

Blame it on Neville

by tatiana

My answer to Shiv's "A Proper Detention Challenge" on WIKTT. Smut, pure and simple. Enjoy!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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None of the characters are mine and I am not making any money. Just borrowing them from J.K. Rowling for a bit of fun.

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Professor Severus Snape glided through his classroom silently, stopping momentarily to inspect the contents of the bubbling cauldrons when he was startled by a sudden outburst.

"NO! NOT LIKE THAT! I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT YOU CAN'T MIX THOSE TOGETHER NEVILLE...WATCH OUT!"

Severus turned to watch as Hermione Granger pushed Neville Longbottom out of the way just before the contents of his cauldron exploded in the air with a loud crack. From across the room Severus surveyed the damage; another melted cauldron, several black scorch marks on the wall and desktop and a slippery coating of the very oily restorative draught they had been brewing covered whatever was within five feet of Neville and Hermione's table.

The rest of the class, which consisted of only a handful of students, watched in horror - waiting to see what fate was to befall Hogwarts' Head Girl. Except for the Slytherins of course, they watched in amusement, snickering amongst themselves as Hermione and Neville struggled to remain upright while slipping and sliding through the large puddle on the floor.

Professor Snape covered the distance between himself and the two inept Gryffindors with only a few long strides, watching carefully where he stepped to avoid slipping himself.

Snape narrowed his eyes and fixed Neville with a glare that sent a chill through the air, "Get out of my classroom Longbottom," he hissed, "You are hereby formally discharged from my class for the remainder of the year, I will inform the Headmaster."

Neville stood motionless for a moment, dumbfounded by the Professor's words.

Snape took another step towards the trembling boy, "GET OUT, NOW!" he bellowed.

Neville quickly gathered his knapsack from the floor and scurried from the room without so much as a glance at Hermione, who was now the focus of Professor Snape's rage.

His dark eyes glittered dangerously, contrasting harshly with his voice, which was cool and even as he spoke, "Miss Granger, I have warned you repeatedly throughout your time in my classroom, not to assist Mr. Longbottom in the brewing of potions. Seventy points from Gryffindor and detention. This evening at seven o'clock."

Hermione stood silently, the knot of anger in the pit of her stomach twisting, knowing that if she dared open her mouth to speak, the results would be catastrophic. Professor Snape watched in veiled amusement as she attempted to contain her fury.

"Now clean up this mess and get out." He barked at her.

Hermione glanced at the large clock against the back wall. There was still another hour of class left and despite the damage surrounding her cauldron, the contents still appeared suitable to complete the assignment. She knew that failure to turn in a completed potion would result in a zero mark for the day.

Hesitating, Hermione took a deep breath before speaking quietly, "But sir, class isn't over until-"

He cut her off with a sharp look, "Thank you Miss Granger, I am well aware of the time. However, I would like you to remove yourself from my presence for the remainder of the class to avoid any further disruptions. Another ten points from Gryffindor."

Hermione gritted her teeth and felt her face flush with the anger she was attempting to suppress.

Snape smirked, well aware that she wanted desperately to avoid receiving a zero mark for the day,

"Is there something wrong Miss Granger?"

"No sir."

"Very well then, clean up this mess and get out." He snarled.

He addressed the rest of the class with more than a hint of annoyance in his voice, "Everyone back to work, unless you would like to accompany your Head Girl to detention this evening."

Careful not to draw Snape's attention on themselves, a few of Hermione's classmates threw her a sympathetic glance before returning to their cauldrons. Satisfied that she had been dealt with accordingly, Draco Malfoy leered at her from across the room with a smugly triumphant grin plastered across his pointy little face before turning back to his own work.

Hermione was seething as she began to clean up the mess that Neville had left behind. She would deal with him later.

Turning on his heel, Professor Snape swept to the front of the classroom and sat at his desk, watching her closely.

'Stupid girl,' he thought bitterly, knowing that she was not stupid by any stretch of the imagination.

Since her first year at Hogwarts, Hermione Granger had grated on Severus' nerves beyond all comprehension. He recalled her first day in his class, her eager little hand flying in the air to answer his questions, most of the time before he even had a chance to finish speaking. He had tried being nasty and insulting her, even just ignoring her, but much to his dismay, the child refused to let him break her spirit, although the comment he had made about her overgrown teeth had come close.

Over the past six and a half years, his dislike of her had gradually succumbed to the truth that she was one of the most brilliant minds to pass through Hogwarts in ages, and he secretly felt rather privileged to have had a hand in shaping that mind. It was glaringly obvious to him that she was a tremendously gifted witch, intellectually as well as magically, and he had no doubt in his mind that she would go on to accomplish great things, whether it was in the Muggle or magical community.

