

Loose Lips, Slurred Slips

by laurielove

A little tale of how too much alcohol loosened Hermione's tongue and her inhibitions. This story will soon have a sequel - 'Beasts With Two Backs and Where to Find Them - ie In the Potions Master's Bedroom'.

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Chapter 1 of 1

A little tale of how too much alcohol loosened Hermione's tongue and her inhibitions. This story will soon have a sequel - 'Beasts With Two Backs and Where to Find Them - ie In the Potions Master's Bedroom'.

Just a bit of fun for you all - this popped into my head a while ago.

I love the dynamics between Hermione and Snape here. It's the usual laurielove situation - Hermione is nineteen and back at school, Snape has miraculously survived and is still Potions Master. For much of this story, Hermione is drunk. I've written her words in such a way as to make her speech slurred, but you don't have to emphasise every single syllable in the way I've written it. Basically, just imagine her drunk while you read and you'll get the idea.

Like it says in the summary, this story has a sequel, but I wanted to keep it distinct from this one. I'll post it soon. It is called 'Beasts With Two Backs and Where to Find Them, ie In the Potions Master's Bedroom'

NB - In the UK the term 'pissed' means drunk, not angry. Enjoy! x

It is true to say that Hermione Granger, seventh year student (eighth if you consider her return to school after the war to finish her studies), would never normally have found herself wandering into the Potions classroom in the wee small hours, alone, for no particular reason, certainly not an academic one, nor even one related to schemes and stratagems.

But then Hermione Granger was not normally drunk.

It is with some surprise, but more than a hint of curiosity, that I can report that on this occasion, she most definitely was. How, you may well ask?

It was the night of the Yule Ball and, as was the custom, students over the age of eighteen were allowed a glass of wine to accompany their meal. Occasionally, they managed to smuggle in a few extra bottles to consume in their dorms. Hermione Granger, being the level-headed logician she was, normally refused such things, but tonight, for reasons known only to her, she had been rather more reckless than usual, and after the dancing, she and her friends went back to the dorm to find several bottles available to them, some far more potent than the rather feeble wine they had been drinking with dinner. No one admitted responsibility for sneaking them in, but all gladly partook of them. Ball gowns were discarded in favour of jeans and casual tops, and the night slipped by easily into the early hours of the morning.

And so it was that Hermione now found herself in a rather liberated mood, to put it delicately. To put it less delicately, she was utterly rat-arsed.

She had noted that one member of staff had been absent during the Yule Ball. She had also noted how miserable that person's absence had made her (another reason perhaps for her liberal consumption of booze). And so, leaving her friends in various states of stupor, just before two o'clock in the morning, she crept from the common

room and down to the dungeons. She was aware (barely) of the fair amount of noise emerging from the Slytherin common room, but she pressed on, turning through corridors as they became ever more silent and dark, finally ending up (after a rather circuitous trip, it has to be said, which entailed her bumping into several walls and statues and corners on the way) at the Potions classroom. Without hesitation, she leant against the door, thinking it may be locked or overly stiff and heavy, and pushed her whole body hard against it while turning the handle.

It was not locked or stiff or anything. In fact it swung open so easily that her momentum caused her to hurtle unceremoniously into the room and lurch forward with several uneven steps before landing in a confused and shambolic mess on the floor. There she lay for a time, giggles erupting from her, before raising her head and looking hazily around.

Immediately - if a little extraordinarily, considering the time - she found what she was looking for, sitting at his desk, hand hovering over a parchment, his eyes fixed darkly on her undignified and surprising entrance.

'Oh! Hello, pr'f'ssor!'

Silence.

'Miss Granger. Kindly explain how it is you find yourself sprawled across the floor of my classroom at this god-forsaken hour?'

Hermione grinned blearily up at Severus Snape from her position splayed out on the floor. 'I wuz curious.'

'Curious?'

'Yesh.'

'You are not permitted to go wandering erratically around the castle at any hour. And you are certainly not allowed into classrooms without prior permission.'

'Oops.'

'Kindly leave at once.'

