severus was bored.

He couldn't figure out why Dumbledore insisted on continuing weekly Order meetings even now, two full years after the final defeat of Voldemort. If it were up to him, he would simply not bother showing up.

The meetings were always the same these days. Old business involved discussion of the fact that no new indications had suggested that Voldemort was anything but fully and finally defeated, nor was there any hint of a new evil power attempting to rise in his place. New business involved revelation of the new password for the main wards at number twelve, Grimmauld Place ("gummi bears"), and discussion of plans for yet another celebration of the anniversary of the war not the one that was already planned for next week, but the one for *next year*.

Severus would never understand why they had to start planning a ball more than a year in advance.

Since he had nothing else to do, he idly glanced at some of the other Order members. Minerva appeared to be hanging on Dumbledore's every word. Lupin was trying to be discreet in the way he was watching Sirius, who in turn appeared to be wordlessly egging Lupin on. The Boy-Who-Most-Deserved-Hexing was shifting in his seat and staring at the most recent addition to their numbers, the Weasley girl, who looked like she was still excited that she had been allowed to join the Order at all, and so was paying as close attention to Dumbledore as Minerva was.

Potter's ever-present sidekick was staring off into space. Because he had nothing better to do, Snape decided to see what the prat was thinking about. Once the Legilimens was silently and wandlessly cast, however, he regretted it, as Weasley was mentally running Quidditch practice drills. Snape barely suppressed a snort. Couldn't the boy at least mentally review an actual *game*?!

Exiting Weasley's mind, with the boy none the wiser, Snape moved on to the know-it-all, who sat on Potter's other side. To his surprise, Granger was watching him, looking amused. He wondered what amused her, but since she was paying attention to him, he couldn't slip into her mind as he had Weasley's. She raised an eyebrow, and her look suggested without words that she, too, thought this meeting a complete waste of time.

He pondered that for a moment, not sure he liked the idea of Granger in agreement with him about anything. After a moment, he thought, *why not?* Dumbledore showed no

signs of slowing down anytime soon. He and Minerva were discussing the possibility of a *theme* for next year's party something about soaring to new heights in the wizarding world and it sounded like they might be seriously considering a dance floor in the treetops. He shuddered at the thought.

He decided he may as well entertain himself a bit, and so he slowly raised an eyebrow to mirror Granger's. However, he raised the stakes, giving her a look that, rather than commiserating, suggested something altogether different ...

... Something deep, and mysterious, and sensual. He slowly swept his eyes down the front of Granger's body. Since he had always avoided looking at the Golden Trio as much as possible, he was caught off guard by the pleasing way she had filled out since she had left Hogwarts. She was definitely not a child any longer, and he almost abandoned his little game when he felt his pulse speed up in response to his frank appraisal of her assets. Still, he would only find himself bored again if he stopped, so he forced himself to let his gaze linger on her more pleasing parts as his eyes traveled slowly back up to meet her eyes once more.

To his surprise, her eyes had widened and her pupils were dilated in a way they hadn't been only moments earlier. In addition, she appeared to be breathing shallowly, and her face was flushed a rosy shade. Could he be affecting Granger this way simply by *looking* at her? She was still watching him ... but perhaps she was merely angry at the way he was toying with her ...

But if it weren't anger if she was, in fact, finding the sexual invitation in his gaze to be arousing Merlin, he could only wonder how she might respond if he actually touched her ...

He noticed for the first time how very much her bushy hair made him think of how she would look in the morning, after spending a night with a lover her lips would be swollen, and her hair wild ...

He allowed his gaze to drift downward again. It was warm in the room, as it always was when they crammed all the Order members into a room that should have held only half their numbers, even though, as always, they had cast the necessary charms to enlarge the space to accommodate them all. Most of the witches and wizards present had unfastened their robes, and many had removed them altogether. Granger's robe was hanging open, showing that she wore a simple t-shirt and a denim skirt beneath it. Under his questing gaze, she shifted in her chair and crossed her legs, then squirmed a bit, eventually crossing her arms, too.

This drew his eyes to her breasts, which were now pushed together and upwards, highlighting the heretofore unknown delights of Granger's cleavage. He could see that her nipples were puckered under her shirt, and his own body began to respond to this evidence that her flushed face, rapid breathing, and restlessness were definitely *not* due to anger.

He wondered what she would look like without her top. What kind of bra would she have on? A lacy, impractical scrap of nothing? Some sort of practical cotton body armor? Something in between?

He shrugged mentally as he realized it didn't matter. He would clearly have her out of that before she had a chance to protest, anyway. He wondered what color her nipples would be, and decided that with her peaches and cream complexion, they would probably be the color of ripe peaches, or maybe a light coral. He wondered at the size of the areola, then decided he may as well fantasize them as he liked ...

She shifted in her chair again, which drew his attention down further, to her legs. She uncrossed and recrossed them in the opposite direction. They were longer than he might have expected, considering that she was not particularly tall, and quite shapely. She wore a pair of Muggle flip flops, and her toenails were painted a deep cherry red.

