

# House Points

*by tatiana*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Severus Snape stood in the shadows on the balcony overlooking the Great Hall and from his vantage point, he watched his former student curiously. For the better part of the evening, Hermione Granger had sat alone in the corner, sipping her glass of wine and watching the festivities around her with a distinct air of boredom - the same boredom that usually plagued Severus himself at occasions such as this.

Hermione had completed Hogwarts this past spring and had decided to put off going to University when Dumbledore had propositioned her with an apprentice position to prepare her to take over for Professor Flitwick as the Charms professor when he retired the following year. And of course, being the overachieving little Gryffindor that she was, she accepted. Severus had been the only member of the staff who had been less than enthusiastic when Dumbledore announced at the final staff meeting of the year that Miss Granger would be returning to Hogwarts in the fall. For Merlin's sake, hadn't it been bad enough that Severus had been forced to endure the girl in his potions classroom for seven long years, but now he would be expected to tolerate her in the staff room as well? Cursing Dumbledore under his breath, Severus had told the twinkling old man that as long as she stayed away from him, everything would be just fine.

When she had arrived with the rest of the staff two weeks prior to the start of the school year, Severus had bristled at the sight of her in the staff room, bracing himself for an onslaught of inane chatter, however she had simply greeted him with a polite 'Good day Professor Snape, I hope you had a pleasant summer' and then left. From that point forward, Hermione managed to keep a distance between the two of them and never spoke to Severus more than was absolutely necessary. She certainly wasn't afraid of him anymore, just indifferent, and normally this would not have bothered him at all. But oddly enough, her frosty attitude made Severus unnaturally curious and as the days passed he found himself more and more wanting to speak with her.

Never one for small-talk, he felt suddenly awkward when presented with the opportunity and usually spat out a terse, "Good day Miss Granger" before stalking off, annoyed at himself for lacking even the basic social skills to speak civilly to a young woman. There was something different about her, she had changed somehow over the few months that she had returned home for the summer, but Severus couldn't put his finger on exactly what it was. Perhaps it was the conspicuous absence of her ever-present sidekicks, Potter and Weasley. Without those two knuckle-draggers in tow she carried herself differently. Severus had always known that she was brilliant, from her very first day in class with him to sitting for her final N.E.W.T. in Potions. But he had always felt as though she hadn't reached her full potential at Hogwarts and the only blame

he could find was the unfortunate company she chose to keep. Although he would never admit it to another living soul, over the past two decades that Severus Snape had been teaching he had never genuinely enjoyed any of his students. At least not until Miss Granger had come along. Granted she was a Gryffindor, but even Severus could overlook that glaring flaw and admit that she was one of the brightest witches of the century.

Still, none of that explained her current behavior towards him.

Hermione sat at the table in the corner, sipping her glass of wine and watching the festivities before her. She didn't even need to look up to the balcony to know that he was watching her, and at the thought of his eyes on her, she felt a familiar tingling sensation creep slowly from the base of her spine straight to the nape of her neck.

Professor Severus Snape. Or as Ron and Harry affectionately called him, *the greasy git*. Since she had arrived back at the school to take her place as Professor Flitwick's apprentice, Hermione had made every effort to stay away from her former professor. Over her seven years at Hogwarts, he had made his dislike for Hermione and her friends more than obvious and because she was a student she had no other choice but to endure his presence. But now, since she returned as a member of the staff, she realized just how solitary he really was and over the past few weeks Hermione had found herself even more intrigued by her mysterious colleague. She barely saw him except in the staff room during meetings and in the Great Hall at meals. It was a shame really, Hermione had been looking forward to having the opportunity to speak with Professor Snape regarding work he had published in one of the alchemy journals over the summer.

Hermione glanced up at the empty balcony and felt a sharp pang of disappointment in the pit of her stomach when she realized that he was no longer there. Idly she wondered where he had disappeared to and wondered how he had managed to escape under Professor Dumbledore's ever-watchful eyes. Perhaps it was time for her to attempt her getaway, but as she stood and turned to leave, she was stopped by a hand on her shoulder.

"Good evening Miss Granger." Hermione whirled around to find herself face to face with Professor Snape.

"Good evening Professor Snape."

"Leaving so early?" He inquired politely. Hermione just stared at him wide eyed as he continued to speak, "Before you go, would you do me the honor of one dance?"

She noticed the ever-present hint of a smirk playing on the corners of his lips.

