

Another Dull Meeting

by *linlawless*

Sequel to "How to Enjoy a Dull Meeting." True to her word, Hermione takes a turn at entertaining herself and Severus at an Order meeting.

A one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus sat in his usual seat, in the usual room, at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. If that weren't enough, it was also the usual time of day, and the usual day of the week. He wondered yet again why he kept coming to these meetings. He supposed it must be due to some lingering loyalty to Dumbledore ...

Well, there might be slightly more to it, now, after last week's meeting had unexpectedly become so entertaining. *That* meeting had started out like all the others, with some ridiculous discussions about more celebrations of Voldemort's downfall. It, however, had ended on a significantly more satisfying note than any meeting he had ever attended.

In fact, on the whole, he had also been rather pleased by the way the intervening days between then and now had passed. Oh, there had been the usual dunderheads and explosions and annoyances, but he had been far too relaxed to do more than sneer and take a few points here and there. It wouldn't do to have the dunderheads think he was going soft, of course, but the truth of the matter was that he couldn't be bothered with such things as detentions and discipline, because he had far better things to do in his spare time.

The most unexpectedly pleasing of these *things to do* was the Order's resident know-it-all the golden girl of Gryffindor Miss Hermione Granger. He smirked as he thought about the number of times and ways he had "done" her in the past week ever since he had spent last week's meeting seducing her with his eyes, and then had spent a most pleasurable evening seducing her in a much more hands-on manner.

In fact, he had spent every evening for the past week in similar pursuits. When they had woken that first morning, he had braced himself for regrets and recriminations, but she had smiled at him as soon as she set eyes on him, and had said with typical Gryffindor brashness, "So, was this a one-off, or might we do this again sometime?"

Being no fool, Severus had immediately invited her to dinner that very evening. He didn't really expect that her interest in him would last long or that she could go more than a day or two without irritating him so he had determined that he should get his fill of her whilst he could.

He had misjudged things again, it seemed, as he was finding her company surprisingly enjoyable and not just when they were in bed. She was by turns soothing, inquisitive, irritating, and passionate, and he found himself fascinated by it all which would have been disturbing, really, if not for the fact that she seemed equally pleased with him.

Now, Dumbledore was droning on again about next year's ball. Thank Merlin, it seemed they had abandoned the idea of a dance floor in the treetops as having too much potential for injury, what with the amount of alcohol that some of the guests were likely to consume.

Severus had briefly considered trying to fluster Hermione again this week, before he realised he wasn't entirely sure he'd be able to hide his reaction to her. With the amount of shagging they had done in the past week, the slightest reminder of her had a tendency to send all his blood rushing to his groin. So, as delightful as her reaction

had been to his perusal last week, he had decided it would be a far better plan to think about his Potions research during this meeting, and then take her back to his quarters and shag her senseless the moment it was over.

Hermione watched Severus covertly from beneath her lashes. The past week had been most satisfying on many levels. Ever since he had seduced her without a single word at the last meeting, she had been completely enthralled with him. She suspected that, just perhaps, she may have been harbouring a heretofore unacknowledged attraction to him, but she never would have expected things to go so smoothly.

He had immediately demonstrated his prowess as a lover which had surprised her a bit, until she realised that he took the same approach to lovemaking as he did to potion-making: detail-oriented, patient, and highly skilled. *It certainly wouldn't have been nearly as pleasurable had his approach mirrored his teaching methods, instead,* she had thought irreverently, imagining him snapping at her to be silent, follow instructions, and stop being such a know-it-all. But he hadn't instead, he had seemed pleased when she took initiative and demonstrated some of what she knew about male anatomy. Not to mention his apparent delight at the moans and sighs and whispered encouragement he drew out of her repeatedly throughout the night.

She had half-expected it would be a one night stand, but when she had hinted all right, hinted *strongly* that she would like to go again, he hadn't dismissed her with a sneer. Instead, he had suggested that she come for dinner that very night. They had spent every spare moment together since then. She was sure he would tire of her quickly, considering how much she had always irritated him, so she decided she may as well squeeze as many moments in as she could until he did.

What really amazed her, though, was the way he was outside of the bedroom. Oh, he still had that acerbic wit, but it wasn't as biting as it used to be well, it was, really, when directed at other people, if she wanted to be honest about it. But he seemed not to mind her many questions so much anymore, not like he had when she was his overeager pupil; now, he actually seemed to enjoy her innate curiosity and their spirited discussions.

In any event, she had promised herself she would turn the tables and entertain him at the Order meeting this week. She had found herself a bit anxious about it when they had first arrived, but here they were, and the meeting was boring, and really, who cared about a ball that was a full year in the future when such a wonderful lover was right there, across the room?

So she worked up her courage and turned her attention to watching Severus. She started with something easy his hands. She simply looked at them, where they sat, clasped loosely together on his lap, and thought about all the delicious, naughty things he liked to do with them when they were together. She tilted her head back slightly, recalling how efficiently they removed her clothing, and how they inflamed her nerve endings as they ran over her naked skin.