Brilliant mind or not, tonight she would just be another student serving detention with the Potions Master.

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Hermione slammed her heavy bag down on the bench next to Harry and Ron and fixed Neville with an icy glare.

"Hermione..." he stammered, "I'm really sorry...I hope you didn't get it too bad from Snape." Neville's eyes were wide with apology.

She sat down and sighed heavily, "It's alright Neville. It's just detention. And I know you didn't do it on purpose. I'll be alright."

He grinned at her, "Thanks Hermione."

Despite her annoyance, Hermione actually felt a pang of sympathy for Neville, how on earth was he going to explain to his Gran that he had been banned from a class for the rest of the year. No matter how bad Hermione felt now, she was sure that Neville was going to feel tons worse when his Gran got wind of what had happened.

With a look of relief, Neville turned his attentions back to his dinner.

Ron and Harry had heard about what had happened in Potions class that afternoon and had immediately let flow a healthy stream of obscenities to describe their least favorite Professor. Hermione had long ago stopped trying to defend Professor Snape to her friends -what was the point- but she had listened to their well intentioned rant, nodding in agreement every so often. She found it amusing really, they seemed more upset about her situation than she did.

Dinner passed quickly and Hermione gulped down her meal before heading to her room for a quick bath. She had been forced to spend the remainder of the day with an oily residue in her hair and on the front of her robes from the potion that had exploded in class. Realizing that she only had 45 minutes before she needed to be in the dungeons, Hermione bathed quickly and slipped into a fresh uniform and set of robes. She pulled her still damp hair up into a knot and secured it with pins and with one last look in her mirror she headed down to the dungeons.

Severus looked up from the assignments he was marking and realized that it was almost seven o'clock. Gathering up the rest of the parchments he exited his private office and settled in at his desk at the front of the classroom.

At exactly seven o'clock there was a soft knock on the door.

"Come in Miss Granger." he called.

The door opened and she slipped quietly into the cold classroom, pulling the door shut behind her. Only having received detention once before, and having to serve it with Hagrid, Hermione stood with her back against the door, unsure of what to do.

Not bothering to look up from his work, Snape spoke to her in an almost civil tone, "On your desk you will find four feet of parchment, I would like an essay specifying the properties of each ingredient used in today's restorative draught and a detailed summary explaining the cause of Mr. Longbottom's unfortunate accident. When you are finished, you may go."

Hermione sat down at the familiar desk, a bit unnerved by Professor Snape's lack of nastiness towards her. She had heard horrific tales of Snape's detentions, not just from Ron, but from other students as well. Normally, Professor Snape couldn't be bothered with supervising his detentions, so he would just turn the hapless student over to Filch. Armed with this knowledge, she had mentally prepared herself for a grueling night of scrubbing bedpans in the hospital wing or cleaning out the owlery - wandless. But far be it from her to complain, she would much rather be punished by being forced to think than forced to shovel owl shit. Unrolling the parchment she dipped the quill in the inkwell and began to write.

Severus heard the scratching of Hermione's quill and looked up at the girl sitting in his classroom, noting how much she had changed over the years. She was still wearing her school uniform but her hair was casually pulled back into a knot at the nape of her neck, making her look older than her seventeen years. Merlin only knew how she coped with that mass of bushy tangles every day, it made Severus nervous just looking at it. He remembered the way she had worn her hair for the Yule Ball in her fourth year, sleek and straight, and he also remembered thinking that it didn't suit her at all. If he recalled correctly, she had attended the ball with Viktor Krum, the Quidditch player from Durmstrang.

Severus snorted inwardly at the thought of Hermione with a Quidditch player. For some reason the image just didn't fit. Why in Merlin's name did he even care? Shaking his head in disgust with himself, Severus turned his attention back to the stack of parchments in front of him.

With her essay almost completed, Hermione set her quill down and leaned back in the uncomfortable chair, raising her arms above her head to stretch her cramped back. Looking up at Professor Snape, she found him reading over the parchment on his desk with a deep scowl creasing his face. She stifled a giggle at the image that popped into her mind - a great, black bird, perched high above its prey, quill poised in talon, ready to swoop down on the next offending misspelled word or incorrectly listed ingredient.

At that moment, Professor Snape looked up and his dark eyes met hers.

"Finished already Miss Granger?" he asked with one eyebrow raised questioningly.

