

Under the Professor's Robes

by sunny33

Something strange is happening at Hogwarts. Snape's students are giggling and making cow eyes at him, and suggestive notes keep appearing in his mail. The other teachers can't look him in the eye, and even the newest staff member, Granger, blushes every time she talks to him.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 12

Something strange is happening at Hogwarts. Snape's students are giggling and making cow eyes at him, and suggestive notes keep appearing in his mail. The other teachers can't look him in the eye, and even the newest staff member, Granger, blushes every time she talks to him.

Disclaimer: JKR owns all rights to the characters, the settings, and the whole Hogwarts/magic idea. I just added a bit of spice...

Chapter One

Dearest Severus,

I hope you don't mind me using your given name. I feel I know you well already, even though we only met so briefly at the Ministry Ball last summer.

I still remember your smouldering eyes and your sensual hands. How I wish they were both feasting on me right at this moment.

Please say you'll meet me for dinner soon, my hero.

My heart is yours,

Edwina Cuttleberry

"Edwina Cuttleberry? Who the bloody hell is she, and what's all this drivel about smouldering eyes and sensual hands?"

Severus Snape, Potions master and generally crabby git, screwed up the pale pink parchment and tossed it into the fire. "I'll give you smouldering, you empty-headed twit!"

He reached for the next in his unusually large pile of mail and browsed through the latest edition of *Potions in Practice* as he finished his first coffee of the day. Putting the journal aside, he opened a rather disconcerting lime green envelope after first performing his standard checks for hexes, jinxes, and dodgy powders. He hadn't been a double agent for nearly twenty years without learning a few tricks.

Dear Sev,

Are you naked? I certainly hope...

Severus dropped the letter as if burned. "Am I WHAT?" Picking up the offending item between the tips of his fingers, he almost managed to get it into the fire before curiosity won over disdain.

I certainly hope you are. I am. Completely naked and sprawled out on my silk-covered bed, awaiting your reply.

I'm imagining your body: lean, toned muscles, skin like satin with a generous dusting of black hair on your chest trailing down past your navel to thicken up and cradle your manhood. It will be jutting, proud, and impressive, awaiting my eager hands and mouth.

Severus fanned himself with the parchment as he opened his robe and glanced down at his skinny, pasty, nearly hairless chest and decidedly average cock. A grey hair struck his eye, and he winced as he plucked it out.

"Damn! I thought I got them all last night."

He continued reading the letter, allowing his hand to stray back down south as his cock decided, average or not, it deserved a little attention.

Eyes widening at the last few sentences *Is that anatomically possible?* he threw the letter aside to concentrate on the task in hand.

"You almost missed breakfast, Severus." Rolanda Hooch smirked as she reached past him for the teapot.

"I... er... had rather a lot of mail."

"No doubt."

He was sure she had sniggered. Severus had never heard Hooch snigger before, but the sound she had made as she'd turned away was definitely of that ilk. Before he could ponder her odd behaviour further, his gaze connected with a fifth-year Hufflepuff whose name escaped him, Hufflepuffs being boring at the best of times, and to his bewilderment, the girl did not avert her gaze or tremble. Not in the slightest. She blushed, then turned to her friends, who all burst out into frighteningly girlish giggles, sneaking glances under batting eyelashes at their very ill-at-ease professor.

"Merlin's pink frilly knickers, what are those children drinking?" Rather fancying the idea Winky had been spiking the Hufflepuffs' breakfast pumpkin juice again as she did from time to time when she was restless, Severus turned back to Rolanda to find her studying him with a speculative gleam in her eye.

"So, Severus, do you use the Prefects' bathroom often?"

"I'm sure my personal hygiene habits are of no concern of yours, Rolanda." He strived for dignity as she smiled and reached for a banana from the fruit basket.

"You might be surprised where my interests lie," she replied, peeling the banana, then licking the fruit from base to tip in one unhurried movement while not breaking eye contact.

He regretted using his tongue to moisten suddenly dry lips when her eyes gleamed with mischief. He turned to the witch on his other side as the banana all but disappeared down Rolanda's throat in one smooth movement.

"Ah, Pomona. How is your fruit and vegetable garden coming along? I hear your melons are magnificent this year." It was truly amazing how desperation could render even Severus Snape courteous.

The rotund witch managed a giggle worthy of her fifth-year students. "Severus! You shouldn't tease like that."

Severus sighed and returned to his breakfast, steadfastly ignoring the odd behaviour of both his colleagues. It was a pity Professor Granger had already been monopolised by Hagrid and Minerva; at least she would have provided some sensible argument or even a good sarcastic comment or two. He'd initially been dismayed when Minerva had announced the appointment of Granger to the vacant Charms post on Filius's retirement the previous year and had tried diligently to ignore her, but after a few of his jibes had been dispatched with equally cutting replies, a ding-dong argument in the library resulting in Irma Pince throwing them both out, and a recently revealed mutual dislike of Sybill Trelawney, he had almost decided she hadn't turned out quite as bad as he had expected. He was still reserving judgement, of course; it doesn't do to be too hasty about such matters.

Pondering the stack of letters as yet unopened on his desk, Severus nibbled on his bacon as he watched the unruly shrub Hermione Granger called hair bob up and down whenever she nodded in reply to a comment of Minerva's. Adulthood and a respectable career had not succeeded in taming the wild mass of curls, which appeared to have developed a life of its own, escaping any hair ties or clips she had used before an hour had passed. The woman eschewed make-up of any kind and appeared immune to the vagaries of fashion, always neatly but conservatively dressed. Except in the last week of the summer holidays when he had discovered her sunbathing on the Astronomy Tower. The brevity of the garment she had been wearing on the lower half of her body had been interesting enough, but the complete lack of anything above her waist had demanded several minutes of scholarly assessment before he had withdrawn from the scene praying to any gods who were listening she had not noticed his presence. The trip down the stairs had not been particularly comfortable.

Severus pushed his chair back from the table, wincing at the scrape as it caught on the stone floor. *It wasn't that loud. Why are they all looking at me? Why are they all looking at my...? No, I'm imagining it. Those letters have addled my brain.*

Eyes fixed ahead, he stalked out of the door behind the staff table into the peace of the deserted corridor. Mind occupied in deciding how many points he could deduct from each house for impertinence, he came to a jarring halt as a pert bottom blocked his progress. Stumbling, Severus reached for the first thing his flailing hands could grasp, which happened to be fistfuls of Hermione's robes as she fell flat on the floor and cushioned his fall. Fleeting appreciation of feminine curves pressing against his groin was replaced by acute embarrassment as said anatomy began to respond enthusiastically to the situation. Leaping to his feet, folding his arms in his most authoritarian manner, and more importantly concealing his unfortunate reaction, he looked down his nose at the startled witch.

"And what is so fascinating about your feet that you felt the need to stop and examine them in the middle of the corridor, Granger?"

Her blush and failure to meet his eyes instead of the acid retort he'd expected confirmed she had felt his indiscretion.

"I'm sorry. My shoelace was loose. I didn't realise anyone was following me." Hermione rose to her feet and dusted down her robes. Without any further comment, she hurried off towards her classroom.

"Damn!" Cursing his lack of control, Severus headed for his dungeons, scattering giggling groups of girls who seemed to appear around every corner.

The entire castle has gone mad. It's the only explanation.

Finally in the privacy of his own sitting room, Severus relaxed into his armchair for the twenty minutes or so he had left before the onslaught of the lackwitted and fumblefingered. Reaching over to the rest of his mail, he slit open a letter on stiff, expensive parchment.

Dear Professor Snape

You will probably not remember me; I was your student some years ago, but I remember you well. I would like to offer you my somewhat belated congratulations on your remarkable achievements during the last war. I have often admired your intelligence and your attention to detail and would humbly request an opportunity to renew our acquaintance in a mutually agreeable fashion.

"At least this one's not obsessed with my smouldering eyes or my jutting cock." He read on.

I completed my Potions apprenticeship in Europe and have recently returned to Britain after working for some years in Italy. I would enjoy discussing the latest developments in the field with such a renowned expert with a view to friendship and possibly more.

Please owl me with a time and place at your convenience should you wish to meet.

Yours in anticipation,

Marion Davies

"Marion Davies? I can't remember her." Severus combed the archives of his brain but could not recall a girl of that name in his class. Eventually conceding defeat, he dug out his old marking files and laid them on the desk. A swish of his wand and a searching charm later, one file glowed bright green around the edges. Opening the folder, Severus scanned down the page until he found the highlighted name.

"Marion Davies. Ravenclaw. Seventh-year Potions in 1996. There was the sporty twin, Roger, and the academic one, Marion." Severus stared at the letter again. ...*with a view towards friendship and possibly more.* "But Marion is Roger's twin brother!"

Face pale, Severus tore the letter into tiny pieces and Banished the lot. Still shaken, he flung open the door to the classroom and began his lesson.

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange. Karelia kindly did the comma wrangling for me.

Chapter Two

Chapter 2 of 12

Someone has to enlighten Severus, and Hermione is the lucky witch.

Disclaimer: The characters and settings belong to J K Rowling. I'm just borrowing them for a bit of fun.

Chapter Two

Professor Hermione Granger dismissed her last Charms class of the day with a sigh of relief. Surely, she and her peers had never been as incompetent in first year. Remembering Ron's inability to pronounce Latin and Seamus setting fire to his feather in their first lesson, she chuckled. Maybe they had.

She gathered her teaching notes and checked around the classroom to ensure all was in order. After summoning a few stray feathers to her desk, she left to spend an hour in her room contemplating the conversation with Minerva at breakfast.

Spotting Severus striding down the corridor beyond her classroom, she hung back, reluctant to alert him of her presence. The day before, she would have quickened her steps to catch up with him, enjoying a few moments of exchanging insults and perhaps a good argument before the tedium of dinner.

It had taken the first six months of her teaching career at Hogwarts before he had so much as spoken to her beyond an occasional terse request to pass the salt and another three before he had engaged her in conversation, if insulting her teaching methods, department, and hair could be considered conversation. He had appeared somewhat taken aback when she had countered his insults with her own observations. After all, his hair was hardly an advertisement for L'Oreal, and his teaching methods appeared to be taken from the Victorian era.

Eventually, he had appeared to concede defeat, and somewhere around the end-of-year exams he'd almost begun treating her as an equal.

The day he'd caught her sunbathing topless had been a revelation. Having heard him open the door to the roof of the Astronomy Tower, she had expected sharp words of reproof, not silence punctuated by distinctly heavy breathing. Turning over onto her back without giving any sign of noticing his presence had been interesting, especially the way he'd nearly stumbled getting back through the door.

Still at a loss as to why her body had suddenly taken a great interest in his inability to walk easily, Hermione had spent days in introspective reflection, finally coming up with the only explanation.

She fancied Severus Snape.

