

# A Practical Approach

*by themistresssnape*

An epidemic of pregnancy after the celebration of Voldemort's demise spurs a mandatory Sex Ed class to be taught at Hogwarts. Heaven help the seventh years.

## Parts I & II

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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*An answer to SS Lupin and draconita's Sex Ed Challenge on Potter Place. May you find it entertaining, as this is my first foray into challenge writing. Don't sue me, because I'm not making any money off this, just a few fits and giggles.*

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### Part I: YOU WANT TO TEACH ME WAHT!?

*Seventh year, thank Merlin*, thought Hermione Granger as she squeezed into her seat between Ron Weasley and Harry Potter...The Boy Who Lived Yet Again...at the Gryffindor table. The train ride had been one long jubilation, people popping into their compartment to congratulate them on a well-fought Final Battle. After the first hour or so it became more of a headache than an ego boost, which forced Hermione to lock and ward their door.

The ruckus in the Great Hall was nearly deafening as the party that had begun on the train carried over into the school. The teachers, all safe and accounted for, were lining the High Table and looking a little less enthusiastic than the students. Professor Snape, for instance, looked... well, pissed. More so than usual anyway. McGonagall didn't look too much happier than he did as she stalked between the House tables toward the entrance hall to collect the first years.

"Looks like it's going to be an interesting year, huh," Harry said, watching his Head of House disappear through the double doors. "At least we'll be done with Snape."

"How many times do I have to tell you, Harry? It's Professor Snape. He saved your arse in battle and you're still acting childish," Hermione grumbled, still fighting a headache after the noise on the train. The racket everyone was making now certainly wasn't helping things. "Won't these idiots ever shut up!"

Ron tried desperately not to laugh as Hermione folded her arms on the table and dropped her head onto them, her bushy hair flopping over the table. She had been grumbling and snapping at everyone since they left King's Cross, shouting things like "The War ended three months ago, you know!" down the corridors as Pop-It's, firecrackers, and sparklers went off along the length of the train. Hermione had eventually gotten so fed up with the noise that she covered her ears and screamed, refusing to go to the prefect's car and give out directions as Head Girl.

Luna Lovegood bustled over from the Ravenclaw table, her radish earrings swinging and a dreamy look in her wide eyes. She sank down on the bench across from Hermione and smiled. As if it were the most natural thing to say to people one hasn't seen in three months, Luna opened her mouth and simply said, "I'm having a baby."

Hermione's head shot up, her eyes wide. Her mouth dropped open and she gaped like a fish for a few moments before she found her voice. "**WHAT!**" she screeched. "How in the hell did that happen?"

Harry and Ron exchanged surprised looks and tried to suppress their laughter. Luna's smile was strained as she too tried not to laugh directly in Hermione's face. "You mean you don't know where babies come from?" she asked, pressing her hand to her mouth to keep her giggles at bay.

Sighing heavily, Hermione grimaced at the three of them. "For goodness sake! Yes, I *do* know where babies come from. I didn't quite mean*how* as much as *when*. And *who* for that matter... Holy shite, Luna, you're going to have that baby here at Hogwarts. You do realize that, don't you?"

Luna continued to grin dreamily, catching Neville's eye as he returned to his seat between Dean and Seamus. He blushed to the tips of his ears and smiled nervously. Hermione's jaw dropped. "*Neville!* You... you had... *sex*," she sounded scandalized, "with *Neville?*"

"What'd his grandmother say?" Ron asked quietly. He knew that if his mum found out he'd gotten some girl pregnant, she'd castrate him.

Luna shrugged and stood up as the doors opened for Professor McGonagall to enter with the first years. "Gave Neville a bit of gold, wished us luck, and said to Floo her if we ever needed anything. We're thinking of getting married at Christmas." With that, she flashed them all another dreamy smile and disappeared back to the Ravenclaw table.

The Sorting began as the twenty odd nervous looking first years were called up one at a time to don the Sorting Hat. Hermione, for perhaps the first time, wasn't paying any attention to how many new faces joined Gryffindor House. Instead, she was busy looking around the Great Hall at the faces that were familiar. She'd heard over the summer that Draco, who turned out to not be so bad after all, had gotten engaged to Pansy Parkinson. Rumor was that Narcissa had caught them in a compromising position and forced them into the engagement. Ginny had whispered on the train that Molly told her Cho was pregnant, but that Roger Davies...who Cho swore was the father...refused to acknowledge the child was his.

There were three Hufflepuff girls...Susan Bones and two others Hermione didn't know...who were nauseous on the train. She had overheard Susan telling Padma Patil that she had been sick every morning for the last month. As the Sorting drew on, Hermione continued to mentally go through the list of the Upper Sixth and Seventh girls, cataloging every piece of gossip she had heard over the summer break. By the time the food appeared on the House tables, she had concluded that nearly half of her female classmates in sixth and seventh year were pregnant. But, of course, that was if the gossip could be believed.

Parvati, who was sitting across the table from Dean, was looking decidedly green around the gills by the time dessert disappeared, even though she hadn't eaten much. The students' attention was swiftly drawn up to the High Table where Headmaster Dumbledore had stood to give his usual start of term notices.

