

Bathroom... Tower... Eternity.

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A bit of idle gossip can have long-lasting consequences...

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine.

This is my first ever entry the LJ grangersnape100 community. The challenge was 'Bathroom Gossip.'

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The stall door closed with swift 'click,' and Hermione Granger sank back against the wall of the loo with a frustrated growl.

Had she truly been so desperate? Had her Ministry job really been so mind-numbing that she had leapt at *the first* offer of employment elsewhere? Had it really taken her *ten years* to figure out that Magical Law Enforcement was **Not Her Thing**?

She laughed, short and cynical; apparently this was **Not Her Thing** either, if her current state and location were anything to go by.

Why, oh why, had she ever accepted Minerva's invitation to teach Charms?

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Hermione's maudlin thoughts were suddenly forgotten as the lavatory door creaked open, and the sound of hushed giggles and snorts echoed loudly through the room even as their makers tried to conceal them.

"I'll bet he's a monster in the sack!" she heard a female student whisper. "Dominant... vocal...*rough*..."

The girl's voice dissolved into more giggles.

A second girl spoke. "Not me... I bet he's the type to let the woman do all the work; a submissive..."

A third girl snorted. "Ha! Submissive? You're *insane*. There's not a submissive bone in that man's body..."

Another giggle, "Speaking of 'body'..."

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Hermione rolled her eyes, glad that she had not been so superficial in her youth. Well, not really.

Viktor Krum had been a novelty... the first boy to ever be interested in her, even if that interest had not gone much beyond snogging in the rose bushes. He had been a looker though; all dark eyes, dark hair, and strong profile, with muscles to match. Not to mention every female student at Hogwarts wanted him for her own.

Hermione smirked; score one for her.

Then there had been Ron; dear, sweet, I-need-a-mother-not-a-lover Ron. *That* had lasted all of three seconds.

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Another round of giggles brought her attention back to the conversation now taking place in the adjoining stalls. "What if he's a virgin?" the first girl giggled. "I mean, he's a *total* arse..."

The toilet to her immediate right flushed. "Nah... not a virgin; there's *noway* a virgin would look at a woman the way he looks at Professor Granger."

Wait... What? Did they just say...

A second toilet flushed. "And how is that, exactly?"

A sink turned on, and Hermione strained to hear the reply. '*Desperately...* like he wants to fuck her brains out!" the first girl exclaimed.

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What?! Why those little...

Hermione resisted the urge to fling open the stall door and assign all three girls detention for their rumor-mongering. How dare they presume that...

Wait? Who was this man who wanted her so badly? He had remained anonymous thus far. Too intrigued to stop, she continued to listen.

The others giggled madly as the first girl continued, "I'm serious! And she's oblivious! All she does is walk around with her head in a book. If I were her, I'd corner him in his office one night and make him lay me over that desk of his..."

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"On his desk!?" the third girl exclaimed, "with all those slimy... things... staring down at you?"

A sly chuckle from the first girl again, "Oh, it would be worth it to find out what he keeps under all that black wool... and if the rumors about big noses are true..."

Another cacophony of snickers and giggles followed, but so did the opening of the lavatory door, signaling the girls' exit.

Damn... now I'll never know, she thought miserably, and it's been sooo long since I've had a proper shag... Wait... Slimy things? Black wool? Big nose?

Ohhh... Oh. OH!

Fuck.

~*~*~*~

Hermione barreled down the corridor as fast as her shaking legs would carry her.

She couldn't pull her thoughts from the bit of bathroom gossip she had overheard.

Someone wanted her.

Breathe in...

Desperately.

Severus Snape wanted her.

Breathe out...

Desperately.

But... he hated her! Yes, they shared a table in the library quite frequently and sat next to each other at meals, but otherwise, all he ever did was sneer at her while belittling her intelligence, her friends, and her opinion on... on everything!

Hermione stopped as her brain registered the unfathomable.

Dear Merlin... he's... he's flirting with me!

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Hermione's eyes narrowed. *So... he wants to flirt, does he? Well... we'll see how that serpent likes a taste of his own medicine...*

An evil smirk crawled onto her face as a plan started to form. It was a Friday, which meant that tonight he had the late patrol. Fortunately, her schedule was clear, crystal clear. Her motives, however, were not.

They were dark... full of forbidden things.

The man wanted her desperately, did he? He had no idea what desperate felt like...

But he would.

Oh, yes... when she was done... he would know...

He would *beg* for it.

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She knew he always ended his patrols here, but didn't know how she knew. Perhaps she had been watching him as well, though unknowingly. Either way, she was here now, and she planned to make very good use of her time.

He was leaning against the outer railing of the tower, and as she opened her mouth to speak, her subconscious frantically thought, *This is madness! Madness strung on the hope of some tiny grain of truth to a bit of idle teenage gossip...*

"If you're going to throw yourself over, best to get a running start don't you think?"

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His reaction was intense. He spun in a swirl of black, his wand up and pointed at her faster than she could blink. She didn't flinch. Instead, she walked calmly towards him, never breaking eye contact.

He lowered his wand, but didn't look away.

She came to stand beside him, finally breaking his gaze to look out over the starlit grounds.

He sighed, tucking his wand away and leaning back against the rail. "What do you want, Professor Granger?"

Was that a tremor she detected? Surely not...

Well, it's now or never, she thought, turning to face him again.

"You."

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Some would have said that the look of shock on the dark wizard's face was the last thing they would have ever expected to see.

Hermione begged to differ.

In her opinion, shock was only disconcerting; ecstasy, however, was absolutely life-altering.

It didn't take much effort on her part to seduce the poor man. A flick of her tongue over the shell of his ear as she whispered the lascivious truth of their "chance meeting" had him moaning within minutes. She expected him to put up more of a fight, but desperation can do strange things to a man's resolve.

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The buttons of his coat flowed through their buttonholes like oil over water, slipping free as her soft lips brushed the stubble under his jaw. It fell from his shoulders in a whisper of black. His neck tie was exchanged for her own buttons, which came undone in a violent shower of ivory and thread as they ripped from their moorings.

An arching clavicle for a white oxford shirt.

The swell of a breast for a black leather belt.

A single hand buried in dark, wiry hair, teasing silk into steel, in exchange for two grasping at long, brown ringlets.

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He didn't protest as she pushed him roughly onto the granite bench set into the alcove.

He didn't protest as she pulled up her robes, revealing pale thighs and moist curls to his hooded eyes.

He didn't protest as she joined him on that bench.

He didn't protest as she rubbed her hot, wet core against his cock.

He didn't protest when she impaled herself on that cock.

Instead, his head fell back, and he moaned as she rode him mercilessly.

Desperately.

Years later, she would ask him if he loved her on that night.

And he would not protest.

~FIN