Cursing her lousy taste in men, which obviously ran to greasy hair, sallow skin, and big noses, not to mention razor sharp tongues and a total lack of social skills, she had since attempted valiantly to maintain circumspect behaviour at all times around her fellow professor. Their friendship, if that what it was, was too delicate a flower to risk crushing with inopportune displays of lust. Not that she had any idea how to go about said inopportune displays in any case. She'd never had occasion to do so before.

As far as men went, Hermione had thrown in the towel after first Ron, then Ernie McMillan, and even dear Neville had lost interest somewhere between her career aspirations and her research. She had briefly considered whether she fancied women instead, but a hot but somewhat icky kiss with Ginny after a night of too much wine and Muggle X-rated movies had relieved her of that hypothesis.

By the time she'd finished ruminating on her sex-life, or lack of it, Hermione realised she was almost late for dinner. Acutely aware of her flushed face and slightly sweaty neck, she tugged her robes straighter and ran the back of her hand over her forehead as she pushed open the staff door behind the high table.

The only empty seat was right beside Severus.

"Oh, bugger." It slipped out, but luckily everyone was too intent on their roast beef to notice.

Slipping into the chair, Hermione pasted a smile on her face as Severus looked up.

"Good evening, Granger."

Hermione nodded, unable to manage a greeting as the memory of the evening before crowded her thoughts. Did he know? Had he seen it? Surely he hadn't given permission.

She shook her head. The man was oblivious. Scanning the room, Hermione noted female eyes of all ages, from the headmistress's stately seventy to the youngest first year, watching the Potions professor with poorly hidden fascination. She made a mental note to find out just who had shown eleven-year-old Matilda Merryweather *that* magazine and give her a severe talking-to.

Finding it rather difficult not to stare herself, Hermione reined in her need to know whether all she had read was true and concentrated on her plate.

"Have you read..." He was interrupted by the clatter of her fork onto the plate.

"No!"

"How do you know what I was referring to?" Snape frowned. Surely Granger hadn't lost her wits as well? That would be the last straw.

"I... I... What were you referring to?"

"The latest *Potions in Practice*, of course. What else?" He threw the journal down between them.

"Er. Nothing. No, I haven't read it yet. Anything interesting?"

"Not unless you consider Benedict Falloon's ridiculous treatise on mushrooms in any way related to reality."

Hermione smiled. This she could cope with. "Falloon? Has he done it again?"

"Read it and weep. It sounds more like a Women's Institute cookbook than the sensible report on the properties and uses of fungi it purports to be."

"Oh, good, I could do with some new recipes."

"Very amusing, Granger. Next thing I know, you'll be submitting an article on a hundred and one ways to brew a pot of tea. It's a pity the one method you know produces such appalling results."

"Good grief, Snape, I've told you more than once it was Earl Grey tea. It's *supposed* to taste like that. Not every cup of tea has to be so full of tar you can stand your spoon upright in the cup."

He shrugged and drained his cup of tar. "At least it's far superior to something that smells like someone has washed the teacup in toilet soap and forgotten to rinse. Nothing wrong with a well-brewed pot of tea."

"Well-stewed, you mean. And it can't be good for your stomach lining. It's probably why you always have such a sour look on your face."

Severus's chuckle surprised her. What on earth could he find so funny in tea?

"What's so funny? Do I have a piece of broccoli between my teeth?" A surreptitious swipe of her tongue revealed no embarrassing deposits.

"Nothing so mundane. I'm simply relieved to find you've not been afflicted with the disease which has rendered most of the female population of this castle witless."

Hermione, thankful she had just swallowed her mouthful of tea, managed a puzzled frown. "Poppy hasn't said anything about any illnesses circulating the castle."

"Must you take everything so literally, woman? Have you not noticed the bizarre behaviour of your colleagues and students?"

She shook her head. Lying to his face was impossible.

Suspicion was not an attractive look on Severus Snape. "You're in on it too, aren't you, Granger? It's a school-wide female conspiracy, designed to unsettle me. Do you women not have enough to do with your time that you have to make sport of me?"

"Oh, for goodness sake, Snape. Your paranoia is showing. Next you'll be ducking under desks and shouting, "Constant Vigilance!" while hexing anyone who looks at you sideways." Attack was the best form of defence, after all. He'd taught her that in sixth-year.

"Paranoid I may be, but I'm neither blind nor deaf. Something is going on, and I'm going to get to the bottom of it." Standing in a huff, he stalked off, not noticing the sighs following him out the door.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit. He doesn't know, and someone will have to tell him." Hermione muttered to herself as she watched her cackling female colleagues. "And it looks like I've just been volunteered. I was just starting to enjoy life, too."

It took two hours of pacing her room, a soothing bath, and several nervous trips to the toilet before Hermione was ready to enlighten Severus. Waiting until after curfew when the corridors were empty, she sneaked into the private common room the female staff used for their weekly get-togethers and uplifted the incriminating magazine.

"I'm dead. I'm so dead. He's never learned not to shoot the messenger. Oh, hell, I need to pee again." Talking to herself was necessary at times. After all, no-one else was there to chide her down the stairs to the dungeons.

All too soon, Hermione stood in front of the door to Severus's private quarters, having only recently earned the privilege of knowing their whereabouts. She knocked.

She knocked again.

As she raised her hand the third time, the door flew open to reveal an irate Potions master clad only in a hastily slung on robe.

"What!"

Holding out the publication clutched in her hand as a peace offering, Hermione said, "I think you need to read this."

Then she fled.

Chapter Three

Chapter 3 of 12

Severus finds out what all the fuss is about. His reaction is, well, predictable.

Disclaimer: They belong to JKR. I'm just sullyng them up a bit...

Chapter Three

Severus stared at the latest edition of *Playwitch* in his hand. *Why in Merlin's name would I want to read this rubbish?* Hermione was no help. She had disappeared in a flurry of robes before he had realised what he held.

"What are you looking at?" The portrait at his door scurried out of her frame to find her friend in the next corridor, eager to spread the news that the Potions professor had *the* magazine.

To give him credit, Severus did his valiant best to ignore the lurid pages he had left on his bedside table. A long and relaxing shower, shampoo optional, a stack of his favourite ginger biscuits, and a good cup of cocoa later, he turned his sheets down and prepared to get into bed. With a put-upon sigh for effect he picked up the *Playwitch* and studied the cover.

HOW TO CHARM HIS TROUSERS OFF

TOP TEN SPELLS FOR GREAT SEX

BAD BOY SPY WITH A HEART OF GOLD

The last headline, in shocking pink, set off strident warning bells in his subconscious. And his not-so-subconscious.

Flipping through the pages, he found the article in question.

UNDER THE PROFESSOR'S ROBES

By Rita Skeeter

This week, my lovelies, I bring you a peek into the surprisingly sensuous life of that spy of all spies, Severus Snape. Revealed after You-Know-Who's final demise as a master of deception and man whose loyalty and courage remained unwavering under extreme duress, Snape has always been an elusive character. Cloistered at Hogwarts for most of the year, his private life has long been the subject of speculation. However, thanks to an artfully placed source and some penetrating interviews, I can now reveal the long sought secrets of the Hogwarts Potions professor.

As a teacher, Severus Snape is generally found to have high expectations of his students with a low tolerance for the less diligent members of his class. His tongue, said to flay at will, and his piercing black eyes, which can apparently spot mischief through stone walls, are merely the weapons he uses to maintain his authority and the impressive academic standards of his charges. However, his ability to conceal his emotions and thoughts through the use of Occlumency has left many a student and colleague assuming he is lacking human frailties.

My source has provided evidence of a rather different wizard. A man who spends his summers brewing potions for the hospital wing of Hogwarts and who brews Wolfsbane each month for the unfortunate among us.

Hogwarts school nurse, Poppy Pomfrey, said, "Severus's brews are far superior to any I could obtain elsewhere. Of course, he grumbles a little about the extra workload, but I know he doesn't really mind. He's a good lad at heart."

More surprising is the discovery of a man whose hedonistic desires manifest behind closed doors. The photographs here tell the story of a wizard with lusty appetites and skilful hands, and my investigation has uncovered some interesting opinions.

Ms E.C. told me in an exclusive interview, "Severus can strip you with his eyes. He makes me quiver with just one glance."

Mr M.D. provided further enlightenment. "Professor Snape is the kind of wizard with hidden depths. Plumbing them would be a delight and a privilege."

And a colleague of Snape's who prefers to remain unidentified has confirmed, "Yes, Severus has a great deal to be proud of, and I'm not talking about his spying career. I caught a glimpse of him in the change rooms one day, accidentally of course, and I can tell you any woman would find him most satisfying."

So, there you have it, ladies. Severus Snape: Master spy, brilliant educator and researcher, dedicated brewer, and closet sensualist.

Throwing the magazine down onto his bed, Severus reached for his wand to extinguish the candles. He froze as he finally took note of the photographs accompanying the ridiculous article.

"Where the hell did she get those? Bloody fucking bollocks!"

The page he had been reading had flipped overleaf to reveal several candid photographs.

All taken in the Prefects' bathroom.

All naked.

Holding the pages closer, Severus examined the images. In one, he was lounging in the enormous bath, shoulder muscles rippling and crisp black chest hairs glistening with drops of water. In another, his firm buttocks clenched and relaxed as he stood facing away from the camera, every so often turning his head to look at something behind him.

I never thought I was so toned. Dropping the publication, he arose to stand before his mirror and opened his dressing robe. *Hmm, didn't think so. Shoulders still thin and bony, arse still skinny and pale. Someone's been using a little Photomagic.*

He returned to his bed, not bothering with the robe. Turning the page, Severus swore loudly and at length.

In a full centrefold spread, he saw himself once again naked, but this time clutching a towel to his groin as he dried his more personal anatomy.

Rhythmically and rapidly.

With accompanying facial contortions.

"Buggering arseholes!"

A/N: Just a short chapter but I thought I'd answer the question you've all been asking. This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange. Thanks to karelia for her beta skills and encouragement.

Chapter Four

Chapter 4 of 12

In which there is the inevitable explosion, some gratuitous nudity, and an ill-timed visit from Minerva.

Disclaimer: They still belong to JKR. Lucky woman.

Chapter Four

Hermione spent an anxious hour perched on the edge of her couch with a cold cup of tea, awaiting the inevitable explosion. When none appeared to be forthcoming, a little tension eased from her shoulders. Deciding nothing further was to be done, she began shedding her clothes as she paced around her rooms, mind still on the magazine she had delivered. Her robes managed to find their rightful hook on the back of the door and her skirt the wardrobe, but her jumper slipped off the chair she dropped it on, and her blouse missed the laundry hamper by at least two feet. By the time she unhooked her bra and kicked off her knickers, she was far too preoccupied to notice where they landed.

Which, of course, was the very moment the door burst open.