She shifted in her seat uncomfortably, "Not quite Professor."

He stared at her intently, "Then I would suggest that you get back to work."

Hermione must have glared at him for a moment too long because he suddenly rose from his desk and before she had a chance to react, he was there, snatching up the parchment from in front of her. Startled, Hermione jumped up from her chair and took a step back, stumbling on the chair next to her. Her arms flailed as she tried in vain to regain her balance, but she reeled backwards for a moment before feeling a strong grip on her wrist pulling her upright.

The force of his pull brought her crashing into his chest. She backed away from him, bracing herself for a scathing comment on her lack of agility, but Severus didn't say a word. Instead he simply released her wrist and began to read her unfinished essay.

Never having had an opportunity to find herself this close to Professor Snape, Hermione watched his face as he read, confirming the similarities that she had once noticed between him and Viktor Krum; from the strong jaw line to the abnormally large nose and dark, penetrating eyes. Although she would never admit it as long as there was a breath in her body, Hermione had at one time fancied herself having a bit of a crush on the feared Potions Master. By conventional standards he wasn't remotely handsome, but there was something appealing to Hermione about his subtle mannerisms and absolute confidence. And then there was the whole Death Eater turned spy bit. Chalk it up to poorly done Muggle movies, but Hermione had a soft spot for the whole cliché of the good girl falling for the dark and brooding bad boy. Staring at him now, she wondered to herself what it would be like to...

"Miss Granger. Are you feeling well?" he snapped.

Having been so rudely snatched away from her thoughts, Hermione snapped back, "Of course I'm feeling well, why?"

Taken aback by her insolent tone, Severus waved his wand over her parchment briefly before casually tossing it back on the desk.

"Your essay was unacceptable Miss Granger. I expect a certain quality of work from you, even if it is just a detention assignment, and this was...to put it bluntly - lacking. Please begin again." Without so much as a backward glance, Severus returned to his desk, leaving an unusually speechless Hermione goggling at the blank parchment before her.

She had been down in this miserable dungeon for almost three and a half hours writing that essay and without even batting an eye, he had erased all of her hard work. It didn't matter to Hermione whether it was a detention essay or an exam, she always gave her all when it came to schoolwork. The anger that she had been so politely suffocating all day began to boil inside her. How dare he? First he gives her detention for trying to prevent a potentially disastrous explosion, and now this. Just who the hell does he think he is?

Unable to suppress herself any longer, Hermione snatched up her now non-existent essay and marched up to where he was sitting and slammed the blank parchment on his desk.

He looked up at her in irritation, but Hermione continued, undaunted.

"You bastard," she growled, "How dare you. Clearly you didn't bother to actually read my essay, because if you had, you would have realized that I-"

The look Snape gave Hermione silenced her momentarily, "Have you lost your senses Miss Granger? I will give you one opportunity to remove this parchment from my desk and return to your seat. I will also forgive this childish outburst, seeing as it is late, and you are obviously suffering from some form of sleep deprived delirium. However, if you insist on continuing in this manner I shall be forced to-"

This time it was Hermione's look that silenced Snape, "You'll be forced to what?" she challenged, "Take house points? Give me more detentions - with Filch? Go ahead you miserable prat, I really don't care anymore. Hell, give me detention for the rest of the bloody year. I am sick of you bullying me." She was shouting now and Severus sat, astonished, listening as she continued to rant.

Much to his own surprise, Severus was finding that rather than growing angry with her, he was actually quite amused by her tantrum. He had heard from various sources that Miss Granger had a bit of a temper on her, but he had never actually witnessed it first-hand. He watched in fascination as her cheeks became flushed and her eyes flashed with anger. Nevertheless, her behavior was completely unacceptable.

Severus stood, "MISS GRANGER, YOU WILL REGAIN CONTROL OF YOURSELF THIS INSTANT!"

Hermione faced him and stood on her toes in an attempt to bring herself face to face with her Professor, "No, Professor, I will not. Not until you hear what I have to say."

The amusement of the situation wore off quickly and Severus instantly grew tired of her insolence. He was unaccustomed to having anyone speak to him that way, much less a smart-mouthed seventeen year old girl. Snatching her by the arms roughly, he pinned her against the desk.

Bowing his head slightly so that they were nose to nose, he struggled not to just shake the wits out of her. She looked up at him with fierce determination and in that flash of a moment, he saw not the student that he had taught for the past six and a half years, but a fearless young woman, unwilling to compromise, who had had the courage to stand up for herself, and to him no less.