'Am I in lotsa trouble, sir?'

For a moment, Severus Snape seemed to be wrestling with himself. Finding a student in an incoherent state on the floor of his classroom at two o'clock in the morning should have elicited the most stringent punishment. But, for whatever reason, he instead sighed and lowered his head to the parchment again, declaring, 'I think, under the circumstances, I shall simply pretend it never happened.'

'No detention then?'

'Not on this occasion.'

'Ohhhhwah.'

She actually whined. He raised his eyes again.

'Surely it is past your bedtime, Miss Granger?'

Hermione pushed herself unsteadily to her feet and took a swaying step closer to him. 'Oooh, nooo. I'm a bigirl now. I can stay up 's'late as I wan'... even as late as you, wha'ever that may be.'

'Why are you slurring your speech?'

'I'not shlurring my shpeech.' Her eyebrows wrinkled in exaggerated refutation.

'You are.'

'Well, maybe jusali'le. Why d'you think that ish, Professor Sir Mishter Snape Shir?'

'I have no idea. Perhaps you're overwrought and tired.' He tried to focus back on his work.

'Wrong! D'you wanna know the real reason?'

'Not especially.'

'Well, I'm goin' a tell you anyway. Between you and me, sir, prerfssor Snape sir sir, I have had the slightest teensiest weeniest amount t' drink and, d'you know wha'?' She was walking if that was the word - ever closer to his desk.

'Most likely, yes, but I have a feeling you're about to tell me anyway.'

Hermione reached the desk and glanced around the empty classroom to check no one was listening before leaning over and whispering to him as if imparting a big secret. 'I think I may be jus' a teensy ickle bit tipsy.'

'Tipsy?'

'Yesh, y'know ... a little merry. Sor'of squiffy happy.'

'I think you are telling me you're drunk, which, as remarkable as you may think, I did actually realise within a few seconds of you dumping yourself unceremoniously on my classroom floor.'

She drew back and placed an indignant hand on her chest. 'Drunk? Moi?'

He rolled his eyes. 'Yes. Toi.'

'Oooh! You speak French. How tres exciting, monsieur le professeur Snahp!'

Snape stood with a tut and moved in front of his desk, standing there impenetrably with his arms crossed. 'Go to your room, Miss Granger.'

Hermione drew herself up and spoke with a tone of false pretension. 'I said already, I am not obliged to go until I so choose. And I don't so choose a' this precise moment in time. I find myself rather enjoying our little tête-a-tête.'

'Miss Granger ...'

She ignored him and began her questioning again. 'When wuz the lastime you were pissed, sir? To give i' iz proper name.'

'This is getting rather tiresome, Miss Granger.'

Hermione frowned. 'Is it? I think it's quite fun. You know, despite appearances, I like your subject.' She was smiling broadly and blearily at him now. The girl was rattling through exaggerated facial expressions faster than Marcel Marceau.

'Which one?'

'Which one? You've only ever bloody taught one!'

'Don't swear, Miss Granger.'

'Oops. I really am terribly fucking sorry, sir.'" She grinned cheekily. 'Oops again.'

'You are wrong. I taught Defence Against the Dark Arts.'

She raised a finger in revelation and prodded him hard in the chest to emphasize her point. 'So you did. How could I forget that amazing year? Ended a little badly for ush all, didn't it? Dur me. So sorry, Snapey.'

His features froze. 'Excuse me?'

'I said Ssssss -napey. See it as a sort of term of endearment. I think we've known each other long enough. Shall I call you by your first name?'

'No.'

She ignored him and frowned in thought. 'Whassit ...? Severalus?'

'That is not my name.'

'Severelyus.'

'Miss Granger ...'

'An' d'you wanna know something even more amazing?' She was smiling more genuinely now.

'Not particularly.'

'Not only do I qui' like Potions, but ... I qui' like you too. In fact, I find you absofriginlutely fashinating.' She was standing rather closer than she should and looking up at him with deep brown eyes.

He swallowed hard. 'How lovely for you.'

'It is actually, thank you, Severalus.'