"Who in blazes is behind this... this... outrage?" Severus thrust the offending periodical into Hermione's face.

"What makes you think I have any idea? I only saw it last night myself!"

"LAST NIGHT! And it took all day before you considered it necessary to show me? And even then you were too cowardly to stay and face the consequences!"

"Consequences? Of what? Being the only person in this bloody castle to tell you what was going on? I think that deserves thanks, not an uninvited intrusion into my private space! How *did* you get in, anyway?"

Severus managed to contain his rage long enough to shift uneasily from foot to foot. "Ex-headmaster, remember. Castle still allows me entry wherever I need to go. But that's not the point. A whole day, Granger! An entire day of meals and classes with all those girls... women... staring at me! They've seen me naked!" He groaned and covered his eyes with his hands. "They saw me masturbating, for Merlin's sake. My students saw me masturbating. Fuck! Hooch saw me masturbating!" Snape's face pinked delightfully. "*You* Tell me you didn't see it. Please!"

"Er... sorry." Hermione's cheeks matched his perfectly. As did her neck and breasts and...

"Why aren't you wearing any clothes?" Snape finally noticed his colleague was stark naked.

So did his cock.

"I'm in my private quarters, it's ten-thirty in the evening, and I was about to go to bed." Determined not to back down, she placed her hands on her hips, thrust out her meagre bosom, and eyed him from top to toe, making a point of pausing at the modest but definite erection peeking out from between the edges of his only garment. "What excuse do *you* have for running around the castle dressed in that flimsy excuse for a robe? Which, incidentally, you forgot to tie closed."

Severus glanced down to find his cock fully erect and bobbing proudly between the now widely parted edges of his robes. For a brief moment he simply stared, as if wishing it would disappear and take him with it.

Hermione giggled. "Well, at least we have evidence you know what to do with it. Assuming *that* bit wasn't Photomaged. And from all accounts, masturbating isn't your only forte. Who knew?"

Ignoring the impudent fellow between his legs, Severus looked up to find Hermione still glorious in her bare skin and still staring at his penis. Her nipples had become suspiciously perky, and he was damned sure the room was not *that* cold. "I'm not... I didn't... Bloody hell, woman, would you put some clothes on!"

Enjoying his discomfort, and the view, far too much to oblige, Hermione shook her head and grinned. He was in her room, she was naked, and he was all but naked and as hard as a rock. A smallish rock, but beggars couldn't be choosers. There was only one problem.

She had no idea how to get him into her bedroom.

The knock on the door startled Hermione into action. Grabbing her wand from the couch, she pointed it at Severus, ignoring the hands suddenly clutched to his groin, and Transfigured his robe into some semblance of his teaching set. A quick shove sent him sprawling on the couch, then she handed him the cup she had discarded earlier.

"Coming!" She swiftly kicked her underwear under the armchair and donned her robes before opening the door. "Good evening, Minerva. What brings you here at this late hour?"

The headmistress managed a smile when she noticed Severus comfortably ensconced on her Charms mistress's couch. "Well, this is convenient. I wasn't looking forward to the long walk down to the dungeons."

"We were just discussing the latest... er... journal." Hermione's eyes widened as she noticed Severus's bare feet and lower legs appear when he crossed his legs. Positioning herself between the couch and Minerva McGonagall, she kicked his ankle as she passed. "Have a seat, Minerva."

"No, I'll just stay a wee minute. I wanted to ask you both a small favour."

"Anything." This time, Hermione was the recipient of the kick.

"If only your colleague here was as obliging."

"I prefer to find out what I'm being asked before I agree to anything." Severus graced her with a thin-lipped mockery of a smile.

"I expected as much from you, Severus. I merely wished to ask you both if you would agree to share the supervision of the first Hogsmeade weekend next month. The rest of my staff all appear to have discovered important meetings for that weekend."

"Given the usual hijinks the brats get up to on their first weekend out for the year, it's hardly surprising. I don't suppose you have a fascinating lecture involving Charms related Potions we could plead as vital, do you, Granger?" At the shake of her head, he sighed. "Very well, it looks like you have your sacrifices, Minerva. Is there anything else? Our discussion was becoming quite lively when you arrived."

Ignoring his rude dismissal, Minerva turned to Hermione. "I don't know how you put up with this old curmudgeon. If he bothers you, feel free to let me know. I still have a few hexes up my sleeve he doesn't know about."

"So do I, Minerva." Hermione grinned as she saw the headmistress out.

"Have you, indeed? You wouldn't hex a nearly naked man, would you?" Severus stood as soon as Minerva had left.

"No, but if you're not careful, you'll lose the only clothing you have. On second thoughts, I think I preferred the way you were dressed earlier." With a flick of her wand, the security of the heavy robes had been replaced by a definite draught around his nether regions as his dressing robe flapped open again, revealing his McGonagall-deflated state.

"Pity. It was definitely showing promise earlier." Hermione giggled as he wrapped the garment firmly around his waist and tied the belt. "Perhaps you shouldn't rush to complain to the *Witch's Weekly*, Snape."

"It's not what you have; it's how you use it."

"And you'd be an expert, according to Ms Skeeter."

Severus's cheeks rivalled her outrageous Gryffindor quilt as he turned on his heel and headed for the door. "If you must know, Granger, I have yet to put the theory to the test, but thank you for your wholehearted encouragement. At least I now have the satisfaction of confirming that size does in fact matter, despite witches' protestations." The slam of the door behind him emphasised his point.

Good work, mouth. You had him where you wanted him and then had to comment on the size of his penis. It's not his fault he's barely average. At least it looked like it hardens up quite nicely. Not that you'll get a chance to find out now you've offended his vanity.

Hermione rehung her robes and extinguished the candles. Flopping onto her bed, she clenched her fists and gave vent to her frustration.

"FUCK!"

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange on LiveJournal. Hugs and chocolate to my beta, karelia.

Chapter Five

Chapter 5 of 12

Hermione comes up with a plan.

Disclaimer: They don't belong to me. I'm just borrowing them for a bit of fun.

Chapter Five

Snape's precautionary Disillusionment Charm proved its worth as he silently skirted Argus Filch's suspicious cat at the bottom of the stairs. Filch himself, engrossed in buffing up the decorative knob on the end of the hand rail, failed to notice Mrs Norris's attempts at gaining his attention.

The sight of the entrance to his quarters had never been so welcome, not even in the days of interminable meetings with his ruthless taskmaster. Of course, Dumbledore had never let his meetings run after eleven in the evening; missing his favourite Wizarding Wireless show, *Who's Hot and Who's Not?* would have been a disaster akin to losing his last bag of lemon drops.

The next morning Severus watched Hermione from the corner of his eye as she conversed over breakfast with Pomona Sprout. He valiantly ignored the faint feeling of disappointment simmering somewhere below his breastbone, preferring to blame the three coffees he had consumed before breakfast. Without so much as a glance in his direction, she finished her meal and left for her classroom.

After leaving most of his breakfast untouched brooding was far more dramatic if done on an empty stomach. Severus followed her example and retired to the dungeons to inflict his foul mood on his fifth-year classes. He realised his error when a simpering Hufflepuff caught his sleeve and dared to ask if he was feeling unwell. Intelligent man that he was, Severus only removed points from students incurring his displeasure. Who knew what disgraceful ideas those girls or boys would have come up with if he had assigned any detentions?

Slamming the door after the last lingering teenager had left the classroom, Severus headed to his private quarters for a little peace and quiet and perhaps a re-read of some of the more interesting mail from the day before. However, a hesitant knock on the door put paid to that notion.

"Come in!" Directing his wand at the door, he unlocked it. Getting up from his chair seemed far too onerous.

Hermione peeked around the door, then sidled in.

"Oh, it's you."

She stood in front of the door with her head bowed for a moment before speaking. "I came to apologise. My comments last night were inappropriate and demeaning. I'm sorry."

Severus's scowl deepened. "I notice you didn't say incorrect."

She shrugged. "I regret the way I spoke to you, Snape. The facts remain unchanged. It's not your fault you weren't genetically favoured, but everything appeared to be in perfect working order from what I saw."

He suppressed a smirk at her blush. "You certainly spent long enough confirming that. Still, I hardly think a woman whose own attributes are far from impressive has grounds to criticise mine."

Her eyes flashed most becomingly as she crossed her arms over her chest. "Your cock seemed to be appreciative enough last night."

In his defence, he couldn't help himself. Baiting her was far too entertaining, and said cock was rapidly getting over its wounded pride. "Well, after a long stretch in the desert, any puddle would be considered an oasis."

Hermione flung her hands up in the air and emitted a screech worthy of a banshee. "Arrghh! You really ARE a wanker, Snape! Can't you accept a bloody apology in the spirit it was given? Honestly!" Whirling on her heel, she slammed the door behind her as she stomped off.

Ten minutes later Severus was still staring at the door in sheer admiration.

Checking the corridor for any observers, Severus quickly let himself into the Prefects' bathroom. His concentration on not being seen from without the bathroom sufficiently distracted him from noticing someone else was within. Someone else clearly as determined to uncover Rita's source as he.

"Oomph!" Hermione picked herself up off the floor. "Do you have to do that?"

"Do what?"

"Knock me over all the time. It's bloody irritating."

"If you insist on bending over in places where I might come upon you unawares, then I suppose I must." Severus's eyebrows crept up towards his hairline. "Do you *want* me to run into you? Because, as a seduction technique, it's not only perverse, it's not working."

"Oh, don't be so damned ridiculous. You just weren't looking where you were going. What the hell are you doing in here anyway? I could have been in the bath."

"Nothing I haven't seen before. Besides, you didn't lock the door. What are *you* doing here?" *Not bathing obviously. Pity.*

"If you must know, I thought I'd try and find out who's been snooping," she whispered.

"Why are we whispering?" he replied in kind.

"Because they might be hiding here somewhere."

He spun and eyed up the empty bath and marble corners of the room, peering under the taps and picking up the pile of towels in the corner. "No. Can't see anyone lurking in the plumbing."

Hermione rolled her eyes and caught his sleeve. Jerking her head towards the door, she dragged him out to the corridor.

"What the hell was that all about?" Severus brushed her hand off his arm, ignoring the pleasant tingle as their skin connected.

"I have an idea." She glanced from side to side. "Come with me; my room's closer."

Once safely in her room, Hermione started pacing before the fireplace. "Now, don't take this the wrong way, but I think you need to take a bath."

Severus frowned as he flopped onto the couch. "I had a shower this morning, madam."

She sighed. "I told you not to take it the wrong way. I mean, you need to take another bath in the Prefects' bathroom. And I'll come too, Disillusioned, of course, to watch out for anything suspicious."

"You expect me to take off my clothes and bathe with you in the same room?"

"That's generally how you use a bath, yes."

"I'm not stripping in front of you, woman!"

"It's a little late for modesty, Snape. As you said before, it's nothing I haven't already seen."

