

The Next Day

by *tatiana*

Sequel to "Blame it on Neville". What happens the day after Hermione has detention with Professor Snape?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Blame it on Neville - The Day After

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The next morning Hermione was running unusually late as she sauntered into the Great Hall for breakfast. Without saying a word, she sat down across from Ron and Harry, proceeding to pile her plate high with eggs, potatoes, toast and sausages and then poured a tall glass of pumpkin juice. She began eating and as she stuffed her second forkful of food into her mouth, she noticed that she had an audience.

"An l 'elp ooo?" she inquired of her two friends, attempting to keep the food in her mouth from tumbling down the front of her robes.

Ron just shook his head and muttered, "And she tells me I'm the pig."

Harry looked at his friend with concern, "How was detention with Snape last night? I waited for you in the common room for as long as I could but finally gave up and went to bed. What did the old bat have you doing this time, polishing trophies? Scrubbing cauldrons?"

Taking a gulp of pumpkin juice, Hermione glanced covertly at the Head Table, her gaze landing directly on Professor Snape.

"Oh, it wasn't *that* bad." She replied, trying to keep her voice casual as thoughts of the previous night flooded her mind. She envisioned herself in the potions classroom, sprawled out beneath her professor on the hard desk and instantly she felt a familiar heat begin to build between her legs.

Harry noticed a slight blush spreading over Hermione's cheeks and he gave her a strange look, "Well, I'm glad it's over with."

Hermione nodded absently and grabbed another piece of toast before heading off to Herbology. She waved to her friends as she hurried off, calling over her shoulder, "I'll see you later!"

Severus Snape stepped into the shower that morning and felt an unfamiliar stinging sensation on his back as the hot water poured over him. Curious as to the cause, he

positioned his small shaving mirror just so and turned his back. He glanced over his shoulder to discover several red marks trailing across the small of his back and his shoulder blades.

In the solitude of his own shower, Severus allowed himself a satisfied smile as he closed his eyes and thought about the previous evening. In his mind, he saw the familiar brown eyes as they flashed angrily at him and felt her soft lips on his skin. Leaning into the spray of water, Severus' hand wrapped around his rapidly growing cock as he envisioned her beneath him; her round breasts bouncing with each thrust, her legs spread wide...

His grip tightened and the steady motion of his hand increased as he felt the urgency to release himself. He placed one hand against the wall to steady himself as his hips bucked forward and imagining himself deep within her, he emptied himself with one final stroke, moaning her name quietly under his breath, "Hermione..."

Leaning his forehead against the cool marble wall, Severus shook his head and chuckled, class with Miss Granger this afternoon would prove to be most interesting.

Hermione jumped the last three steps leading to the dungeons and walked quickly down the long corridor. Stopping just outside of the heavy, wooden door she instinctively straightened her robes and reached up to smooth down her tangle of hair, annoyed at the knowledge that any effort to tame the wild mass was completely futile. Reaching into her pocket, Hermione pulled out the neatly folded parchment and pushed open the door. Even in the darkness of the silent classroom, she could see Draco Malfoy smirking at her from behind his cauldron, but Hermione ignored her long-time foe and made her way to the front of the room.

Hermione approached Professor Snape as he sat there marking the papers on the desk before him with the spiky handwriting that had become so familiar to her over the years. She had no doubt in her mind as to the scathing remarks he was busily scrawling as she had become accustomed to finding them scattered about on her own assignments.

Without bothering to look up at her, he spoke quietly, "Twenty points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger. Do I need to say what for?"

Hermione glared at him momentarily at the unnecessary loss of house points before she spoke, "No sir. Please accept my apologies for my tardiness. Professor Vector asked me to stay behind and assist her with something after class. I have a note."

Severus glanced up, clearly uninterested in her excuses until he noticed the slight smile playing on the corners of her lips. He snatched the parchment she was offering and unfolded it, his eyes quickly scanning the small, neat handwriting that he immediately recognized as her own.

He sneered at her, "Regardless of your note, it does not excuse you from your obligation to be in my classroom on time. Over the past few days, it seems as though you have been having a difficult time following even the simplest of rules. Perhaps another evening of detention will help to refresh your memory. I will see you tonight at seven o'clock."

Their eyes met briefly before Hermione whispered, "Yes sir, this evening at seven."

She made a mental note to speak with him later about the deduction of house points.

'That was completely unnecessary and he knows it.' She thought angrily as she turned to make her way to her seat.

Severus watched her for a moment before re-reading the parchment she had given him. Her message had been clear, 'Same time, same place.' Turning his back to the class, he smirked as he crumpled up the note and pitched it into the fireplace, watching as it curled into the flames, slowly disappearing.