"To all of our new students, welcome! We are more than pleased to have you here with us in such a triumphant new year. To our returning scholars, welcome back! And a job well done in June! Now, the new students must make note that the Forbidden Forrest is off limits to all students. I should think a few of our older students should have learned that as well, but I am not so foolish as to go out on that limb." He smiled fondly at the Gryffindor table before his eyes lost their twinkle and his face grew serious.

"As some of you are... *uncomfortably* aware, the celebrations taking place after Lord Voldemort's demise have left us with a bit of a quandary. In the coming months, many of you will realize just what type of problem we have on our hands here at Hogwarts. Although we are not here to undermine anything your parents have...or have not, however the case may be...told you about... ah, *the birds and the bees*, the Ministry and the school's Board of Governors have instituted a mandatory course in sexual education for all students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"Now, I must assure you that each class will be age appropriate and taught by a member of the staff of the same gender as the students. For this reason, the boys and girls will be separated into different classes, which will take place each Tuesday and Thursday directly following the afternoon break. Classes will be broken down as follows: first and second years of all Houses will be together, as will the third through fifth years and the sixth and seventh years. You will receive your instructor and room assignments on your schedules as they are handed out in the morning.

"With that said, off to bed with you. We want to see you bright eyed and bushy tailed for breakfast in the morning. Good night!" Professor Dumbledore waved his hands and the double doors of the Great Hall swung open. The prefects of each House began leading their new arrivals to their dormitories. Ron, Harry, and Hermione fell in step behind the swelling mob caught in the bottleneck trying to get out into the entrance hall.

Hermione looked around and dropped her voice. "Wonder who'll be teaching the girl's class?"

Ron fought back a grin and a fit of giggles. "With your luck, 'Mione, you'll learn about the 'birds and the bees' from Trelawny." He ducked as Hermione tried to swat him in the back of the head and stuck her tongue out at him. "Betcha that was why Snape looked so sour. He's gotta teach all those midgets about sex. You just know that he's going to be twice as bad to us in class just to get that out of his system."

Hermione shook her head, her curls nearly smacking Neville, who was treading behind them with his arm around Luna, in the face. "I don't think Professor Snape will be teaching the lower classes, Ron. He's not patient, that's for sure, and he'd probably scare the poor things frigid. No, I think Professor Flitwick will get the lower level boys. He's got the disposition for it."

"Well, then, who the hell does Snape have to teach?"

Harry swallowed hard and looked like he was going to be sick. "Us. Bloody hell, he's going to teach us."

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## PART II: HAVE YOU GOT YOUR MENSES, HARRY?

There was much groaning and grumbling among the Upper Sixth and Seventh boys the next morning as the schedules were handed out. There it was in black and white, just as Harry had predicted. *Sexual Education. Instructor: Professor S. Snape. Potions Classroom.* Ron nearly gagged over his toast and kippers. Neville went completely white and pushed his breakfast to the side. The only ones who didn't seem terribly disgusted by the prospect of Sex Ed with Snape were, predictably, the Slytherins.

"Come on, Harry, let's skive off this one. We already know about sex, and I don't think I could stomach hearing that git talk about dic... all that stuff. I'll be scarred for life." Ron was looking at Harry with a pleading look on his face.

Hermione, who should have known better than to be surprised, smacked the both of them in the back of the head. Harry's glasses slipped off his nose and landed with a muffled squishing sound in his eggs. "You will not skive off Professor Snape's class! He knows you're supposed to be there, and he'll really scar you for life if you don't show up!" She shoved a forkful of eggs and bacon into her mouth and mumbled, "At least you don't have to hear about getting your menses from Professor McGonagall."

"No," Ron choked. "We've got to hear about getting our menses from Snape! And why in the bloody hell are we talking about menses at breakfast? What's a menses anyway?"

Her face turning three shades of red from trying not to spew her breakfast all over him, Hermione practically beat her fist on Harry's arm. She gestured for him to give her a glass of pumpkin juice and drank deeply. Drawing a deep breath, she trained her eyes on Ron and tried to discern whether or not he was joking. "Ronald, if you and Harry 'get your menses' something is terribly wrong with the two of you." She turned to Harry with a mock stern face. "You haven't got your period yet, have you, Harry?"

Ron blanched and looked as if he was about to fall under the table. "That's even worse. Hearing about your per... you know... from Snape! Murder me, Harry. Murder me now."

The bell rang over their heads and the noise level of the Great Hall rose to fever pitch as nearly two hundred students made their way to class. Hermione parted ways with the boys at the bottom of the stairs. She was off to Arithmancy; they were on their way to Care of Magical Creatures. Groups of students were packed together in the halls and making their way down the lawn, discussing which teacher they'd be sitting Sex Ed with. It wasn't hard to tell who would be suffering under Professor Snape, they all

looked terribly ill.

The afternoon break came and went faster than any of them wanted it to. Harry and Ron joined the queue outside of Snape's classroom, trying desperately to make small talk with the other Gryffindors. They were only there for a moment before the dungeon door swung open and Snape swept out, his robes billowing. He pointed a stern finger in the direction of the classroom and sneered.