"Which doesn't mean I want you ogling me in the bath." His cock, of course, was not the least bit supportive of that statement. He crossed his legs before she noticed.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake. Your body is not that captivating. I promise I'll contain myself at the sight of your nakedness." She paused. "And if nothing happens by the time you've finished, you should continue as you did before."

"I beg your pardon?" *She doesn't mean...*

"You need to repeat the entire performance, so to speak."

She does. "I am *not* doing that in front of you, Granger. You'd probably write an essay criticising my technique!"

"Seemed quite effective in the photos I saw. That's if the expression on your face was anything to go by. Oh, get a grip, Snape, it's only a quick wank. I'm sure you've done as much before at various Death Eater parties. I hear they were quite lewd affairs."

Standing and stretching to full loom, Severus counted to ten before replying. "You have been greatly misinformed. Now, if you'll excuse me..." His escape was halted by a bundle of robes and frizzy hair.

"No, don't go. I'm sorry. Again." Hermione steered him back to the couch. "I remember now what you said last night about not putting the theory to the test. Does that mean...?"

Her gentle question was his undoing. He gazed at his hands. "I'm a virgin, Granger. Does that make you happy? Sour old Severus Snape has never bedded a woman. Do

you really think they'd be falling over themselves for this?" He pointed to his face.

"But... school... and the revels?"

"I was not exactly noted for my popularity at school, was I? And there were no revels. Meetings with the Dark Lord were dreadfully boring affairs consisting of him spouting off his political agenda and self-proclaimed superiority to anyone who would listen. Which was everyone, of course. Nothing like the odd spot of Crucio to maintain discipline. There were no deviant sexual practices in his presence. At first, because he was too wrapped up in himself, and later when he returned, he didn't have the necessary equipment anyway. He didn't approve of sex, and you can forget all those stories of mass rapes of Muggles and Muggleborns. He would have been horrified at the thought of his minions contaminating themselves in such a way. He preferred physical torture and a slow death for those who displeased him." *Take that, Miss Nosy Parker.*

She winced. "No private parties?"

"None I attended. Of course, Lucius and the others had their little soirees, but I was too busy kissing the Dark Lord's robes to participate. He saw me as asexual like himself, which is partly why he favoured me and kept me close. Until the snake-faced bastard decided he no longer needed my services, of course." Snape was certain he'd seen her brush a surreptitious tear from her cheek and went for the kill. "Since the war ended, I've chosen to remain here at Hogwarts to continue educating the youth and perhaps, to some extent, atone for my previous misdeeds."

"Surely someone has been interested since then, Snape. You're a hero to most people." She was crying openly now.

"No-one, Granger. Well, not until that damned article was published. Why would I need to dry myself so vigorously if I had a decent sex-life, for fuck's sake? Can't even have a good wank in private!"

"There, there, Severus." Hermione patted his shoulder, her use of his given name not going unnoticed. "One more won't hurt you then, will it?"

Gods, she's like an owl with a piece of bacon. "Oh, all right. Anything to keep you quiet!" He stood to leave.

"Meet you outside the bathroom at nine, then?"

"If we must."

She winked. "I'll look forward to it."

Severus smirked to himself as he closed the door. He hadn't been so entertained since the night Lucius's hair caught on fire and his house-elf threw a carafe of his best elf-made wine over his head to put it out.

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange. Thanks as always to my beta, karelia.

Chapter Six

Chapter 6 of 12

Severus performs again to an appreciative audience.

Disclaimer: They belong to JKR, but she might just disown them with the disgraceful way they have been behaving lately!

Chapter 6

Hermione allowed a nervous giggle to escape after Snape had left her room. While she genuinely wanted to help track down the spy amongst their midst, the opportunity to not only see Severus naked again but to watch him perform was shamefully exciting.

Bloody hell, what must he think of me now? I must stop spending time with Ron and Harry. My vocabulary is no better than theirs. "Your cock seemed to be appreciative enough last night." "Get a grip, Snape, it's only a quick wank." *I'm supposed to be a respectable professor, not a teenage boy!*

I hope he doesn't find out I'm better at talking to men about sex than talking them into active participation. He doesn't strike me as the type who'd respond to, "Hey, Snape, how about a quick shag before dinner?"

At twenty to nine, Hermione slipped off her shoes in favour of soft slippers and changed into a jumper and jeans for ease of movement. Tapping her head with her wand, she felt the slow trickle pass down her body and checked the mirror to confirm her Disillusionment Charm had worked.

When she reached the Prefects' bathroom, Severus was already leaning on the wall outside of the room, waiting for her. Creeping up beside him, she blew into his left ear, then gave herself away with a giggle as he leapt up, brandishing his wand.

"Not amusing, Granger."

"Yes it was. You jumped like a schoolgirl finding a spider on her sandwich."

His scowl brought forth a further giggle as she followed him into the bathroom.

"Just stay in that corner so I know where you are," he hissed, pointing at the furthest corner of the room.

Not bloody likely. I need a better view of the bath and the door and his... Must stop thinking about it. It's not like I haven't seen one before. It's just... Severus's.

She settled on a much closer ledge with a good view of the entire bath area. Severus had retrieved a towel from the stack and placed it on the edge of the bath and was laboriously untying his bootlaces. One boot, then the other struck the floor as they were discarded. Next, he peeled off his socks, revealing narrow but nicely shaped feet.

Hermione could have sworn she saw Severus smirk as he slowly unbuttoned his robes and hung them precisely on the hook provided. His frock coat was next, button by

button by teasing button. Turning the taps to full, Severus ignored the fragrant oils and pulled a bar of plain yellow soap from his pocket.

Once he had opened his shirt, Severus trailed his hands down his chest for a few seconds, eyes flicking to the corner where he thought Hermione lurked.

Bloody bastard thinks he's putting on a show for me, does he? Wonder what he'll say when he finds out I'm over here, right in front of him, instead of back there.

Severus shrugged the shirt off and tossed it to one side. Fingers deftly working the buttons from their holes, he opened the fly of his trousers and slid them down his hips, glancing back over his shoulder once more. Trousers discarded, he tested the water before dropping his final garment. He took a moment to stretch with his back to the corner. Hermione grinned as she enjoyed an uninterrupted view of his already erect penis, bobbing in front of him like an eager puppy.

He's damn well enjoying this, the old pervert. I'll bet he gets turned on by the thought of someone watching him. Not that he'd ever admit it.

After lowering himself into the water, Severus took several minutes to relax in the soothing heat. Hermione, having lost the distraction of his nudity, scanned the room for anything untoward and found nothing.

Reaching for the bar of soap, Severus managed a cursory scrub under his arms and beneath the water, although whether he was washing or getting in some practice, Hermione couldn't tell. All too soon, he moved as if to leave the bath.

Oh, no you don't, mister. One flick of her wand later, a bottle of shampoo flew from the supply shelf to the bath, clipping Severus on the back of the head as it passed. *Yes, that's right. Shampoo. Give it a try, just this once.*

With a put upon sigh, Severus poured a tiny amount of shampoo into his hand and massaged it into his scalp. When the shampoo bottle upended and tipped another generous dollop onto his head, he scowled in the direction of the far corner and lathered up.

Ten points to Slytherin for taking a hint. Now, where's the conditioner?

Washed, conditioned, and rinsed, Severus finally stood and allowed the water to run off his body. With no sign of any illicit activity other than what he had been doing underwater, he reached for his towel and began drying himself.

Hermione moved a little closer as Severus glanced around, ensuring he still had his back to her supposed corner. Holding the towel in one hand, he wrapped the other around his now straining cock and began to stroke slowly as she watched every enticing movement.

Gods, that's beautiful. He's so absorbed in the sensation I doubt he remembers why he's here.

Seeing Severus's cock glistening with moisture as his hand movements increased in pace and his eyes closed in pleasure almost distracted Hermione from her mission as her own hands strayed closer to her dampening knickers. She nearly missed Moaning Myrtle's appearance from the tap behind Severus as he began to utter soft groans in time with his stroking.

What's Myrtle doing here ogling Severus like that? Oh, shite, she has a bloody camera! She's the spy! Well, I'm not stopping him now.

Luckily, Hermione's extensive reading had taught her a handy spell just right for the occasion. "*Immobiles Spiritum!*" Her whispered incantation froze Myrtle in place, allowing Hermione to return her attention to the man who was rapidly approaching his climax before her eyes.

Moaning loudly, Severus cupped his balls in one hand as his pace quickened yet again. Suddenly, his face screwed up in a grimace, and he cried out, spurts of semen coating his hand and the towel as Hermione stood transfixed.

Oh, fuck! That was the most unattractive yet erotic thing I've ever seen. I really need a minute or two and some privacy.

Gathering her wits, Hermione did the first thing she thought of.

She clapped.

Looking up in the direction of the sound, Severus blushed and wiped the evidence of his activities from his hands. As he turned to throw the towel in the hamper, he noticed Myrtle, still frozen in place.

"What? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was far too busy enjoying the performance." Cancelling her Disillusionment Charm, Hermione stood, flushed and a little dishevelled before him.

Severus was too busy feeling embarrassed to notice just how flustered his companion had become. "I thought you promised not to watch."

"I don't believe there were any promises involved." Hermione took one last lingering look at Severus's groin, where his penis had all but disappeared. *Oh, well, I suppose more than a handful's a waste.*

"Damned women, can't be trusted," Severus muttered as he quickly dressed. Jerking his head towards the wide-eyed ghost, he asked, "What shall we do with her?"

Hermione pondered a moment, then an evil smile crept over her face. "I think it's time we called in the Bloody Baron."

If ghosts could faint, Myrtle would have been out cold.

"Well, what happened?" Hermione had been dismissed by the Bloody Baron as irrelevant, much to her dismay. "What did the Baron do with Myrtle?"

Severus's smile was a shade short of smug. "He barely needed to speak. The wretched ghost was a wreck, sobbing and wailing as if she'd been the victim. Between the Baron and myself we managed to determine Skeeter had offered Myrtle her own custom-made bathroom at some undisclosed location if she provided enough incriminating photographs of staff here. You were next on her list, by the way."

"Me? I don't do anything exciting enough to photograph." *Except sunbathing topless. I suppose I'm lucky there's no plumbing up on the Astronomy Tower.*

"I suppose they don't know how boring you are, Granger." Severus moved quickly enough to escape a swift kick on the shins.

"Still a wanker, I see. How did Rita plan to move Myrtle away from Hogwarts?"

"She didn't. Everyone knows ghosts can't leave the building in which they've become established. The Baron reminded Myrtle of that fact quite emphatically. She's damned lucky she's haunting Hogwarts. She could have been stuck in a poky tenement with only one toilet."

Hermione shuddered. "Even I wouldn't wish that upon her. Is he going to punish her?"