Hermione was unnerved for a moment by the lack of disdain in his voice. Was he -dare she say it- being nice to her? Inconspicuously she clenched her fist and dug her fingernails sharply into the palm of her hand and felt a sharp pinch. Well, she wasn't dreaming.

He reached out his hand, slightly amused by the look of bewilderment that had fallen over her face. Unable to find her voice, Hermione hesitated for a moment before placing her hand in his, letting him lead her onto the dance floor.

Severus took her into his arms, placing one hand on the small of her back as she rested hers on his shoulder, and with their other hands still clasped together they moved fluidly around the dance floor as one.

Hermione remained speechless as the pace of the music slowed and she felt him tighten his embrace, pulling her a few inches closer.

Glancing up she found him staring down at her intently with those dark eyes and she felt that familiar tingling once again.

What was happening here? Why was she feeling this way with him? Admittedly, Hermione had harbored a bit of a schoolgirl crush on Professor Snape throughout most of her sixth year. Actually, to be quite honest, she had found herself a bit obsessed really, but then she had dated Ron briefly and those feelings for her professor had been pushed aside.

Or had they?

She had always felt such mixed emotions for the man; admiration for the way he put his life in jeopardy every day by spying for the Order, contempt for the way he had treated not just herself but her fellow classmates for the past seven years, respect for his intellect and most of all, curiosity. It was all a bit overwhelming. Two years had passed and here she was, feeling like a never-been-kissed sixteen year old again. However, that wasn't the case anymore. She had lost her virginity to Ron while they were dating and even though the pair had broken up what seemed like ages ago, they still had a go every once in a while for old times sake. But even with her lack of experience, Hermione knew that the right feelings were never there between she and Ron. There was no intensity, no passion, and those were two traits that Hermione held dear to her and applied to every endeavor she embarked upon.

Glancing up again at Professor Snape, Hermione made up her mind in that instant and felt a wave of courage pass through her. Smiling broadly she knew that it was time for her to finally find out if what she had believed about Snape for so long, was actually true.

Severus looked down at the girl in his arms -correction- the young woman in his arms as she smiled at him and felt a surge of excitement go through his body. Hermione had been quiet throughout both of their dances, quite obviously lost in her thoughts as her brow had been furrowed and she had been biting her bottom lip the entire time. An expression that Severus had become familiar with over the past years while she was his student.

*'If I had known that this is what it took to keep her quiet, I would have asked her to dance ages ago.'* He thought to himself with a hint of a smile.

She really had changed over the summer. And although she carried herself much differently than she did as a student and was more subdued, Severus had seen that familiar spark come to life more than once at the dinner table while engaged in conversation with the other staff members. Severus had always admired her passion, not just for learning but to really understand and immerse herself in whatever the subject may be. He was, to be quite honest, a bit envious. He had been passionate once, but all of that had been lost with the choices he made. Of course, he loved being a Potions Master, but teaching was not something he even remotely enjoyed. He had always wanted to do research and development, a field that he believed Miss Granger would have been brilliant in. But instead she had chosen Charms.

*'Charms'* he thought to himself in disgust, *'Nothing but foolish wand waving and silly incantations, what a waste of talent.'*

"Professor," she said quietly, breaking his thoughts, "Would you care to take a walk?"

Professor McGonagall watched her former student closely and nudged Professor Dumbledore, indicating the exiting couple to him with a worried frown.

"Do you think she'll be alright with him, Albus?"

The headmaster looked at his old friend solemnly over the top of his half-moon spectacles and chuckled, "I think that Severus is the one you should be concerned about, not Miss Granger. I expect she is more than capable of handling him should he get out of line."

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It was early September and the night air was unusually humid as Hermione and Severus walked down a path that led through the gardens. Neither spoke but the silence between them was not uncomfortable, it was almost familiar. They found themselves following the path out of the gardens and down to the edge of the lake where they stood gazing out over the still surface.

Suddenly very aware of how much her feet were aching, Hermione kicked off her shoes and sat down on the ground, tucking her legs beneath her and looked up at him expectantly.

Severus looked down at her, "Miss Granger, I do hope that you are not expecting me to join you down there."

"Of course not Professor, I wouldn't think that someone of your age would be able to get up and down very easily and it would be a shame for you to be stuck down here, by the lake." She deadpanned.

Severus raised an eyebrow, "Pardon?"

Hermione stifled a giggle at the astonished look on his face.

"She says little more than one sentence to me since she's returned and now she's calling me old?" Severus groused to no one in particular.

"If the wand fits..." she chimed innocently.