She gasped when he pressed her against the hard desk and Severus let his eyes wander over her face, so close to his. Her wild hair had begun to come undone, and several stray locks fell around her face softly framing it like the mane of a lion. Quite appropriate really, with her being a Gryffindor and all. Her lips were full and her nose turned up just a bit at the end, covered with a light dusting of freckles. And her skin looked so smooth and soft, Severus had to fight the urge to reach up and stroke her cheek. Hermione watched in anticipation as his eyes traveled slowly over her face and her heart began to beat a little faster when she realized that he was no longer looking at her the way a professor looked at his pupil. Her stomach fluttered a bit as he ran his finger along the line of her jaw and slowly tilted her face up towards his, bending his head slightly so that their lips met.

She didn't pull away, instead she returned the kiss, gentle at first, slowly becoming more insistent. Severus felt her tongue dart out across his lips and parted his mouth so that they could taste one another.

Severus pulled back suddenly and looked into her eyes searchingly, he had to know that this is what she wanted. Sensing his hesitation, Hermione reached up and tangled her hands in his hair, pulling him to her, kissing him fiercely, putting to ease any doubts that Severus had. And although she knew that this was wrong, she couldn't bring herself to stop. The feeling of his body pressing against hers and the reaction his touch was causing in her, Hermione knew that she had to finish what they had started. Her curiosity had won this time.

Severus' hands moved up to the clasp on her robes and he unfastened it, sliding the heavy material off of her shoulders so that it fell to the desk behind her. Hermione leaned back, allowing him access to the buttons on the front of her blouse. She watched his fingers as they worked the buttons at an almost agonizingly slow pace. Pulling the tails of her shirt from the waist of her skirt, her blouse fell open, revealing a modest, white lace bra. How appropriate. Lowering his mouth to her neck he placed a trail of kisses on the soft skin. Severus roughly gripped her around her waist and lifted her so that she was sitting on the edge of his desk. She parted her knees and pulled him to her, her hands finding their way to the clasp on his robes. Mimicking his actions, she let his teaching robes fall to the floor and then slowly undid the multitude of buttons on the front of his jacket. After what felt like an eternity, Hermione finally freed him from his jacket only to be stopped by the sight of more buttons. She looked up at him in annoyance to find him smirking down at her. Without saying a word, she continued with the buttons on the front of his shirt until the loose material fell open. Hermione's breath caught in her throat at the sight of his bare chest. He was broad and muscular, but not bulky. His skin was so smooth, so pale - almost translucent. It reminded Hermione of the marble statues that she had seen in museums. There was a light dusting of fine black hair covering his chest as well as his lower abdomen. Hermione ran her hands over his abdomen and up his chest, her fingertips lightly grazing his nipples, causing him to suck in his breath sharply. He liked that. Moving her hands around to his back she pulled him closer, her tongue darting out to flick over one of his hardened nubs. She felt his muscles stiffen under her hands and lightly nipped at him, soothing the sting of her teeth with gentle kisses before alternating her ministrations to the other side of his chest. Severus watched as her mouth traveled across his skin, feeling himself growing hard at her touch. Thankfully, the girl seemed to know what she was doing. Reaching down, Severus pulled out the pins securing her hair, allowing it to spring free, falling around her bent head to tickle his stomach.

He grasped her shoulders roughly and pushed her away from him, capturing her lips with his once again. But this time it was a hard, possessive kiss, and his eyes were dark with lust. Hermione felt a jolt of excitement surge through her body as his hands found her breasts. Almost violently, he ripped apart the tiny clasp that held the flimsy material together on the front of her bra. Cupping her breasts, he ran his thumbs over her hardened peaks causing her to moan softly against his lips. He caught her bottom lip between his teeth and sucked, as his fingers worked her sensitive flesh, pinching and pulling her nipples almost painfully. But the pain quickly gave way to an intense pleasure and Hermione arched her back, pushing his shoulders downward with her hands. Obeying her silent command, Severus lowered his mouth to her breast and imitated what she had done to him, alternating his attentions from one side to the next. The feeling of his teeth grazing her skin only to be soothed seconds later by the feel of his lips and tongue caressing her gently was almost more than she could bear. She pressed herself against his mouth, her hands tangling once again in his hair.