"She's banned from the Prefects' bathroom for ten years."

"So you can wank in peace now." *Oops. I didn't mean to say that out loud. "Wait! Don't go off in a huff!" Oh, fuck, I've done it again. And he never told me how on earth a ghost could operate a camera. Dammit!*

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange on Livejournal. Karelia is my beta- extraordinaire!

Chapter Seven

Chapter 7 of 12

Severus broods, Rolanda makes a proposition, and Hermione comes clean about her love life.

Disclaimer: None of them belong to me. I'll lay claim to that special towel though. ;)

Chapter Seven

Severus sat in his armchair, once again treating himself to a good brood. Reaching for his Firewhisky, he tipped the bottle to find only a few drops remaining.

Fucking marvellous. Can't even get decently pissed. Who's been drinking my bloody booze? I'm sure I didn't... oh, that's right...

Bloody Granger. Keeps banging on about me wanking. Every man wanks. I bet even Saint Potter tosses one off occasionally. It's not like I do it that often. Well, not until recently, and that's her fault. What the hell's a man to do? First, she flaunts herself up on the Astronomy Tower, then she stands there starkers in her room in front of me and hasn't even the decency to cover up. If she'd kept her clothes on I wouldn't be so horny in the first place.

Oh, shit. Wanking over a colleague. There's bound to be a rule against that somewhere in the school regulations.

Essay marking time then. Nothing like a few pages of pathetic drivel to keep the old boy tucked away and minding his own business.

Severus glared down at his groin, hoping the evening's previous activities had been sufficient to satisfy his errant libido.

Apparently not.

An hour later, he tossed his quill aside and levered himself to his feet. *Dammit, trousers weren't invented with erections in mind. Bring back the good old days of real wizards who wore nothing under their robes. I could be as hard as hell and wouldn't be half as uncomfortable. If only I could stop thinking about Granger's tits. They're not even that big, for Merlin's sake!*

Determined not to surrender to his baser instincts yet again Severus headed for the shower. Shivering under the icy cold water, he nevertheless stayed until there was no sign of defiance from below.

At this rate I'll be the cleanest bloody person in the castle. Or completely waterlogged.

"How are you on this lovely morning, Severus?"

"The same as I am every morning. Ill-tempered, surly, caffeine-deprived..." He watched her play with the sausage on her plate. "Frustrated..." *Shite, I didn't mean to say that.*

"Frustrated?"

"Bloody students. Essays are terrible." He suddenly found his eggs fascinating.

"Essays. I see." Her smirk was infuriating.

She watched me, dammit. Without my knowledge or consent. She sat there and watched me masturbate, then has the gall to sit there and make inane comments about the weather. She bloody watched me. It shouldn't turn me on, but it does. I wonder if she... come to think of it, she did look a bit flushed. Maybe there's some hope.

Fat chance. She thinks I'm a wanker. Said so twice. And she laughed at the size of my cock. She'll never be up for a shag.

Gods, I'd be ecstatic if she just offered to help me dry myself...

"Is your breakfast disagreeing with you?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You had a funny look on your face just then. I thought you might have indigestion."

Snape scowled. "I have no problem with my digestion that wouldn't be cured by a little peace and quiet."

"Fine." She sniffed and turned to speak with Pomona Sprout.

No offers forthcoming today then. I'll have to modify my technique.

His students had apparently not improved overnight. Too distracted by fantasies of naked Charms professors assisting him with his post-bath routine to deduct points, Severus ignored the batting eyelashes of the girls and envious glares of the boys.

As the last of the giggles faded down the corridor, Severus looked up from inspecting the samples lined up on his desk to find Rolanda Hooch oozing into the room. Her yellow eyes and predatory grin were alarming enough, but the skin-tight leather catsuit she revealed as she dropped her robes at the door was positively terrifying.

"How can I help you, Rolanda?" He made an excellent show of disregard for her appearance.

"Oh, it's not how you can help me, Severus, dear. It's how I can help you." Draping herself over his desk, Hooch smiled an offer too good to be refused.

Unless one is already hopelessly enraptured with a bushy-haired, less-than-generous-busted, irritating as hell Gryffindor, that is.

"You can assist me best by removing your presence from my desk." Pointedly avoiding any contact with leather clad-toned muscles, he chose a vial at random and held it up to the light.

"You don't know what you're missing. Still, if you change your mind, you know where to find me."

"In the school broom supply cupboard, trying that vibrating spell again?"

To give Rolanda credit, she knew when she was beaten.

By the end of the day, Severus was shattered. His previous night's sleep had been disturbed by vivid dreams, mostly involving topless women berating him for masturbating in public, and his constant unrequited arousal throughout the day had taken its toll. Unbidden, his feet carried him to the chair beside Hermione's at dinner, a fact not unremarked by the young woman's colleagues. Usually Severus Snape could be relied upon to find a seat unsullied by inane chatter from his peers.

Hermione looked up as the chair beside her scraped on the floor. "Oh, hello, Severus." She frowned and whispered, "You look knackered. Whatever have you been up to?"

"You need to ask?"

She grinned. "I suppose last night was pretty intense."

He lowered his voice to match hers. "It wouldn't have been so bad if you'd kept your eyes on the job in hand instead of my cock, Granger."

"Are you still whinging about that? Bloody hell, Snape, a girl's got to take any opportunity she can. It's not like I've been overrun by offers lately."

"Do you seriously expect me to believe that?"

Hermione held up her hand, ticking off names on her fingers. "Ron. Only cared about Quidditch. Lasted six months. I tried, really I did, but he said I was boring in bed. Ernie. He was a little more diplomatic. Sent me flowers and apologised for not trying harder. I was too wrapped up in my final Charms research project at the time to care."

"Is that the only..."

"Oh, no. There was Neville, of course."

"Longbottom? I'm surprised he knows what his cock is for."

"Oh, leave him alone. Neville is sweet. It wasn't his fault we were drunk that night. We'd both just gained our Masteries, and one thing lead to another. I don't remember much about it, but I can tell you waking up naked next to Neville was not on my to-do list."

"So, you left in a hurry?" Severus squirmed in his seat. The thought of waking up naked next to Hermione was very disturbing. In a good way.

"Goodness, no. Once I'd taken a Hangover potion and seen what he'd been hiding under his robes all these years, I decided to make the most of the opportunity. Problem was, the design on his ceiling reminded me of an article I'd read in *Potions Weekly*. You know the one. Hartington's dead boring three-pager on ivy leaf extract. Then I remembered the advertisement on the last page of the article. I suppose asking him if he'd used Fabian Fellowes' Phallus Fattener really wasn't appropriate at the time."

Severus winced. Even Longbottom didn't deserve that. Although it sounded like the bastard had been blessed with far more than he deserved.

At that moment, Minerva stood to make a few announcements before the food was served. Severus took the opportunity to lean back in his chair and study his companion.

What was that all about? She's never so much as mentioned her sex life before, and suddenly she thinks I need all the details? It's not like she's done much better than I have, and I haven't even started yet.

Except with myself.

Shite. Even Granger's pathetic prowess leaves me for dead. I might as well be comatose for all the activity happening between my sheets.

She must think I'm such a tosser. In more ways than one.

A/N: Written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange on livejournal. As always, kisses and hugs to karelia, who sifts out the stray commas and other errors.

Chapter Eight

Chapter 8 of 12

Hermione seeks advice from a few friends.

Disclaimer: The characters and settings belong to JKR. The towel is mine.

Chapter Eight

Hermione watched Severus leave immediately after dinner, having spoken no more than a dozen words to her during the meal. Shaking her head, she finished her tea and returned to her rooms.

"What a pillock! All that talk about sex, and instead of showing an interest, he looked like someone had stolen his favourite bloody stirring rod. Or towel.

"For Merlin's sake, how obvious do I have to be to get the message across? Practically told him I was desperate for a decent shag and watched him last night like a five year old in a sweet shop window. It doesn't take a fucking genius to extrapolate a little!" Rant over, Hermione kicked her chair for good measure.

Then hopped across the floor clutching her foot.

By the time she'd hobbled to the hospital wing and Poppy Pomfrey had healed her broken toe, Hermione had formulated Plan B.

Wearing her blouse unbuttoned far enough to provide tantalising glimpses of her cleavage certainly captured his attention, but Severus seemed content with sneaky ogling rather than a more hands on exploration. Perhaps the utilitarian white bra hadn't been the best choice, but it didn't occur to her until later to put her considerable Transfiguration skills to use.

When she waggled her eyebrows suggestively while asking whether he had been using the Prefects' bathroom recently, he turned a fetching shade of pink and then insisted on examining her eyes to check for foreign bodies.

The final straw came when she bent over to pick up a strategically dropped quill, ensuring her skirt rode up to provide a fine view of her stockings and suspenders. This time she'd used her wand.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you to bend at the knees, woman? You'll be demanding I brew Lumbago Elixir before long." His stride as he left an open-mouthed Hermione staring after him may have been a little stiff, but she was too flabbergasted to notice.

Do I have to strip naked and dance on the staff table to get his bloody attention? Damned man was far more relaxed when he was naked last week.

Gods, mustn't think of him naked.

Especially not in the middle of the main corridor.

Hmm. Severus naked in the middle of the main corridor. There's a thought.

The crash of the suit of armour she had walked into startled an entire group of first-year Hufflepuffs into tears.

Shite. Perhaps I should Floo Neville. He might be willing to go another round. For old time's sake.

If I promise not to talk.

Or think.

Or...

Oh, bollocks. It's Severus I want. Severus Snape: pasty skin, average cock, lousy temper and all.

I think I need treatment.

No, I need help, and I know just who to ask.

Hermione arrived at the weekly get-together for the female staff with Severus on her mind and Plan C, documented in carefully bullet-pointed notes, in her pocket. Waiting until a few drinks had been partaken and the other women were quietly chatting, or not so quietly in the case of Rolanda and Pomona, who were seemingly sharing past sexual exploits in the corner, Hermione stood and cleared her throat.

"Excuse me, ladies. I wonder if you could spare a few moments to help me with a little problem I've been having?" Minerva looked up, curious, but otherwise the conversation continued. Sighing, Hermione added, "A little problem with a *man*."

Suddenly, she was the focus of attention. Rolanda's eyes gleamed as she nudged Pomona and whispered in her ear. The rotund Herbology professor giggled and nodded.

It was the ever-pragmatic Septima Vector who broke the silence. "Has Severus still not succumbed to your womanly wiles?"

Hermione's mouth, opened to begin her explanation, closed with a snap. Glancing around the room, she realised all her colleagues wore the same smug expression. The bloody biddies knew damn well what had been going on between her and Severus. If it was so obvious to them, why hadn't he cottoned on?

"He... I... We..."

"He's as blind as he is foolish, dear." This from Poppy Pomfrey. "Always has been, always will be. The man can spot a misbehaving student from three corridors away but can't see what's under his nose when it comes to personal matters."