With a sneer, Severus conjured a blanket to cover the ground before sitting beside her looking decidedly uncomfortable and causing Hermione to giggle again.

"Miss Granger, may I ask what, exactly, you find so amusing about me?"

Hermione straightened up a bit and looked at him squarely. "I suppose that I never pictured you as the outdoorsy type." She replied, eyeing him curiously.

She had never had a chance to be this close to Professor Snape before and she was attempting to study his features covertly as he looked out over the water.

Needless to say, he wasn't strikingly handsome, that was obvious enough, but that wasn't what had attracted Hermione to him in the first place. He had that awful greasy hair that hung limply around his shoulders and his nose was so very large. Although, Hermione had heard from Lavender that men with big noses were well endowed in other areas. However she had heard that same thing about men with big hands and feet and Ron had hands the size of dinner plates and feet like snow skis, but much to her dismay the rest of that theory came to a crashing halt.

Surreptitiously glancing at Professor Snape, Hermione wondered...

Severus sat beside Hermione and pondered what she had meant by 'not the outdoorsy type'. As they were sitting there, side by side, he could feel her looking at him.

The minutes passed by in silence and a little voice nagged at him in the back of his mind, *'Well, what are you waiting for? Say something for Merlin's sake. You've been wanting to speak with her since she arrived and now that you have the chance, you're sitting here like a twit.'*

Hermione sighed as the minutes dragged by. She liked silence, but this was almost unbearable. *'For Merlin's sake, would he say something already! What is he waiting for?'*

Hermione could have slapped herself just then. *What is he waiting for?*

*'Why do I have to wait for him?' She thought in annoyance, 'He's been watching me since I got here -don't think I didn't notice- and I know what I want. I think.'*

Steeling her resolve, Hermione rose from the blanket and walked to the water's edge to dip her toes in.

This time both of his eyebrows shot up, "What do you think you are about to do Miss Granger?"

"I *think* that I am about to break about a dozen school rules." She looked at him mischievously, "Would you care to join me?"

Much to her surprise, he jumped up and kicked off his shoes, joining her at the edge of the water,

He gave her a stern look, "Maybe not a dozen, just three or four."

And before he realized what she was doing, Hermione unclasped the front of her robes and shimmied out of the heavy material, letting the fabric pool around her feet. She stood beside Severus in nothing but her bra and panties.

Flashing him a wolfish grin she slowly made her way into the water, diving under when it got deep enough. She surfaced and turned to face him, "Are you coming?" she called.

Severus stood dumbfounded for a moment. He had just seen Hermione Granger in her undergarments. And he had liked it. The rational part of him was screaming at him how wrong this entire scenario was, however, the irrational part seemed to be much, much louder. He was a man, after all.

What was he supposed to do?

The little voice in his head returned, this time much nastier than before, *'If I have to tell you what to do, then you really don't deserve it, do you?'*

"Oh, shut up already." he muttered under his breath.

Casting a disillusionment charm to shield them from prying eyes, Severus followed her lead and stripped down to his boxers and made his way in to the water.

Hermione watched him from the water as he undressed and could feel her nipples harden at the sight of him, despite the warmth of the water around her. His body was just as she had imagined. He had broad shoulders and a strong chest and arms, but not too bulky. His skin was very pale, almost translucent, and she noticed that he had a light dusting of dark hair that began at his navel and traveled below the waistband of his boxers. She watched him disappear under the water only to come up directly in front of her.

She looked exquisite in the moonlight and before he could stop himself he reached out and ran his finger softly along her cheek, causing her to shiver. But she didn't move away from him, instead she reached up, took his hand and brought it to her lips, kissing the palm gently before pulling him close to her. He wrapped his arms around her waist and she slid her arms around his neck and for a moment they just held one another.

She gazed at him intently before slowly leaning in to press her lips softly to his. She ran her tongue along his bottom lip and he kissed her back, tasting one another. Tangling her hands in his wet hair she pulled him to her as his lips left hers and traveled slowly along her jaw to the hollow just beneath her ear. He inhaled her sweet scent and she tilted her head back at the feeling of his warm lips on her cool skin. His mouth worked its way down the curve of her neck to her delicate collarbone and she leaned back a little, willing him to go further. With one swift motion he reached down and lifted her legs around his waist and gripped her under her arse, pulling her hips tightly against his. The water made them virtually weightless so she had no trouble holding herself against him. He moved his hands up her sides and around her back to unhook her bra, sliding the straps down her arms he admired her small breasts before cupping them in his hands. He ran his thumbs over her hard nipples, eliciting a soft whimper as she wrapped her legs tighter around him. She arched her back as he lowered his head to take one of her hardened peaks into his mouth, sucking gently at first before nipping at the sensitive skin while pinching her other nipple between his fingers. The alternating sensations of his tongue and teeth on her was almost more than she could bear and she felt that familiar tingling sensation spreading down her body, causing an intense ache between her legs. The feeling of his hard cock pressing between her legs caused her to begin to slowly rock her hips against him searching for a way to release herself. Groaning against her skin, he looked up into her eyes which were now dark with lust.

