

# Discipline

*by Celisnebula*

Deputy Headmaster Snape has to take things into his own hands.

## Discipline

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Deputy Headmaster Snape has to take things into his own hands.

"Miss Granger," I said in a soft, sibilant tone as she eased the door open and stepped into the Deputy Headmaster's Office. "Come in and sit down; I'll be with you in a moment."

She gave a cursory glance around, no doubt in the hopes that Professor McGonagall might be lurking somewhere in the dim depths of the room. When she noticed the room was empty save for me, she sat down on one of the uncomfortable chairs I had placed in front of my desk.

"Miss Granger, the arrangement you made with Headmaster McGonagall to finish your final year is no longer working. It is clear that you are unhappy here – you are constantly arguing with your professors, causing disruptions in each of your classes whenever you disagree with the coursework or whatever the professor in that class might be teaching." I paused for a moment, watching her try not to squirm in her seat. "I think it would probably be for the best if you withdrew from Hogwarts and took the Ministry up on their offer."

Hermione's eyes widened in shock. "No, please," she gasped out. "I – this... I need to be here!"

"Given your poor performance, academically and socially, that would not be a prudent choice."

She gave me a measuring look and leaned forward, placing both of her hands on the desk. Her school robe gaped open, giving me a good view of the standard uniform shirt underneath – unbuttoned at the collar in such a way that I had an unhindered look at her cleavage. "I'm sure, sir, that between the two of us, as mature adults, we could negotiate an acceptable reason for me to stay."

"Is this your attempt to be subtle?"

"I thought you'd appreciate that sort of approach," she said with a shrug.

I let out a sharp, cynical laugh. "Basically, you're offering me carte blanche – anything I want in exchange for not expelling you?"

"If that's the way you wish to interpret it," she replied.

"I need specifics, Miss Granger. Leaving things up to interpretation has led me down some dark paths in the past."

Her face turned pink, and she bit at her bottom lip for a second before hesitantly saying, "I – I could give you a hand job."

"If that is all you have to offer, I think it would be best if you left," I said, giving her a cold glare. "Now, if you please."

"Wait!" Hermione exclaimed. "Isn't there anything I could do?"

"You can stay under one condition."

"What?" she asked warily.

"If you wish to stay, you will have to submit to a good, old-fashioned, bare arse spanking."

"A spanking?" she squeaked. "No."

"Then you may leave," I said curtly. "*Do* have a *nice* evening."

"But I – that is... no one has ever... Surely, there's another way. I'm entirely too old to be spanked."

"No, there isn't another way. And for your edification, Miss Granger, no one is too old for a spanking."

"I – there really isn't a choice here. I'll take the spanking."

"You do have a choice, Miss Granger – you are simply choosing the option that will yield the results you want."

"What... how should I proceed?"

"You'll need to come closer than that."

Hermione shivered as she moved to stand right in front of me. I ran one of my hands down the side of her hip, and she let out a soft, barely audible moan as I cupped her arse.

"You'll need to pull your robes and skirt up around your waist." She complied, and I had a lovely view of her plain white knickers.

"Very nice," I muttered, reaching for the waistband of her knickers. "Once I've got your knickers off, you will lie down across my lap." I pulled the cotton material down her hips; once it reached her knees, it fell to the floor.

Hermione stepped out of them and then just stood there, as if unsure of how to drape herself across my lap. I reached for one of her hands and tugged her forward; she landed in an ungainly sprawl across my legs. I repositioned her so that her arse was just over my right leg.

She moaned slightly as I placed my left arm across her back to hold her down. Her entire body tensed as I raised my right hand and brought it down on the right cheek of her arse. The office echoed with the rebounding sound of the smacks as my hand landed on her bare flesh.

Hermione stifled all of her sounds, trying to be stoically silent under the onslaught of my punishment. I increased the intensity of the blows. Each slap extracted a more expressive response until she was fairly wiggling against me, her throat letting out long, ragged moans.

I stopped, marveling at the dark, pink hue her arse had become. I traced a finger along the handprints I'd left. Hermione groaned, her legs parting in response to my touch. I could feel her wetness soaking the material of my trousers.

I let my fingers dip down, lightly touching the swollen lips of her mons. She arched her arse up, giving me more access. I gently stroked along her aroused flesh, reveling in the smoothness of her shaven skin.

My index finger found her swollen little clitoris; she bucked on my lap as my finger teased her clitoris out from its protective hood. She gave a strangled gasp, a startled "Oh, fuck!" escaping out as I felt her tense up; her entire body shook as she came on my fingers.

I sat back in the chair and watched her as she lay on my lap, her body limp, and breathing hard.

She turned her head and gave me a cheeky grin. "Was that it then, Severus?" she asked, breaking the mood.

I let out a small groan. "For now, minx... though next time, stay in character longer. I'd like to at least savor the after-effects of your punishment."

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**A/N:** Thank you, DeeMichelle, for looking this over so fast! As ever, I'm always indebted to anyone who agrees to beta for me.

Written for September 2010's prompt Back to School at pterpr0nprmts on Livejournal.