"But how do you...?"

"It's obvious to any woman with eyes you two fancy each other. The sexual tension between you is damned near visible." Aurora Sinistra sighed wistfully. "I remember the days when Henry and I were the same."

"What I don't understand is why you haven't just dragged him off to your rooms and had your wicked way with him." Rolanda poured another drink and raised her glass to the idea.

"It's not like he'd object. You should see the way he stares at your arse when you're not looking. The man definitely has ideas, and they all involve what's in his pants." Irma Pince cackled, then glared at the astounded expressions around her. "What? Even dried-up old librarians had a life once. Ah, those were the days..."

Hermione flopped into the nearest armchair and armed herself with a stiff drink. "It's not quite that simple. We've, well, had a few misunderstandings lately, and I'm not sure how he'd react if I used a direct approach."

"I bet he'd get the idea if he found you in his bed, naked with a glass of champagne and a little chocolate sauce. He seemed to know his way around his cock, if that article was any indication." Rolanda rolled her eyes as Pomona blushed bright red and hid behind her glass.

"The article was pure drivel, and it's not the point. I don't just want a quick shag. Well," her cheeks matched Pomona's, "I do, but I want more. I want... I... Oh, fuck." Realisation hit with all the subtlety of a rogue Bludger.

Minerva weaved across the room and perched on the arm of Hermione's chair. Even with several double whiskeys on board, she could see the problem. "There, there, dear. You can't help it if you've fallen for the Greasy Git of the Dungeons."

Jumping to his defence, even if he was a git most of the time, Hermione chided her superior. "Minerva! You can't call one of your staff members that!"

"Yes, I can. I'm the headmistress. I can call 'em whatever I want in private." Minerva looked around the crowded room and frowned into her glass. "I think I need another

whiskey." She wandered off to the corner in search of her precious bottle.

Hermione was still wrestling with the revelation that she not only wanted to get Severus alone and naked and preferably tied up with something silky but had fallen in love with the snarky bastard and wanted to marry him and have lots of babies. Well, maybe the latter had something to do with the three wines and two Firewhiskys she had consumed in the past hour or two, but the idea must have come from somewhere scary deep in her logical academic soul.

"But what do I do?"

Brandishing a sheet of parchment and a quill, Septima offered them to Hermione.

"What's this for?"

"Notes. We need a plan. Come on, girls. Ideas for seducing the old grouch. Anyone?"

"He's not old. He's only..."

"Forty-five. Yes, we know. Pomona, you have something?"

"What about a nice picnic in Greenhouse Four? I have some lovely flowers blooming in there at the moment, despite the weather. Isn't magic wonderful?"

Septima poked Hermione with her wand. "Well, write it down."

Rolanda smirked. "You should ask him to teach you to fly. Merlin knows, you need help."

Hermione swallowed hard, but noted the suggestion. Irma's recommendation of somewhat risqué poetry readings she decided to ignore.

"A night of stargazing up on the Astronomy Tower would be awfully romantic," was Aurora's contribution.

"Or a nice massage at the end of a busy week. Good excuse to get some of his clothes off." Poppy winked at Hermione, a disturbing sight.

Even Minerva joined in. "Better still, take him a hot toddy nightcap. I'll give you some of my best whiskey. That'll loosen him up."

Several suggestions and a few more drinks later, Hermione farewelled her colleagues and made her way to her rooms. Thankful the students were safely tucked up in bed, she hiccupped her way towards her own.

"Curfew was two hours ago, young lady. Ten points from... Granger? Have you been drinking?"

"Just a... hic... little. Was at women's... hic... staff meethic!"

Severus's eyes narrowed. "I thought that meeting was supposed to be a formal staff gathering."

Staggering a little, Hermione leaned against Severus's side as they walked down the stairs. "Can't tell you. Hic! Women's business. Hic!"

"Come along; let's get you into bed."

"I wish," Hermione muttered.

Leaving her at her door with a nod, Snape completed his rounds, satisfied the night's only miscreant had been safely escorted to her room.

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange on LiveJournal. Thanks to karelia for wrestling with the commas.

Chapter Nine

Chapter 9 of 12

Hermione puts her colleagues' ideas into action.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR. Except the towel.

Chapter Nine

"Severus! Wait a minute!"

Turning to the sound of his name, Severus grumbled an oath as he waited for his colleague to catch up.

"Have you... been... avoiding me?" Hermione wasn't as fit as she should have been. After a few moments to catch her breath, she continued. "I've hardly seen you at meals lately, and you haven't been in your office when I've come to see you."

He raised a speculative eyebrow. "You missed me, Granger. How... unfortunate."

"Don't be a prat. You know we usually meet once or twice a week to discuss the latest Potions and Charms research. Where have you been?"

Trying to keep my bloody libido under control. "I've had rather a lot of work to do." *Cold showers, brisk walks, brewing the most tedious potions I know...*

"Oh... well. Still, I wonder if you'd spare some time on Saturday evening for me?" Her smile was a little hesitant.

"For what reason?" He'd never quite lost his wide suspicious streak.

"It's a surprise."

"I don't like surprises."

"Don't be such a stick-in-the-mud. I promise it will be good."

What, you're going to arrive naked and bring whiskey? No such luck. He managed a put-upon sigh. "Very well. Where do you want me... I mean... want me to be?" *I hope she missed that.*

"I'll meet you at your rooms at six o'clock."

"But that's dinner time!" He didn't really intend to sound quite so whiny.

"Don't worry. You won't leave unsatisfied."

Don't tease me like that, heartless wench.

In retrospect, he should have put up more resistance when she had pulled the blindfold from her robes. He blamed his lack of judgement on the surge of arousal he had felt on seeing the black silk scarf.

"Where are you taking me, Granger?"

"You'll find out, Snape. Now, relax and let me take charge. It won't hurt you to relinquish control for once."

His pupils dilated, and it wasn't anything to do with the darkness under the blindfold. It was the sudden vision of more black scarves and naked skin and...

"Stop hyperventilating! It's not that bad."

The strong scent of roses and the warmth after the chill of outdoors warned him too late. By the time Hermione had removed the scarf to reveal the admittedly delectable looking picnic laid out on the floor of Greenhouse Four, his eyes had begun to itch, and his nose had become decidedly congested.

"A picnic. How nice."

"Nice?"

Damn. I'll have to do better than that if I want to find out what else she can do with silk scarves. Ignoring the impending doom brewing inside his sinuses, he managed a smile. "It looks delicious. What a splendid idea. Shall we?" He offered his hand after a surreptitious swipe of his nose. *If we eat quickly, maybe we can get out of here before my bloody nose proves how much mucus it can produce.*

Unfortunately, Hermione appeared distracted and nervous, fiddling endlessly with the cutlery, offering various tidbits of picnic fare, and pouring wine.

If she'd thought to look directly at Severus, she would have noticed his reddened, watery eyes, dripping nose, and general misery sooner. However, when he emitted a series of sneezes loud enough to wake the dead, Hermione finally stopped her endless chatter and really looked at him. "Bloody hell, Snape. What's wrong with you? You look dreadful!"

"Fucking roses." Conceding defeat, Severus struggled to his feet. "Can't abide them. Allergic as buggery."

All thoughts of silk scarves banished from his brain, Severus threw open the greenhouse door and escaped to the welcome relief of clear, cold air and the Decongestant Draught in his bathroom cabinet.

He eventually accepted Hermione's apologies after three days. Enjoyable though it had been as she had poured tea, fed him cakes and chocolate, and otherwise fussed over him in her efforts to redeem herself, he had realised he would not get her into his bed if she turned all Molly Weasley on him.

She hadn't called him a wanker for over a week, however, so things were looking up.

When she had approached him about a quiet flying lesson just to prove to the boys she could he had accepted with alacrity. The opportunity to get something between her legs was irresistible, even if it was only a length of wood. It was hardly his fault she was bloody useless at flying. Resorting to taking her up on his own broom had been the final nail in the coffin of her flying career. Trying to keep enough distance between his raging erection and her squirming bottom at the same time as controlling her wild overcorrections had landed them in a heap in the middle of the Quidditch pitch. He had been rather enjoying the sensation of her breasts in his face until she had kneed him in the groin while attempting to sit up.

Black hazes of pain were definitely not conducive to seduction.

"Here's your tea, Severus. Thick and stewed, just the way you like it." It had been a week, and he was considering letting her off the hook, but he really did love the way she screwed up her nose as she brewed his tea.

"I was talking to Aurora yesterday, and she told me there have been some particularly spectacular Borealis shows lately. Would you like to go up to the Astronomy Tower tonight to watch?"

Severus smirked. "You'd better watch out, Granger. People might get the wrong idea about us. Nocturnal assignations up there are prohibited; you know that as well as I do."

"We could always offer to take a group of students with us." Did she look a little disappointed?

"No need for that." His reply was brisk. "I'm sure two responsible adults can view the night sky alone without ruining their reputations."

"Brilliant." And so was her smile. "I'll meet you up there at ten o'clock."

The Aurora was as magnificent as described, but the night air carried a chill which eventually drove them downstairs.

"W-w-why d-d-didn't y-you wear w-w-warmer cl-clothing if y-you knew it w-w-was g-going to be s-so c-c-c-cold?" Severus could barely talk as he shivered his way down the corridor.

"I th-thought W-Warming Ch-charms w-would b-b-be sufficient."

"D-didn't you realise they only r-raise the temperature by a f-few degrees?"

She shook her head, tightening her hold on his thick teaching robes.

"Thanks for your r-robos. You must be freezing as well."

Severus looked down at his shirt sleeves. "I d-didn't expect to need to rescue you from h-hypothermia, woman. Keep the robes for the moment. I'm going to have a hot

bath." He was not in the mood to be amused at the glint of mischief in her eye. "Not a word, Granger. Not a single bloody word."

It took several doses of Pepperup Potion over the next few days before their colds settled.

"I'm sorry, Severus. Let me make it up to you with a massage. Help you relax." Hermione was once again in his chambers apologising. She had been frequenting the place so often lately he had finally given in and told her his password to save getting up every time she came knocking at his door.

"What sort of massage?"

"A proper back massage. It'll ease some of that tension you always seem to have in your shoulders."

I can think of something else you could massage. That would ease the biggest tension I've had lately. Always courageous when faced with a challenge, Severus said nothing and simply shrugged. "If you wish."

"Take off your shirt then and loosen your pants. It'll be hard to do it if you're fully dressed."

Trust me, Granger, it's always hard around you.

"Good. Now, lie down on the sofa. Make yourself comfortable. There's no need to wriggle around so, Severus, I'm sure you're not that ticklish."

You try keeping still when your cock is trying to punch a hole in the sofa cushion. See how you manage. Oh, gods, go lower.