He pulled her against him roughly, thrusting his tongue into her mouth almost possessively and she answered back with a sharp bite on his bottom lip. His hand made its way down between their bodies and he could feel her heat through the silky material of her panties as he stroked her up and down. Finding the waistband he moved his hand beneath it and slid one finger into her tight entrance before stroking her swollen clit. He moved his fingers over her at an almost torturously slow pace, teasing her to the edge over and over again before finally spreading her knees wider to allow him to slip one finger inside of her, then another while his thumb continued in circles on her

clit. He watched her face intently, enjoying her reaction to his touch. Her eyes were closed and her lips were parted slightly as she moved in rhythm with his motions, pressing herself desperately against his fingers as a blinding heat coursed through her body. She cried out as wave after wave of pleasure consumed her, burying her head against his shoulder as he held her tightly, waiting for the sensations to slowly subside before her breathing returned to normal.

She lifted her head and met his gaze. "Severus..." she whispered.

He didn't need any more encouragement than that. With her legs still wrapped tightly around his waist, he made his way out of the water, laying her gently on the blanket. He kneeled above her between her legs and hooked his fingers in the waistband of her panties as she raised her hips to allow him to slide them off of her. Murmuring a simple charm under his breath, the blanket beneath them became thicker and softer to cushion them against the hard ground. She raised herself up on her elbows to admire him as he stood up and removed his boxers revealing his very large erection.

'So it is true!' She thought happily as she reached out and took his hand to pull him on top of her as she lay back, enjoying the feeling of his warm skin against hers. Leaning down, he kissed her gently as she caressed his back, feeling the sinewy muscles beneath her hands. He shivered slightly as her warm hands made their way up to his shoulders and into his hair. Lifting himself off of her a little, he slid his hand down between her legs and positioned himself at her opening. He pushed into her, letting the tight heat engulf him. She gasped a little and dug her nails into his shoulder as he entered her completely.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked as she flinched under him.

"A little, but I'll be alright." She said confidently.

His eyes grew wide and he began to stammer, "You're not...I mean...this isn't?"

She giggled, "No, this isn't my first time, but I have only been with one other."

A look of relief crossed over his face before he realized who the other one was. If memory served him correctly, the only person he could recall seeing her romantically attached to was Ronald Weasley. His stomach turned at the thought of that red-haired oaf pumping away on top of her.

She leaned up to kiss him and as she trailed her tongue along his neck, all thoughts of Mr. Weasley quickly faded. He stilled for a moment before beginning to move slowly as to allow her body to become adjusted to the feeling of him within her, but she quickly became frustrated and lifted her hips to meet his movements. Raking her nails across the pale skin of his back she growled, "Harder" and lifted her knees to spread her legs further apart allowing him to penetrate her more deeply. He thrust into her repeatedly, becoming more aroused at the sight of her writhing beneath him with such complete abandon. Feeling her tight walls around him, Severus knew that he wasn't going to be able to hold back much longer. Hermione felt him entering her over and over again and savored the exquisite feeling every time he pushed himself deeper into her. As she climaxed, her muscles clenched around his cock and with one final thrust, Severus cried out as he emptied himself deep within her, his whole body trembling as he came. Spent, he collapsed on top of her and felt her hands on his back, gently stroking him until he relaxed. Not wanting to crush her beneath him, Severus deftly rolled them over onto their sides so that they were lying face to face and conjured another blanket to cover them. Hermione rested her forehead against his and closed her eyes as he pulled her close to him.

They lay in silence for several minutes before she finally spoke. "I suppose that it's a very good thing I'm not a student here anymore. I believe that I broke *more* than a few school rules this evening, wouldn't you agree?"

Severus opened his eyes to find her grinning up at him again.

With an evil smirk, he replied, "I'm not so sure about that Miss Granger. I believe that I would have thoroughly enjoyed the look on Minerva's face in the morning when she discovered the loss of *all* of her House points."