'Don't call me that.'

'Sorry, Sevvy.'

He turned his back on her rapidly but lingered near his desk. 'Miss Granger, you should go now.'

'I should, but I don't want to.'

'Well, go anyway.'

'Why d'you wear black all the time? Is it a personality statement?'

'Didn't you hear me?' His voice was growing increasingly tetchy. Snape spun back to glare at her, only to find her standing right up close to him again.

'An' buttons. All those buttons. Not that I mind, you understand. Black is very flattering, especially with all those buttons ... buttons buttons buttons.' The girl's hand was now actually on his coat and she was touching and pointing out each of the buttons individually. He stared down at her fingers as they made contact with his clothing.

'Miss Granger ...'

'Going down ... down ... down ...' To accompany her words, her fingers followed the buttons down over his torso, down across his abdomen, down towards ...

Snape stepped back with abrupt violence, causing her almost to stagger. 'Miss Granger, go to bed!'

Her eyes widened and she gasped in mock horror. 'Professor Snape! Are you propositioning me?'

'Miss Granger.' He was clearly at a loss for anything else to say.

She was stepping into him yet again. Every time she drew closer he could smell her perfume; it overrode the haze of dark red wine which floated from her breath. Her voice dropped now and she fixed him with her eyes. 'You see, sirrrr, I've been watchin' you lately. And I've decided you're rather nice to look at. You're what my mother would call easy on the eye. But I think also that you'd be quite easy on the ...'

He staggered backwards. 'Right! You must go now. I have to lock the classroom.'

'I'm not stopping you.'

'You need to leave.' He was up against his desk, he could go no further. The girl was standing perilously close to him. She did not take her eyes, as bleary as they were, from his. He could look nowhere else.

'Look, basically, Professor sir, let's just say I like it is - I'd like to boff you.'

'Miss Granger!'

'Perhaps I didn't make myself clear ... I'd like to get jiggy with you, to shag you, make lurrve to you, make the beast with two backs, bang, hump, do you, nail you ... in other words - I would very much like you and me ... to fuck.'

'Stop this at once.'

'So ... how 'bout it?'

'Miss Granger, really ...'

'I do actually have a first name, y' know.'

'You must leave.'

'No.' She frowned again, digging her heels in, and declared, 'I've started so I'll finish. All I can picture these days is me lying on your desk with my ankles round my ears while you pound me from here to Land's End with what, judging by the size of your nose, must be a fantastically enormous, long, hard co ...'

'Leave!'

'Ohhh! Isn't there even time for a quiet snog?' Her hands started to curl around his neck. He pulled them off quickly.

'Get out, Miss Granger! This is all very confusing.'

'Confusing? Confusing is good. We can work with confusing'. If you'd said, 'this is all very boring' then I'd be worried. Come on, seriously say unto thee-us. I'm nineteen now and I've lived more than most in that time. I bet you want it too. I've caught you looking at me from time to time. Quite a lot, come to think of it.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

She wagged her finger at him. 'Oh, I think you're telling a porky pie. I think you know exactly what I mean.'

'Really, Miss Granger. Leave now and let us hope for both our sakes that you remember none of this tomorrow.'

'How rude!'

'I'm not the one suggesting I bend you over my desk and roger you senseless until morning!'

'Now you're talking! Let's get started!' She started to unbutton her shirt.

'Really. This is intolerable.'

Snape suddenly and decisively grabbed her arm and frog-marched her out of the room. At first she was too incoherent to protest, but once they reached the door, she managed to curl her limbs around him and began to nestle into the crook of his neck. Snape let out a sharp involuntary squawk and tried in vain to extricate himself from her grasp.

'Miss Granger ... Look ... Don't ... that's really ... no, I ... *Hermione!*'

At last she looked up, the shock of hearing her first name flooding her with sudden sobriety. Snape looked down at her, just as suddenly, but surprisingly, tender.

'You have to go.'

'Don't you ... want ...?' She was at last subdued, bewildered. She slumped.

He realised he was still holding her. He didn't let go.