As Hermione's warm hands explored the pale expanse of skin from Severus's neckline to his waist, he found the rhythm of her kneading gently rocking him against the surface of the sofa.

Bloody hell, if she keeps that up... Her hands found their way below the waistband of his trousers, dragging them further down his hips with each movement. Merlin, does she know what she's doing to me? Shite, I'm going to... "Aahhh, ahhhh, ahhhhh!" Fuck!

"Are you all right, Severus? Did I hurt you?" Hermione stopped massaging and sat back on her heels.

Keeping his face averted, Severus took in a ragged breath and tried to ignore the sticky mess in his underwear. "Er... no... I think I've had quite enough massaging for now, thank you. If you don't mind, I think I'll call it a night."

Her face dropped. "Oh. Well, that's good then. You must be nice and relaxed. I'll let myself out."

Severus sighed with relief when he heard the door close. Coming in his pants was embarrassing enough, but to do it when she had simply offered a massage was unforgivable. Luckily, she hadn't seemed to notice his little indiscretion.

A/N: This was written for the SSHG Exchange on LiveJournal. As always, many thanks to karelia for her beta skills.

Chapter Ten

Chapter 10 of 12

Hermione resorts to Minerva's whiskey in her quest to seduce Severus.

Disclaimer: Not mine, alas.

Chapter Ten

Hermione stood outside Severus's door and shook her head. She could have sworn he'd been enjoying that massage and had been about to suggest he turn over, mainly so she could find out whether he had *really* been enjoying himself, when he had gasped and groaned out loud, calling an end to the proceedings.

Dammit. I was so close this time. The man's impossible to read.

Muttering to herself as she walked back to her room was probably not the most dignified activity, but by the time she had reached her door, Hermione had mentally surveyed her to-do list and decided on her next step. It was time to call in the reinforcements.

The next morning she slipped up to the headmistress's office before breakfast.

"Good morning, Hermione. What can I help you with on this bonny day?" Minerva was always disgustingly hearty in the mornings; the black clouds looming over the mountains beyond the lake were a mere detail.

Hermione chuckled to herself at the garish red, green and purple robes Minerva wore. It was certainly not the traditional tartan she used to wear as Transfiguration mistress. *I wonder whether there's something in the air up here that addles their colour sense. Pity Severus wasn't in office for longer. He could do with branching out from black, black and... black. Unless it's a black silk blindfold and nothing else...*

"Hermione?"

"Oh, sorry. I was thinking about... never mind." Her fiery cheeks were a dead giveaway.

"No luck then?"

"No. I was wondering about that whiskey..."

"Say no more, girl. I'll fetch it for you right now." Minerva swept back into her sitting room and returned in short order, bearing a bottle of the amber liquid. "Now, don't

overdo it, dear. I'd hate for you to repeat this, but Severus is a bit of a lightweight with the good stuff. If you want any sort of fun, it wouldn't do to let him have more than a glass or two."

Minerva McGonagall attempting a smirk was really not a comforting sight at that hour of the morning. Hermione offered her thanks and left, hiding the bottle in her robes for fear any passing students thought she had succumbed to the evils of liquor. Lust was really quite enough of a burden.

"You're back. What have you come to plague me with now, woman? Pestilence? Fire? Locusts?" He waved her in regardless.

She brandished the bottle. "Whiskey!"

"About time you started talking sense. Well, don't just stand there. Hand it over!" Summoning a pair of glasses, Severus poured a generous helping and passed Hermione hers. "Bottoms up!"

The first swallow burned a fire right down to her toes, but by the second glass, Hermione was feeling warm all over. And rather amorous. She'd also completely forgotten Minerva's warning about Severus and alcohol.

"Pour us another one, Sev." She perched on the arm of his chair to better supervise the pouring. "Oi! You got more than I did; fill it up."

"Lean over a bit more." Severus rested his cheek against her strategically placed breasts and sighed. "Do you know you have smashing tits, Granger?"

"I thought they were too small for your taste." She patted his head as he nuzzled further.

"Beggars can't be choosers." He downed the rest of his glass and reached for the bottle. "Your nipples are as hard as hell. Intereshting." Confirming his finding with his free hand, Severus continued drinking.

It's working! Oh, Merlin, that feels good. Sliding sideways, Hermione landed in his lap, right on top of his rigid cock. "I see you're ready for action."

"Action? I sheem to have a hard-on. Can't exshercise with one of them." Severus beamed down her cleavage. "Lovely, jusht lovely. Here, have another."

"Don't mind if I do. It's good stuff. Hey, stop spilling it down my chest!"

"Sh'okay. I'll clean it off." Lifting her bodily to straddle his lap, Severus proceeded to thoroughly do so.

With his tongue.

Removing her blouse was essential to proper cleanliness, of course.

Feeling somewhat smug over her earlier decision not to wear a bra despite the slight wooziness the combination of whiskey and Severus licking her nipples had produced, Hermione tugged at his hair until he lifted his head.

"Ouch! Ceash and deshist, wench. I wash busy." He stopped complaining when her lips found his, tasting the whiskey and desire on his tongue.

Hermione moaned her pleasure into his mouth as her hips set up a rhythm of their own, finding size really didn't matter if one's positioning was accurate. Removing more clothing was definitely the next step. Plan C was coming along nicely.

"Severus. I think we need to take this to the bedroom. Sev?" A distinct softening beneath her just as she was congratulating herself on a game well played alerted her to a slight problem. A stuttering snore confirmed the diagnosis.

Severus Snape was out for the count.

And drooling.

Minerva wasn't joking. He is a bloody lightweight. Does have a talented tongue though. Probably comes from all that exercise tearing strips off his students. I wonder if he knows anything about cunnilingus. Probably thinks it's some new spell. Foolish wand-waving, he'd call it.

I'll wave his wand any time he likes.

With a sigh, she climbed off his lap, taking a moment to pat the slight bulge remaining. A wordless *Accio* summoned a vial of Hangover Potion to leave beside his chair, and a clever Transfiguration created a soft blanket from a nearby cushion. Buttoning her blouse over her still sensitive breasts, she left the Potions professor to sleep it off.

By the next morning, Hermione's confidence had faded with her whiskey-induced haze. Half-convinced his actions the previous evening had been purely alcohol fuelled, she avoided breakfast and hid in her room all day while she tried to make sense of his actions.

He hasn't come looking for me. That proves it. He probably can't even remember last night, and if he does, he'll be mortified. Why did I let him drink so much? But maybe he's just as embarrassed as I am. I wish I could just see his face.

She couldn't possibly know Severus had flung his arms out as he woke and knocked his last vial of Hangover Potion to the stone floor. As brewing more would have taken far more concentration than a man in his condition possessed, he had sulked in his rooms all day trying to decide whether he really had sucked Hermione's nipples while she had ridden his cock through their clothes like a top notch broom or whether it was a delusional fantasy brought on by too much alcohol.

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange. Karelia looked out for stray commas and did a damned fine job!

Chapter Eleven

Chapter 11 of 12

Severus's language leaves a lot to be desired, but he has a good excuse.

Disclaimer: They all belong to JKR. Not me.

Chapter Eleven

Severus tried once again to muster the necessary physical fortitude to do a little marking, but his splitting headache and desire to empty the contents of his stomach returned with a vengeance whenever he moved from his chair. Concentrating instead on the memory of the taste of Hermione's nipples, he relaxed back into the cushions. For a few blissful minutes, his imagination blocked any physical discomfort. Then he had a sudden flash of insight, lurched forward, and vomited all over his boots.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! It was real! She'll never forgive me for taking advantage of her while she was under the influence. I'm supposed to be her senior colleague, someone she can trust. How can I face her now?

Even without the hangover from hell, Severus Snape was a little too socially inept to have understood the message behind the soft-as-velvet blanket and the Hangover potion.

Unable to avoid appearing for breakfast on Monday morning, Severus delayed his arrival until the last minute, hoping Hermione would be seated with her female colleagues. Too late, he realised there was only one chair free, right beside the woman whose nipples he had become closely acquainted with two nights earlier.

"Good morning." Her expression gave nothing away, but at least it wasn't wands at fifty paces.

"Good morning, Granger." *Avoid the topic. Avoid the topic. Avoid the topic.* "Anything tasty to nipple... I mean nibble on this morning?" *Bollocks!*

He deserved more than an amused snort.

"Just the usual. Scrambled or fried eggs, bacon, beans, cereal, and toast... or a bit of crumpet."

His eyes widened and his pants tightened simultaneously, leaving his brain thoroughly confused. "Crumpet?"

"Yes. You know, hot, buttered crumpets? Like this one." She waved a crumpet in front of his face. "Want a bit?"

Gods, yes. "No, thank you. Toast will be fine."

"Your loss. They're delicious. Especially with honey drizzled over them."

He crossed his legs and thought of Albus Dumbledore in his underwear.

It didn't help.

Severus squirmed in his seat, unable to take his eyes off Hermione, who seemed unaware of the sweet torment she was creating. The way her index finger caressed the length of her knife as she conversed with Minerva and her tongue darted to lick the droplets of cream from her porridge spoon was bad enough, but when she picked up her sausage in her fingers and captured the end between her lips he almost exploded on the spot.

"Shouldn't you cut that up first?" His voice was a little strained, but she was too busy enjoying her sausage to notice.

"Mmm, pardon? Oh, sorry, I know it's a piggy habit, but it's the way I've always eaten them. What's wrong, Snape? You look... uncomfortable." Hermione took a deep breath and pushed her plate away. "Look, if it's about Saturday night, can't we just put the whole debacle down to too much alcohol and move on?"

She wants to forget it? The most promising evening of my life, and I'm to forget it? I suppose I should be grateful she hasn't hauled me up to Minerva's office, but I'll never forget those nipples. Time for damage control. "I think that's wise, Granger. Actions taken under the influence of alcohol should be taken in context. Neither of us were fully in control of our own behaviour." *There, that should do it.*

"Speak for yourself, Severus Snape."

Not many things had ever rendered Severus speechless, but Hermione's barely audible reply as she left the staff table ranked among the most successful.

Oh, for Merlin's sake! What does the woman mean? Why can't she act like the brash Gryffindor she once was and either hex my balls off for being drunk enough to take liberties with her person and then pass out on the job or leap at me from a dark corner and let her nipples have their wicked way with me?

Standing gingerly, Severus made his way from the Great Hall and into the corridor. Checking no stray students or professors were in sight, he drew his wand and pointed it at his crotch. With a sigh of relief, he began the trek down to the dungeons, able to walk more comfortably after Banishing his trousers and underwear. There was definitely something to be said for the traditional mode of dress, and his robes were voluminous enough to conceal the erection he had no time to deal with before his first class. Hopefully, Nigel Featherby, this year's prime candidate for the Longbottom Melted Cauldron Award, would serve as a good substitute for a cold shower. Failing that, there was always the Prefects' bathroom and his favourite towel later in the day.