Hermione rushed through dinner like a madwoman as Ron and Harry watched in astonishment.

"Slow down 'Mione," Ron chided her, "I know you're not in *that* much of a rush to go to detention."

Harry nodded in agreement, "I can't believe he gave you detention again. You even had a note from Professor Vector explaining why you were late. Seems awfully unfair to me."

Hermione gave them an exasperated look, "And when have you ever known Professor Snape to be fair? Especially to me." She nearly choked on her treacle tart because she was eating so quickly and trying to speak at the same time. When she finished coughing, she sputtered, "And since he gave me detention for being late, it wouldn't do to be late for detention, would it?"

She stood to leave and Harry gave her a sympathetic look, "Do you want us to wait up for you?"

Not knowing how late she would be, Hermione shook her head, adding quickly, "No, you two have Quidditch practice in the morning. I'll be fine, trust me. See you in the morning."

She dashed to her room and dug through her drawers finding the silky black lace bra and matching panties that she had bought last summer while shopping with Ginny in London. Laying them out on the bed carefully she hurried into the bathroom to begin getting ready for the evening.

Severus Snape sat in Professor Dumbledore's office and glanced at the clock on the mantle.

"Am I keeping you from another engagement, Severus?" the old man inquired, eyes twinkling with amusement.

The usual annoyance he felt when dealing with Dumbledore was not there as Severus stood from the chair he had been sitting in and plucked a lemon sherbert from the ever-present bowl on the headmaster's desk, popping it into his mouth. He frowned at the combined sweet and sour taste that assaulted his tongue.

'Foul little things.' he thought crossly as he swallowed the candy.

"Actually Albus, I do have a detention to supervise this evening and seeing as though the reason for the detention was the student's tardiness, it would be in bad taste for me to arrive late. Wouldn't you agree?"

Dumbledore nodded in agreement, "Very bad taste indeed. I shall see you later then."

Hermione dried herself off and slathered vanilla lotion on her skin, rubbing it in until there was just a hint of scent left. Taking the towel from her hair, she pulled her mane of curls back while it was still wet and secured it into an elegant twist with a handful of pins, knowing that when the mass eventually dried it would frizz uncontrollably. She leaned in closely to the mirror and surveyed her face with a dissatisfied sigh. *Plain.* That was the only word to describe her. She lined her eyes quickly with a soft, brown pencil and then swept some mascara over her lashes, making them appear only a bit thicker than usual. Dabbing a bit of light gloss on her lips she sat back and stared at herself. Even *with* the makeup on, she was still just unbearably plain.

Feeling a bit discouraged, Hermione wondered to herself what Professor Snape could possibly find attractive about her. However, as she pulled on the silky undergarments she had laid out earlier, any doubts she may have had about her 'plain' appearance vanished immediately. Unaccustomed to wearing such lingerie, Hermione gaped at her reflection, marveling at the way the silk hugged her small frame and accentuated the curves of her hips and breasts. She grinned at herself slyly, wondering what Professor Snape would say when he saw her in this. But there was something missing. Hermione dropped to the floor and began rummaging through the clutter beneath her bed, quickly spotting what she was looking for. Perfect.

Severus looked through his wardrobe and quickly realized that all of his clothes looked *exactly* the same. How completely boring. Dressing quickly in his normal teaching attire, he found himself in front of the mirror, scrutinizing his appearance, which was something he had never done before. Pulling himself up to his full height, Severus turned his head slowly from side to side, realizing just how large his nose really was. He frowned. And his skin was so...so... pale. Of course, he had heard the children

talking about him, speculating as to whether or not there was any truth to the rumor that he was a vampire, but until this particular moment he had never understood why they would think that about him. Now it was quite obvious. Leaning closer he lifted his top lip to glance at his teeth to make sure that they weren't pointy. Alas, they weren't pointy at all, instead, they were a bit crooked and slightly yellow. Taken aback, Severus straightened up and sneered at the man looking back at him.

That's more like it. He thought to himself before making his way to his classroom.

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

Severus looked up to see her slipping quietly into the room, pulling the door shut behind her. She paused for only a moment before she began to walk towards him and as she came closer, Severus' breath hitched in his chest. She stood before him and held his gaze as she unfastened the clasp on her robe and let the material fall to the floor. Severus' eyes grew wide as they swept appreciatively over her scantily clad body. She was wearing a pair of black panties and a bra and on her feet were the most interesting shoes he had ever seen. They must have been Muggle shoes for he had never seen a witch wearing anything like them before. They were black and pointy and the heel was tall and slim, almost like a spike. Surprisingly they were very sexy, very dangerous looking, but very sexy.