Severus felt her tugging at his hair and lifted his head to place a gentle kiss on the hollow just below her ear, letting his mouth taste her skin as he inhaled her scent. His hands dropped to her knees and he slowly ran them up her thighs, pushing them further apart. Grasping her hips he pulled her to him so that she could feel his hardness pressing against her. She ground against him, searching for a way to release the dull ache that had manifested itself between her legs. His fingers hooked the waistband of her panties and she lifted herself up from the desk to allow him to slide them off. Pushing up the material of her skirt, Severus knelt down between her knees and Hermione's eyes grew wide with anticipation when she realized what, exactly, he was about to do.

He looked up at her with the hint of a smug smile playing on the corners of his lips as his fingers brushed through her nest of curls, lightly grazing the tip of her swollen clitoris. She gasped at the sensation, it was as though someone had sent a jolt of fire through her body starting at the tips of her toes. Gently spreading her open with his fingers, Severus lowered his mouth to her. Hermione closed her eyes at the sensation of his tongue on her, but not before taking in the sight of Professor Snape's head between her thighs. He played at her entrance before sliding one finger inside of her, then another, and without realizing it, Hermione rocked her hips back and forth, matching his rhythm. His tongue flicked over her clitoris with light, feathery strokes that gradually decreased in pace but increased in pressure, driving Hermione mad. Leaning back on her elbows, she spread her legs wider and pressed her pelvis forward, insistent. His mouth and fingers worked in tandem, bringing her higher and higher until she felt a familiar heat spreading from the depths of her belly, but before she was able to reach her peak, Severus pulled away with a wicked grin, leaving her aching.

At the sudden feeling of emptiness, her eyes flew open and she sat up. Severus stood now between her legs, undoing his trousers. He let them fall to his ankles and Hermione greedily reached out to touch his hard cock. She stroked the underside lightly, allowing the tips of her fingers to linger on the swollen head, eliciting a muffled groan from Severus. She watched in fascination as he gripped the edge of the desk when she gently cupped his sac with one hand while moving the other in slow, steady strokes. The head glistened with moisture and Hermione spread it over the tip, causing him to moan even louder this time.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Severus grabbed her wrists and pushed her down on the desk, positioning himself at her entrance. Leaning over her, he kissed her gently on the lips before sliding into her. Gods, she was so tight around him, he knew that he would have to go slowly and control himself unless he wanted this to be over before it began. Standing upright, he pushed her knees up to her chest and grasped the backs of her thighs, watching from his vantage point as he moved in and out of her slowly. Hermione bit her lower lip at the feeling of him inside of her. She let a small cry escape her lips as his fingers found her swollen clitoris once again and began teasing her by rubbing in small circles. She lay there, almost incoherent as the waves of pleasure swept over her and Severus looked down at the girl below him. He had always hated those blasted school uniforms; the stupid pleated skirt and crisp white blouse. But now, as he watched Hermione, he found the sight of her skirt up around her waist and the white blouse as it fell away from her body exposing her firm breasts, to be strangely erotic.

Overwhelmed with desire, he leaned over her with his elbows on the hard desk for support, thrusting into her over and over. She writhed beneath him wildly, lifting her hips to his and wrapped her legs around his waist tightly. Nose to nose, he pressed his forehead against hers and she felt his hot breath on her cheek as he claimed her for his own. She felt that familiar heat once again, beginning to spread from her innermost depths and she raked her nails across his back, leaving angry red marks on his pale skin. She whimpered as she inched closer to the edge, trying desperately to hold on, not wanting it to end. But the heat engulfed her, gradually becoming stronger until she could hold on no longer. Sensing she was ready, Severus filled her with long, hard strokes until he felt her begin to spasm around him, the muscles in her legs becoming taut. She arched her back, gripping his shoulders as the waves of pleasure tore through her, causing her cry out. Despite his best efforts, the intensity of her orgasm drew Severus over the edge with her. With one final thrust he came inside of her, pushing himself into her as far as he could and Hermione felt his entire body become tense, shortly followed by the familiar throbbing that signaled his own release. She wrapped her arms around him as he collapsed on her, burying his head in the crook of her neck, and they lay like that for quite some time, both spent.

She spoke first, "Professor Snape-

He lifted his head and silenced her with a kiss. Looking into his eyes, she sighed happily.

"Yes Miss Granger?"

"About the essay-" she began to giggle.

"Ah, yes, the essay." he fixed her with his best Potions Master glare, "I suppose that due to your unacceptable behavior earlier this evening, another night of detention seems appropriate. Wouldn't you agree Miss Granger?"

Hermione shivered at the malevolent glitter in his eyes and the sound of his silky voice. She had never noticed just how sexy he really was when he was being a bastard.

She grinned, "Absolutely sir. My behavior was inexcusable. I'll be here tomorrow, same time."