From there, it was only natural to think about how he looked without his clothing. He was slender, but strong. The scars that she knew were on his back only reminded her of some of the finer aspects of his character his heroism in the face of unimaginable torture and seemingly insurmountable odds. Naturally, that just made him even more attractive in her eyes.

She absently noted that it was starting to feel very warm in here.

About fifteen minutes into the meeting, his senses were on full alert. He tried to avoid looking at her, but he just *knew* that she was watching him. She had threatened to take a turn this week, but she had been half-asleep at the time and he hadn't believed she would actually do it. Now, though, he was forced to reassess that assumption.

At last, he could resist no more, and he shifted in his chair to cover a quick glance at her, only to freeze when he realised she was aroused already. She was looking at him as though imagining the things they had been doing with one another as often as possible for the past week. Her eyes were half-shut, her head tilted back, and she was running her eyes over his body. It felt like she was touching him physically, and once again, were it not for his years of training as a spy and Occlumens, everyone in the room would have seen his reaction to her bold gaze.

Still, he couldn't stop his eyes examining her, too. Her skin was flushed and her breathing slightly erratic, like it had been last week. The difference was this week she appeared to be seducing herself even as she attempted to seduce him.

She licked her lips, and at the resulting surge of energy to his groin, he dragged his gaze away from her and vowed not to look at her again until the meeting was finished. He began mentally reviewing the recipe for Shrinking Solution, but he barely got through the chopped daisy roots before his eyes were drawn to her again.

He groaned inwardly when he saw that she had undone some buttons on her blouse. He had a perfect view of the upper swells of her breasts, which seemed to be glistening with a light sheen of perspiration. It was, as usual, awfully warm in here, and getting warmer all the time.

Tearing his eyes away again, he went back to thinking of the Shrinking Solution. This time, he got as far as the skinned shrivelfig before his peripheral vision caught her pulling something small from her bag. She held it in her hand for a moment before she began to run it over the back of her neck, along her collar bones, and down the exposed part of her chest, leaving a trail of moisture in its wake. He was so fascinated by the droplets clinging to her skin that it took several seconds longer than it should have and a delicate little shiver from her before he realised the object was an ice cube. *She must have cast a freezing charm inside her bag,* he thought distractedly.

He was relieved when the ice cube seemed to have melted away and he released his breath suddenly in a whoosh that drew a number of pairs of eyes in his direction. He felt himself flush, and was about to comment on the heat when he realised she had pulled something else from her bag. It was only when she had unwrapped it and begun delicately licking it that he realised how much trouble he was in.

She had apparently brought an ice lolly with her to the meeting in her charmed bag, and the way she was alternately licking and sucking at it and occasionally pulling it deep into her mouth had him nearly panting with desire. He was so transfixed at the sight that he forgot to even attempt to look away, and for the first time in years, he couldn't muster the will to glare, either. He was so far gone he couldn't even care at the moment if anyone noticed. Though he promised himself he'd enjoy retaliating sometime in the future.

By the time she finally finished the ice lolly, his mind was working overtime to think of an excuse to get them both out of here immediately. Unfortunately, with all his blood having deserted his brain in favour of his nether regions, he couldn't think of a single plausible reason why *he* would need to leave, never mind take her with him.

At long last, the meeting ended. Severus didn't move right away; he was torn between amusement, arousal, and annoyance. The amusement was due to his discovery of what a bold little minx she could be when she put her mind to it. The arousal well, the source of that was obvious, he supposed any red-blooded male would have the exact same reaction, he was sure, which made him hope no one else had been paying attention.

The annoyance was because he had no idea how he would manage to get out of here with his dignity intact. He had been trying to will his body back under control in order to avoid the abject humiliation of someone potentially noticing his rather prominent erection. Hermione, on the other hand, seemed completely unaffected now, despite earlier evidence of her arousal. She stood immediately and returned the greetings of several of her friends and colleagues.

Unfortunately, he still couldn't tear his eyes from her, which wasn't helping his situation in the least. She had caught hold of a long lock of hair that seemed to have fallen from its clip, and was seemingly thoughtlessly twirling it in a way that definitely shouldn't have been sexy, but somehow was.

At long last, she worked her way around to his side of the room and came to stand in front of him. "Are you ready to go?"

Giving her a heavy-lidded look, he wandlessly cast Muffliato before saying silkily, "I've been *ready to go* for the last half hour. A situation for which I plan to exact revenge at the earliest opportunity, I assure you."

She looked rather more pleased with herself than he might have hoped, but she said only, "Come now, Severus, can you honestly say you didn't enjoy today's meeting just a little more than usual?"

"I'd have enjoyed it more if I thought there was any hope of getting out of here with a shred of dignity," he grumbled.

She smiled slyly. "Perhaps you'd care to slip out through the passageway hidden behind the panel to your left? I'd be happy to show you the way."

As her words sank in and he realised he wasn't going to be embarrassed, after all, amusement won out. He couldn't help smiling at her just a little. "That, my dear, is an excellent idea."

Taking her hand, he watched as she used her wand to open the panel just wide enough for them to fit through.

As she led him away, she whispered mischievously, "See? I told you it would be my turn this week."

Pausing to kiss her soundly, Severus could only be grateful she had kept her word.