Hermione noticed that his gaze had settled on her feet and she smiled triumphantly as she turned her foot a bit and preened. When Hermione had bought these shoes last year to wear with her Halloween costume, she never imagined that she would wear them again.

Who knew?

Unconsciously, Severus licked his lips, which had suddenly become very dry. And for some reason his pants felt uncomfortably tighter.

Hermione took a step closer and snaked her arms around his neck so that her body pressed against his. She tilted her head up to his and placed a feathery kiss on his bottom lip, slowly trailing her tongue along the crease of his mouth, seeking entrance. He parted his lips and their tongues met, slowly exploring one another's mouth. She closed her eyes and kissed him more insistently, sighing contentedly as his hands found their way around her waist.

Severus pulled her even closer to him as his lips left hers and traveled slowly along her jaw line. She leaned her head back as he sought out the hollow just below her ear before trailing his tongue along the gentle curve of her neck. Hermione shivered at the feel of his lips on her and ran her hands over his chest, her fingers instinctively finding the clasp on his heavy robes. She pushed the fabric over his shoulders and let it fall to the floor as her fingers returned to his chest. Severus straightened up and watched her curiously as she struggled with the first of many buttons on the front of his jacket. He stood perfectly still as she took to the task at hand, reaching up only to tuck a stray lock of hair back behind her ear.

"Stupid buttons." she muttered when she finally got them completely undone.

Severus couldn't help but grin as he shrugged the jacket off his shoulders and to save her the trouble, he quickly removed his shirt as well.

Hermione smiled and ran her hands over his bare chest, leaning into him and pressing her lips to his. She savored the feel of his skin next to hers and silently wished that they were somewhere other than the cold potions classroom.

As though he could read her mind, Severus took her by the hand and whispered, "Follow me."

He led her into his office and through a doorway that was concealed by a large tapestry on the wall. The heels of Hermione's shoes clicked on the stone floor as they walked down a narrow corridor that was lit only by the small torches hanging on the wall. They came to the top of a steep flight of steps and made their way down below the dungeons into another, even darker corridor. Hermione followed closely as Severus led the way and when they reached the end they stepped out into a rather large room. Hermione glanced around and concluded that they must be in his private quarters. The room they were in was his sitting room and it was decorated very masculine; the walls were stone and there was a magnificent fireplace, the furniture was very minimal but ornately carved and all done in dark woods and rich fabrics, lots of books - which didn't surprise Hermione at all, and the colors were black and green with a touch of silver.

"This is very nice." Hermione finally said after surveying her surroundings for a moment.

"Thank you."

Knowing full well that the staff quarters usually only consisted of three rooms: the sitting room, a bathroom and the bedroom, Hermione grinned at him wickedly and began walking towards the doorway at the opposite end of the room

"Now, are you going to show me the rest of your quarters?" She asked innocently over her shoulder.

Severus watched the swing in her hips as she strode across the room and disappeared into his bedroom. Dutifully he followed her and when he reached the doorway he was greeted by the sight of Hermione Granger, the Head Girl of Hogwarts, casually reclining across his bed.

Wasting no time, Severus kicked off his heavy boots and discarded his trousers on the floor before walking over to join her. Climbing on top of her he pushed her down on the plush covers and pinned her slender wrists above her head. Hermione let out a surprised gasp and quickly shifted her hips to adjust to his weight, spreading her legs so that he could settle himself between them. She felt his erection pressing into her thigh as he pushed against her with a sense of urgency. Their lips met and he kissed her roughly, nipping at her bottom lip and sucking it into his mouth. His hands released her wrists and traveled the length of her arms until his fingertips caressed the silky material of her bra, stroking and pinching her through the flimsy material as she arched her back, quietly aching for him to take them in his mouth. Obeying her silent command, Severus pulled the straps of her bra from her shoulders and exposed her breasts to the cool air, causing her nipples to become painfully hard. His mouth was hovering above her breasts and Hermione lifted her shoulder slightly, feeling his warm breath on her overly sensitive flesh. When his lips finally descended upon her skin, Hermione let out a strangled cry and tangled her hands in his hair, urging him to continue.

He moved his hand down between their bodies and felt her heat through the panties she was wearing. His fingers stroked her through the moist fabric; light, feathery touches and she responded by pushing her hips upward. Stopping abruptly, Severus moved to kneel on the floor and grasped her by the hips to pull her to the edge of the bed, hooking his fingers in the waist of her panties and pulling them off unceremoniously. She moved to kick off the black stilettos she was wearing but he stopped her.