Seven hours, twenty-two minutes, and forty-five seconds later, Severus slammed the door of his office and unbuttoned his robes with trembling fingers. Allowing them to slide to the floor unheeded, he threw his shirt at a nearby table and dropped, naked, into the armchair.

He had deemed the Prefects' bathroom out of the question as his imagination made questionable side trips throughout the day into images of rosy nipples, moist heat, and bushy curls. It was simply too far away. His armchair was closer, comfortable, and apparently more private.

Running a finger over his not-quite-jutting but respectably firm penis, Severus closed his eyes and tried to summon his new favourite fantasy. Hermione had just straddled his lap, nipples bobbing within reach of his tongue, and was slowly grinding herself against him when he felt a slight draught. Lifting one eyelid reluctantly, he surveyed the room, and finding nothing out of the ordinary, continued stroking himself slowly.

As his imaginary lover, now conveniently naked, slid off his lap and parted his thighs with a wicked smile, he cupped his sac with his other hand and squeezed. Her lips were divine as they closed around his shaft, wet and urgent. Well, he assumed they would be, having never experienced such an encounter outside of his head.

Severus's mouth curved into a smile as his fist increased its pace.

"Do you need some assistance there, Severus?"

Holy fuck! What's she doing over there... here? Severus's eyes widened as Hermione walked across the room towards him.

"Do you never knock, Granger?" *That's right, play it cool. She seems to like watching, after all.* Resuming his activity at a somewhat slower pace, Severus was rewarded with a definite low moan.

"I may never knock again if this is the result." She had inched closer, eyes never leaving his hand and its rhythmic movement.

"What do you want, woman? Can't you see I'm busy?"

She lowered herself to the floor between his knees with a hungry expression.

By the time he had finished reciting the twenty-one ways to pickle toad livers, Hermione had brushed his hands aside and replaced them with her own. Severus could have sworn he had died and gone to heaven.

Until he felt real lips surround his cock and engulf him in their heat.

"Bloody fucking bugging shite!" Severus discovered too late his ability to form coherent sentences was a little impaired while he was in the throes of orgasm. In retrospect, he should have kept his mouth shut.

"Severus? Severus! Don't you dare pass out on me again, you wanker!"

Severus's eyes drifted open to find Hermione magnificent in her ire. "What?"

"Don't you 'what' me, prat. How dare you go to sleep after damn near drowning me? You could have warned me you were about to come!"

Warn her? Was I supposed to do that? No-one bloody told me. Besides, she started it. "I... you... dammit, I didn't know!"

Hermione's scowl was more amusing than terrifying. "All right, I accept you may not know the etiquette for receiving fellatio, but surely even you know it's not the done thing to fall asleep before ensuring your partner's satisfaction. Ron, I could understand, but you, Severus?"

He wasn't entirely sure whether it was the comparison to Weasley, her expression of disappointment, or the fact she was using his first name again, but his pride insisted he prove himself. Rising to his feet despite still feeling somewhat weak at the knees from his mind-blowing orgasm a few minutes earlier, Severus finally came up with socially acceptable response. Or at least one a woman who had become inured to his biting tongue and turn of phrase could interpret as such.

"Shite. You know I've never bloody done this before, Hermione. It's not as if Filius, Hagrid, and I ever sat around at the Three Broomsticks discussing our conquests. Can you blame me for losing control when you ambushed me like that?" He groaned and looked down. "Gods, I'm getting hard again just thinking about it."

Her frown morphed into a delighted grin. "That good?"

"Fucking fantastic. I never knew what all the fuss was about before."

"It seems your education has been sorely lacking, Severus. And I think I know just how to remedy that." Taking him by the most prominent part of his anatomy, and nearly unmanning him yet again, Hermione led him into his bedroom, shedding her robes as she went.

A/N: This was written for the SSHG Exchange 2012 on LiveJournal. Many thanks to my wonderful beta, karelia.

Chapter Twelve

Chapter 12 of 12

Hermione catches Severus in the act... again.

Disclaimer: Still not mine.

Chapter Twelve

Having spent the previous day analysing and cross-referencing their interactions from the night before, Hermione had woken on Monday morning determined to take matters into her own hands. Or better still, Severus Snape's delightfully average penis. Erect or otherwise.

Tormenting him at breakfast had proven her theory that he was indeed interested, especially when his mouth dropped open in an expression reminiscent of a first year at the Welcome Feast at her parting words. After watching from a discreet corner while he banished his trousers and underwear, she couldn't stop herself following him down to the dungeons. Despite the billow, she knew he was naked and erect under all that fabric, and that thought sustained her for the rest of the day.

Ravenclaws are such bloody pedants! I wish they'd all bugger off and stop asking questions. The lesson was over ten minutes ago, for Merlin's sake! If I don't hurry, he'll be off to the Great Hall for dinner, and I'll have to wait another hour or two.

Finally, the last student reluctantly left the classroom. Possibly Professor Granger's uncharacteristic death glare had helped.

After a mad dash to her quarters to change into something more comfortable knickers, bra and her robes seemed adequate for the task in hand Hermione checked her hair in the mirror, gave it up as a bad job, and headed for the dungeons. With any luck, her quarry would still be in residence. If not, she planned to hunt him down after dinner like an owl seeking a midnight snack.

Slipping through Severus's door, Hermione was about to speak when she saw the prey in question. Stark naked in all his pasty, nearly hairless glory, Severus was sprawled on his armchair, eyes closed, one hand slowly stroking his modest erection and the other flung over his head revealing a few straggly armpit hairs.

It was the most arousing sight Hermione had ever seen.

As he reached down to caress his balls and moaned something sounding suspiciously like her name, Hermione walked out of the shadow by the door. Her offer of assistance threw him off his stroke only briefly as his eyelids dropped into what she assumed was his attempt at a sexy smoulder.

The cocky bastard. He thinks he can shock me, does he? Let's see what he thinks of this. The floor was hard under her knees, but the sight of Severus's naked crotch close up was worth it. *Toad livers? What is he rabbiting on about? I swear, the man's insane.* Realising she had but one way to distract Severus from his newfound obsession with amphibians, Hermione did as she had planned earlier and took matters into hand. His gasp as she touched him intimately for the first time was exhilarating, but the flood of semen down her throat a moment later was somewhat unexpected.

And icky.

Good grief! Whatever happened to, "Bloody hell, 'Mione, I'm gonna come!'"? Obviously skipped that class at school. Went to Noncreative Cursing For Beginners instead. And now the wanker's gone to sleep again. He really should ask Poppy about that.

Having gained his attention by dint of a few choice insults, Hermione decided the poor, innocent man needed leading astray. Revealing she wore very little beneath her robes seemed to help, although once again she found herself in plain white. The obvious solution was to cast her remaining garments aside.

"Are you sure?" Severus regained his capacity for speech as Hermione positioned herself on the bed and patted the covers beside her.

"I'm on your bed, naked, inviting you to join me. I'm not planning a game of tiddlywinks."

"Tiddlywinks?"

"You know, where you flip little coloured discs... oh, never mind. Just get your scrawny arse onto this bed before I change my mind."

Severus could move fast when the occasion arose.

"Now what?" He was lying beside her, not allowing any part of their bodies to touch.

You'd think I was planning to shag the bloody Virgin Mary."Come on, Severus. Loosen up. You must know how this works even if you haven't any practical experience. Kissing, groping, poking, rubbing, thrusting, lots of heavy breathing, and hallelujah. Got it?" *What's the matter with him? He seemed to have a pretty good idea what to do a few minutes ago.*

Propping himself up on one elbow, Severus did his best to loom. "Of course I know how sexual intercourse works, woman, I was simply trying to ascertain your expectations." His erection prodded her leg as his body turned, leaving a trail of moisture in its wake. "After all, I believe I am one point ahead."

"Oh, shut up and kiss me, you pillock." Hermione grasped his head in both hands and pulled him over her, managing to manoeuvre his hips into a promising position between her thighs.

His kissing had improved markedly since Saturday night; sobriety was infinitely preferable. No longer whiskey-scented and sloppy, his lips opened at to her insistent tongue and allowed her to explore his mouth with impunity, returning the favour as she in turn withdrew. Somehow, his hands had migrated to her nipples, and he was in imminent danger of losing his virginity as he rubbed his eager cock closer and closer...

"For Merlin's sake, Severus, does the word clitoris not ring any bells?" Hermione gave up on her efforts to grind said nub against the shaft of his penis and pulled his hand down between them. "Here, that's the spot. No, not too hard, gently... faster. Oh, yes, who said you weren't a fast learner? Over a bit, now let's try for a little penetration."

Her eyes watered as he thrust his hips in precisely the wrong spot.

"AHH, FUCK! Not there! That'll take a lot more patience and lubrication than your hair trigger will take just yet, love. Move up a little. Right there. Yes!"

"Are you always this bossy in bed, Granger? And what do you mean, hair trig...ahhh, gods, fucking Merlin's saggy tits!"

Apparently, the sensation of a woman's body surrounding his cock was the last straw for Severus's fragile control. As he flopped back onto his side of the bed, Hermione shook her head in fond frustration and prodded his side with an admonitory finger..

"Close, but not quite a pass yet. Watch and learn, Severus." With the expertise of many a night spent alone and one hand flicking a nipple, Hermione's fingers flew over her clitoris, and within moments she was gasping her climax before an astounded and very aroused Severus Snape.

Aroused in mind, at least. His body was a little slow in catching up. His eyes couldn't leave the sight of her extremely slick and swollen sex.

With a wicked grin, Hermione leaned back and parted her thighs once more. "Fancy a taste?"

By midnight, Severus had managed to learn the basics of pleasuring a woman orally and succeeded in a full two minutes of semi-organised thrusting before his mind imploded.

Hermione, on the other hand, had learned the benefits of harnessing Severus's tongue for her own uses and had a jolly good orgasm as a result. She had yet to climax while he was inside her, but his progress was promising in that department. She'd also learned the impressive breadth of his vocabulary of swear words.

"Severus?"

"Go to sleep. I'm knackered."

"Severus?"

"What?"

"I love you."

"I know."

Hermione sat up. "What? How? When?"

Severus opened one eye and managed a smirk. "You called me 'love'." Subject apparently closed, he rolled over.

"Severus?" She couldn't help the plaintive note in her voice.

"Granger, how many people do you know have called me a wanker more than once a prat, and a pillock and nearly killed me with allergies, influenza, and alcohol and lived to tell the tale?"

"Er. None?"

"Exactly."

He smiled to himself and waited...

"Oh." Hermione wrapped herself around his body and nestled her head into his shoulder.

"Severus?"

"Yes, love?"

"Do you have any chocolate sauce?"

The End

A/N: This was written for the 2012 SSHG Exchange on LiveJournal. Karelia has done all the beta work. She's the best!