'You are inebriated. You are not in a position to know what you are doing or to prevent anything happening that you will later regret. I will arrange for someone to escort you back to your room and ensure you are checked on.'

'I ...'

As chance would have it, Nearly Headless Nick floated past the door at just that moment. Snape called him in. 'Nicholas!'

'Yes, professor? Ah, Miss Granger. You look a little weary. Everything alright?'

'Miss Granger needs to be taken back to her room. Then please alert one of her friends, one who is not in the same condition as her, that she is feeling a little ... under the weather, and will need supervision through the night to ensure she is well. She may have a slight headache tomorrow.'

'I understand. Come along, Miss. Nothing a good night's sleep won't sort out. We've all done it. I remember a very fine evening after a croquet match with the Duke of Buccleugh back in 1573 involving considerable amounts of brandy and a rather interesting game of naked bagatelle...'

And with her head in her hands, Hermione was ushered by a semi-decapitated ghost back to her room.

-xxoOxxx-

Hermione was normally up by eight o'clock at the latest. Not the day following the Yule Ball.

When she at last opened her eyes and glanced at the clock, the big hand seemed to be pointing straight down and the little hand was halfway between the one and the two.

She groaned and turned over. Her brains seemed to have been removed and replaced by half-chewed candy floss.

And then, slowly, almost teasingly, there crept into her mind vague memories of wandering around the castle in the dark and snippets of conversation with ...

Hermione groaned again and threw the duvet over her head.

The big hand was pointing straight up and the little hand was pointing to the three before she even dared get out of bed.

But, not one to shirk responsibility, she made her way to the place she knew she had to go. Some sort of explanation was needed. Now her belly ached as well as her head. Her steps to the Potions classroom were rather less ebullient but distinctly more controlled than they had been the night before.

This time she knocked, half-hoping there would be no one there. But the low voice sounded instantly. 'Come.'

She opened the door cautiously this time, with a hazy awareness that that hadn't been the case the previous time.

It was almost a case of déjà vu, but without the double vision and swaying furniture. Severus Snape was sitting at his desk again, once again writing at a parchment. He glanced up briefly as she made her way hesitantly towards him before turning swiftly back to his work.

'Umm. Professor Snape?'

'Yes?'

'Umm ... About last night.'

'What about it?'

'Did I ...?'

Pause.

'What?'

'Umm ... I think maybe I ... I sort of remember, umm ...'

Silence.

Snape raised his head and looked at her steadily, simply waiting to see what she would say.

'Did I say or do anything I perhaps shouldn't have?'

'I couldn't possibly comment.'

'Professor, please.'

His head lowered to his parchment again. 'Miss Granger, let us draw a line under it.'

'I seem to remember, umm ...'

'As I said, Miss Granger, let us not talk any more about it.'

But Hermione suddenly felt a need for candour. 'Did I give you the impression I ... sort of ... had a ... sort of ... you know ... a *thing* ... about ... umm ... you.'

She heard a sharp sigh escape him. 'Miss Granger, there really is no need to continue this conversation.'

'I just ... really I ... I'm so so sorry and ... clearly whatever I said was all just drunken rubbishy ramblings. I was just spouting a lot of cra ... cobblers. I mean of course I don't fancy you or anything ... obviously.'

'Obviously.' His head was resolutely down.

'I mean, I'd never fancy *you!*'

He glanced up, a fleeting but undeniable look of hurt passing across his features. 'No,' he agreed quietly.

There was an immediate silence. Hermione's eyes widened in something akin to panic. She started to backtrack.

'I don't mean, you know ... It's not that I wouldn't ever fancy you. I mean ... not that you're unattractive or anything. I mean ...'

'Miss Granger ...'

'I mean. You *are* ...'

'What?' he asked quickly and surprisingly forcefully.

'Umm ...'

'I'm what?'

'Attractive.'

Silence. She looked everywhere but at him.

'I just ... you know ... It's just that you're my teacher, so ... that would be wrong and ... forbidden.' She swallowed. 'Wouldn't it?'