"No, leave them on." Severus had decided that like her school uniform the night before, he found the shoes to be undeniably erotic.

The pressure building between his legs was unbearable, but he didn't want to take her just yet, instead he wanted to make her come and taste her in his mouth again. Moving his hands up the inside of her thighs, he brushed his fingers lightly over the dusting of curls that covered her and she shivered slightly. Just the feeling of his fingers down there was almost more than she could stand.

Slowly he spread her lips apart and his thumb found her swollen clit. He moved slowly at first, going in circles before lowering his head between her legs so that his tongue could take over the motions his thumb had been making. Wanting to feel every movement and every sensation, Hermione lifted her hips to him and her eyes closed as she felt the sensations overtaking her aroused body. His fingers played at her entrance, mercilessly teasing her as he continued to suck and lick on her clit. She arched her back and began rocking her hips back and forth in rhythm with his movements as her breathing became nothing more than shallow, ragged gasps.

She reached out and grabbed at the bed sheets, pulling at them over and over as the nerves in her body pulsed with a blinding heat. After several minutes, she felt herself begin to tighten beneath him as he continued to work her until she was sure her entire body was going to explode. Her legs began to tremble and twitch uncontrollably and all of her thoughts swirled together as she reached her climax, sending her into a blissful state of ecstasy. When the waves of pleasure finally began to subside, Hermione felt his tongue on her once again. Knowing that her sensitive flesh would not take any more, she tugged at his shoulders and he lifted his head to look at her questioningly.

"My turn." She whispered before sitting up.

She pulled him up off the floor and he climbed back up onto the bed and laid in the center with his head propped on the pillows. He watched as Hermione climbed on top of

him and he reached up to touch her swollen nipples but she deftly swatted his hands away and leaned over him so that her mouth was only inches away from his ear.

"Whatever happens," she whispered, "Don't hold back."

Her tongue flicked out and lightly grazed his earlobe before continuing down his neck. Her breath was hot against his skin and he closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of her lips on him. She kissed him very softly along his collarbone and slowly moved down his chest, teasing his nipples the way he had teased her own. Severus allowed a small moan to escape his lips as she traveled lower and lower until her tongue circled his navel and he felt her fingers hook in the waistband of his shorts. She sat up on her knees and he raised his hips to allow her to slide them off before discarding them on the floor carelessly.

Completely nude now, Severus relaxed back into the pillows again and casually folded his hands behind his head, fixing her with his trademark smirk.

'Smug bastard.' She thought with a grin.

She knew how to handle that. Hermione ran her hands up the insides of his thighs and let the tips of her fingers brush lightly over the sensitive skin of his sac. At her touch, Severus allowed another moan escape as his eyes closed and his knees instinctively spread a bit wider. She continued to run her fingers over his thighs as she leaned over and licked the length of his cock.

Severus' eyes flew open and he looked down just as she wrapped her hand around the base and took the entire first few inches in her mouth. She met his gaze and began to move up and down, sucking him while her hand moved in the opposite direction of her mouth. He watched in astonishment, becoming -if it was at all possible- even more aroused at the sight of her lips wrapped around him. With each stroke she took more of him into her mouth until he felt the tip of his cock touching the back of her throat. Her other hand gently cupped his sac and Severus felt the familiar tightening sensation growing as she alternated between taking him completely into her mouth and licking the entire length of him much like he was a sugarquill.

Hermione tasted the bit of fluid that was beginning to leak from the head of his cock and felt him twitch as she pressed her tongue against the tiny bundle of nerves that lay just on the underside of the tip and she knew that he was going to come. She looked up at him again and could see that his eyes were now closed tightly and his hands were balled into white knuckled fists as they grasped the pillows behind his head. His hips began to buck and lift, almost causing her to gag as he thrust into her mouth with abandon. Moments later a low, guttural noise escaped from the back of his throat and he tried to still the movements her mouth was making, but Hermione continued to suck as he pulsed, filling her mouth with a salty fluid that signaled his release. Hermione swallowed it all, not really liking the taste, and released him.

Crawling up to lay beside him, Hermione watched as his breathing returned to normal and his eyes fluttered open. He looked over at her and she smiled at him, suddenly feeling very shy.

He rolled to face her and conjured a blanket to pull over them. Once they snuggled under the cover and made themselves comfortable in one another's arms, Severus kissed her gently on her forehead. A gesture of tenderness that was not lost on Hermione.

Severus felt his eyes growing heavy with sleep but before he drifted off he heard a sleepy voice whisper, "In the morning we'll talk about those twenty points you deducted from me today for being late. I think that I *more* than made them up this evening. Wouldn't you agree?"