His awareness of Granger's more interesting physical attributes was making him uncomfortable now. It was only through sheer force of will, combined with heavy reliance on his prior experience at maintaining a neutral expression regardless of what might be happening to or around him throughout his many years as a spy, that he managed to keep from groaning aloud. Even with all his efforts to discipline his body, he could feel himself becoming semi-erect, and he casually crossed his own legs to better disguise the growing bulge at his groin.

At last, he allowed his eyes to move back up to the juncture of her thighs. Through hooded lids, he stared, imagining what he might see if he could dissolve her skirt with his heated gaze. Again, the question of what type of knickers she favored was noted, then passed over in favor of a longer consideration of more important questions: Would they be wet? If he removed them, would the color of her pussy match that of the hair on her head? What would she look like with her legs spread for his pleasure and hers?

His erection was growing again, so he reluctantly moved his gaze back up to her face. She was still watching him strip her with his eyes. Her own eyes looked glazed, with the lids at half-mast, and the question of how she might look in the throes of an orgasm flashed through his mind. Again, he barely suppressed the urge to groan aloud. And that thought definitely wasn't helping him suppress his arousal.

Hermione he was suddenly unable to continue thinking of her by her surname must have guessed the direction of his thoughts, because a small gasp escaped her lips. Minerva stopped in the middle of a sentence about the music for next year's ball and looked at Hermione. "Are you well, dear? You look flushed."

Hermione flushed more deeply, and stammered, "Oh, er well, I I'm fine. It's the heat, probably."

"It is rather warm in here, isn't it?" Dumbledore smiled benignly. "Perhaps you ought to go get some air. We wouldn't want you fainting, would we?"

Hermione agreed hastily, "Yes, that would probably be best." She stood quickly, smoothed her robes and headed for the door. Severus kept his eyes on her, watching the sway of her bum and generally enjoying the view from behind just as much as he had been enjoying the view from the front a moment earlier.

When she reached the door, she put a hand on the knob, then glanced back over her shoulder to meet Severus's eyes. She gave him an intense look, then nodded once, almost imperceptibly, and disappeared out the door.

Severus quickly brought his body under control, now that she had left, and was just resigning himself to a return to boredom when Dumbledore spoke again. "Severus, perhaps you should go see if Miss Granger requires assistance. A Rejuvenating Potion would likely not go amiss. If necessary, you can both Apparate to Hogwarts to retrieve it. We'll see you both next week."

Severus immediately stood to leave, saying, "Of course, if you wish it."

"I think it would be best," Dumbledore said confidently. "Take good care of her, Severus." Severus realized that Dumbledore had been fully aware of where his attention had been wandering throughout the meeting, and he decided that, if Dumbledore had disapproved, he would have sent someone else after Hermione.

He nodded once, said, "Of course," and swept out of the room.

He found her just outside the study, leaning against the wall and taking deep breaths, waving a large fan in front of her that he could only assume she had conjured or transfigured. She glanced up when he stopped in front of her, but she didn't say anything, just stared at him, dropping the fan to her side.

"I'm to take you to Hogwarts for a Rejuvenating Potion," he said at last. "I'm to take good care of you."

"I don't need a Rejuvenating Potion," she replied after a long moment. She took a deep breath, then asked with typical Gryffindor brashness. "What was that in there?"

He raised an eyebrow, considering whether to feign ignorance. After a moment, he shrugged. "I was bored."

Her eyes took on a militant light. "You did *that* because you were *bored*?"

He considered her. "Well," he said at last, "I suppose it's more accurate to say, I *started* it because I was bored."

She relaxed slightly, looking fascinated now. "Why did you continue?"

"Because I was intrigued," he said, leaning forward to whisper the last word in her ear. He breathed in, enjoying the light citrusy scent of her hair, then blew gently on her neck. He was pleased when she shivered and leaned toward him.

She breathed into his ear, "Bored, then intrigued. And what are you now?"

"Aroused," he replied promptly, his voice a low rumble. "Very, very aroused."

"Good," she said, then pulled back just enough to capture his lips with hers. She brought her hands up to hold his head in place. Her body pressed against his, and his erection returned, this time full and insistent, as he slid his hands around her waist to cup her buttocks and pulled her tighter against him.

After several moments, she pulled back and looked deep in his eyes. "Now, take me somewhere private and finish what you started."

He smirked and said, "This is the first time in two years that anything worthwhile has happened at an Order meeting."

She smiled mischievously and said, "If you don't get us out of here right now, it may not. They'll be done any minute, you know."

He chuckled softly. "As you wish," he said, and just as the door opened behind them, he Apparated them away.

Much later, he was relaxing in the aftermath of passion, his arms wrapped tightly around her sleeping form. He hadn't slept at all he had spent the past hour pondering the likelihood that he would be able to convince her to keep seeing him.

He couldn't believe she was actually here. He was considering pinching himself when she stirred in her sleep, opening one eye and glancing at him before closing it and settling down in his arms again.

"Severus?" she murmured sleepily.

"Hmmm?" he replied softly.

"Next week, it's my turn."

He chuckled, kissed the top of her head, and closed his eyes at last.

As he relaxed into sleep, it occurred to him that for the first time in two years, he was actually looking forward to the next meeting of the Order of the Phoenix.