

# Where To Find Them

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Hermione goes to Snape to ask him about a low mark on her essay. AU/7th Year.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione goes to Snape to ask him about a low mark on her essay. AU/7th Year.

Hermione barged into the Potions classroom, holding her essay for her professor to see. She walked over to his desk, where he was sitting grading papers, and slammed it in front of him.

"Why did you give me such a low mark?" she asked, furious that any effort to please her professor was always futile. No matter how much extensive research she did on his topics, it all amounted to this: a mark that could potentially fail her.

Severus Snape looked up with a bored expression in his face. His lips were tight as he regarded Hermione's frizzy hair and sweaty forehead. He then looked down on her essay and saw the failure mark he had placed beside her name.

"To what do I owe this pleasant surprise?" he asked in a monotone. Even the fact that he didn't meet her eyes made her want to hex him out of his chair but, of course, she couldn't do that to a teacher. Much less Professor Snape.

"I want to know," she started, trying to control the tone of her voice, "why did you give me such a low mark? It's a perfectly good essay, as long as you asked it to be, and quite better than any essay you might have received," she said. Her eyes were narrowed as she studied Professor Snape's face.

He raised his eyebrows and said, "Better than any other, you say?"

Hermione didn't even nod; she simply stood there, silent, waiting for him to change the mark on her damn essay. She wasn't leaving this room until he did.

A moment of silence passed between them and then Professor Snape stood up, his cape billowing behind him as he moved towards his cupboard.

"It is simply not good enough, Miss Granger. Now, I would be delighted if you just skipped out of this room and let me do my work." He took out several vials from the cupboard and when he turned around, Hermione was still standing in the same spot. This time, though, tears stained her cheeks even though she was trying hard to stop them.

"What could you possibly want?" She said, her hands going up in frustration. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She knew that Snape would humiliate her even more if she made such a spectacle of herself. When she was calmed down, she opened her eyes and looked at Professor Snape. He was standing only a few feet away from her, his face fixed in a look of disgust, his body tense. "I do everything I can to do as you say and to not get in your way. I definitely study harder than anybody else but still, it is apparently not enough. What could you possibly want? What could I do differently so that you would stop giving me those marks and stop humiliating me in front of everyone?" Hermione hated the way her voice was weak. She knew the connotations behind her questions and she knew Severus did, too.

It was simple. Potions was one of Hermione's most challenging class. It had less to do with the tasks and more to do with the teacher. Whenever she was behind books, studying each ingredient and instruction, she was comfortable. But whenever she entered the classroom and saw this dark, tall figure, her knees weakened with both fear

and hope. Fear that he might humiliate her in front of everyone, hope that he might see who she really was.

It was a silly thing, really. Her attraction to him had all to do with his intelligence and skill. But either way, Hermione couldn't help imagine (the same way girls in her year did) how Professor Snape would become some the sort of Prince Charming from the Muggle fairy tales. She could see that his long strong arms could hold her, that his intimidating demeanor might scare away those evil monsters that appeared in such tales. In ways, Hermione wished that she didn't have to take his class anymore, if only to avoid feeling so helpless.

"What I want, Miss Granger, is something that you could only give me willingly. You might already know that I'm an expert at Legilimens, and hiding your thoughts from me won't work. And, indeed, you are a very transparent person, Miss Granger."

Hermione didn't know what to say. For the first time in a very long time, her mind was completely blank. She saw how her loss of words made Professor Snape smile. Finally, when she thought she could manage a single sentence without faltering she said, "What do you mean?"

"What I mean is, Miss Granger, that your feelings towards me are entirely inappropriate and should be punished." He paused. Hermione's heart beat faster. So fast, indeed that she thought he might hear it. "Unfortunately," he continued. "My feelings for you are even more inappropriate."

Hermione thought that she would faint. She opened her mouth to say something but her words were interrupted by Professor Snape's mouth closing in on hers. Despite herself, she closed her eyes. She heard the dungeon's door close behind her and lock itself shut. Her knees, weak, suddenly gave out under her and she left herself be swept by this new wave of passion.

In short, she had never felt something like it before.

Professor Snape took her wild mane of hair into his hands and stroked it. She felt a shiver run down her spine and was surprised to find that it was a shiver of pleasure. Hermione wrapped her arms around Snape's neck and pulled him closer towards her. He hesitated for a moment and stopped kissing her.

"Miss Granger, I have dwelled with darker arts than this and I must say, you're entirely too tempting."

Not another word was muttered as Snape took Hermione by the waist and hoisted her up on his desk, making several parchments fall. He proceeded to undo her vest, all the while his lips were moving with hers, his tongue exploring hers. He suckled on her lower lip, and she gave a slight moan.

"Oh, Professor, we shouldn't."

Snape gave a laugh. "We most surely shouldn't. But I think we are." When they were both undressed, Hermione found that Professor Snape's body was more than what she had imagined. She used her hands to explore the length of his chest and down to his very intimate parts. He did the same, filling her with pleasure she hadn't imagined possible. Snape's mouth devoured her. She felt his cold lips pressed on her skin and her moan was too loud and for a moment, he thought somebody might hear.

When her hands explored his body, pressing it against her own thighs, he forgot all that could be heard and said. This moment was theirs alone. And when they moved, it was as if they were meant to be moving all along.

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It was all done in a matter of minutes, but their bodies, pressed together against the cold floor could still feel the passion that had engulfed them. Hermione pushed herself in a sitting position and glanced down at Professor Snape who was lying next to her, his body so close she was afraid that they might be unable to resist each other again.

"Professor," she said.

"What?" Snape snapped. The insufferable girl ruining one of the few moments of pleasure he had received in a while.

"About that mark..."

Snape sighed and stood up, putting on his clothes and tossing Hermione's in her direction. "Your marked will stand, Miss Granger. Simply try harder next time," he said. And with that, he exited through a door towards his rooms and left her to herself.