'What?'

'If I ... if we ...'

'Yes,' he stated suddenly. It threw her off-track.

'Yes what?'

'Wrong and forbidden.'

'What?'

'Us.'

'Us what?' She was a little confused. He'd suddenly taken the reins of the conversation.

'What you said.'

'Fancying each other?'

'That ... and ...'

'And what?'

'Having a relationship.' He was looking steadily at her now.

'Oh. I never mentioned having a relationship.'

'You vaguely did last night.' His voice was calmly persistent now.

'Did I?'

'Yes.'

'How?'

'You ...'

'What?'

'Miss Granger. I cannot repeat it.' He stopped himself and tried to focus back on his writing.

'Please do.' A rising wave of something great was building in her. She couldn't stop it.

'No.'

'Please. I need to know.'

Snape looked up again, his face tight, and ran a hand through his air before waving it vaguely around before him. 'You said that you wanted to ...'

'To what?'

'To ...'

'Yes?' Now she was persisting.

'Never mind.' Snape pinched the bridge of his nose.

'You must tell me or I won't know if I should be embarrassed or not.'

'Don't be embarrassed.' Pushing back his chair, he rose quickly, stepped away from his desk and turned away from her.

'What did I say I wanted?' Hermione moved in towards him. He did not back away.

He sighed before muttering, 'You said you wanted to ... engage in sexual relations with me.'

'Oh.' She paused. 'Is that how I worded it?'

'Not exactly.'

There was a moment's silence.

'I'm so sorry, sir. That puts you in a very embarrassing position.'

'You were drunk, Miss Granger. Clearly you did not know what you were saying. When people are drunk they tend to speak the most complete ...'

'Truth. They speak the truth.' Her interruption cut through the air between them. She stepped closer into him again. For a time all that could be heard was their mutual deep breathing.

Snape closed his eyes and murmured softly, 'Miss Granger ...'

'I meant every word, sir.' There was no point hiding it anymore.

'Miss Granger, don't do this.' He shook his head, his eyes still closed, but he did not move away from her.

'Why not?'

'Because it is wrong, like you said.'

'Wrong for whom?'

'Everyone. You especially.'

'I've caught you looking at me, sir. I know you feel the same. That's why I came to you last night. It was stupid doing it drunk, but I only did it at all because I knew there was a chance.'

'There isn't a chance. I would lose my job. You would be expelled.'

'Only if we were found out.'

'This is ridiculous.' Now he did take a step away from her.

'Sir ... I want you.' She closed the distance again.

'Stop it.'

'And you want me too; you can't deny it.'

'I can!'

'Go on then.'

'You must go.' His words lacked conviction.

'Say it. Say, *I don't want you.*'

'Just leave now.'

'You can't. You can't say it.'

'You were drunk. You were talking rubbish.'

'No. I may have been drunk but I meant every word. Even the part about you pounding me to John O'Groats with my knees up round my ears.'

'It was pounding you to Land's End. And with your ankles up round your ears.'

She smiled softly and placed a hand on his chest before running it sensuously up to curl around his shoulder. Again, he did not move away. 'Sir.'

'Don't call me that.'

'I always call you that. Everyone calls you that.'

'Yes, but ...'

'But what?'

'When you say it, it sounds ...'

'What?'

'Dirty.'

'Dirty?' Her other hand was now curled around his shoulder and was toying with the hair at the nape of his neck. He did not stop her.

'Yes.'

'Dirty good or dirty bad?'

'Is there a difference?'

'Do you like it?'

'I ...'

'Do you like it ... *sir*?' She was gently tugging him down towards her.

'Too much.'

'I like it too, sir.'

'Miss Granger ...'

Ever closer.

'Sir ...'

And she kissed him.

He locked and silenced the room.

'Miss Granger ... what was it you were saying last night about the beast with two backs ...?'

I realised I have a lot of fics which need transferring over here. I'll be posting a lot more soon. Sorry for being absent from here for a while. I hope you enjoy this one and the next. Let me know your thoughts if you have a moment. LL x