"Well, get the hell in there! I don't have all bloody afternoon, and I want to get this ridiculous excuse for lewd conversation over with as soon as possible!" He practically growled at them as they passed, hastening their footsteps as they packed themselves into the classroom.

The door slammed shut, the only sound the crunching of Snape's boots on the stone floor. He crossed to the front of the room and glared at them. "Let's get this disposed of as quickly as possible. What is puberty?"

A hand shot up in the back of the room, and Dean Thomas stood up. "When you want to start wanking off." A snicker went through the room. Even Snape's lip curled up a bit.

"Indeed, Mister Thomas. Shall we be a bit more scientific in that explanation?"

The inquisition went on for nearly an hour, covering everything from the female period and conception to sexually transmitted diseases and prophylactics. Professor Snape finally leaned against the corner of his desk, folding his arms over his chest. His facial expression relaxed as he surveyed the room. "Now, seeing as I have covered the entire curriculum set by the Board of Governors, we shall move on to other matters. We have the remaining thirty minutes of this class to discuss whatever issues you feel are important."

There were a few moments of uneasy muttering as Snape stood expectantly at the front of the room. After a long silence, he rolled his eyes and cleared his throat to regain their attention. "Let me rephrase my question. What do you want to learn how to do so you don't look like idiotic virgins when you finally do bed someone?"

Ron and Harry exchanged surprised looks. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

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**Notes from The Mistress:** I can't believe I've actually written this, it's so horrid. I have no chance whatsoever of winning, but at least it's fun and gives me an excuse to write a little Hermione/Severus smut. The final installment, Parts III and IV, coming soon. Reviews and critiques are always welcome--actually, they're encouraged!

## Parts III & IV

### Chapter 2 of 2

Class with McGonagall and Hermione's curiosity gets the better of her.

#### PART III: YOU'RE TRYING TO SCARE ME CELEBRATE, AREN'T YOU?

Hermione felt whatever sex drive she thought she had rapidly disappearing. She didn't think she'd ever look at Professor McGonagall without bitterness again. The Upper Sixth and Seventh girls had been barraged with statistics and overly technical explanations of the dangers of sexual intercourse, diseases, and pregnancy from the moment they set foot in the Transfiguration classroom. It was quite clear how McGonagall was approaching the task of informing the girls about sex. She was trying to scare them all into a life as spinsters and completely take all the fun out of sex to start with!

"Sexual intercourse," said Professor McGonagall, squeezing her eyes shut and looking a bit sick at having to say those words, "is a means of procreation only. However, the miracle of life, once conception has taken place and gestation has begun, is a life-threatening situation for the expectant witch. Statistics show that sixty-eight per cent of witches and forty-seven per cent of children die during childbirth. For that reason, a witch has a two in three chance of dying while giving birth. Now... yes, Miss Granger?"

Hermione lowered her hand and checked her notes quickly before speaking. "Those statistics sound far too high, Professor. Shouldn't those numbers have gone down with the modern medical advancements? Muggle numbers have dropped drastically with the advent of better prenatal care. I should think St. Mungo's has a successful prenatal care unit, don't they?"

Professor McGonagall looked pained at being called to task on her tactics. Indeed, the numbers she provided to the girls were at least thirty-five years old. But they didn't need to know that. "I assure you, Miss Granger, I am qualified to teach this course. Now if you please, keep your questions to yourself. We may get through this with as little pain as possible if you do."

That evening the Upper Sixth and Seventh girls were in a right foul mood. Hermione threw her bag beneath the table and shoved Ron aside to make room on the bench. "What's twisted your knickers?" he asked as she speared a potato on her knife.

"Nothing is ever going to twist my knickers again! That woman has practically put a chastity belt on the lot of us! And she's thrown away the key, too," she grumbled, causing Ron and Harry to break into grins. "I feel so sorry for Luna and the other girls who are pregnant. She's scared them to death with all her talk of how many witches and babies die during labor. *Minerva McGonagall should not teach sexual education to anyone but a bunch of old biddies!*"

Harry nearly choked on his steak and kidney pie as Hermione's shrill voice nearly carried through the entire Great Hall. He regained his composure and flashed her what he hoped was a sympathetic grin. "Sorry about that, Hermione. If it makes you feel better, Snape's class isn't all that great either."

"Liar," Ron shot back, his fork halfway to his mouth. "That's the best class we'll have all year. Never thought I'd be going to Snape for sex advice."

"What do you mean you're going to Snape for sex advice?" she asked, her curiosity peaking. "You'd think he was absolutely pissed at having to teach that class."

"Humiliated as hell to hear him talk about it. But he says he'll be damned if he has to teach us Sex Ed and we don't learn *something* useful from it."

And so it began. Every Tuesday and Thursday they would traipse off to their respective classes, the boys with less trepidation than the girls. While Professor Snape continued to instruct the boys on the finer points of sexual prowess, Professor McGonagall continued to pound home the idea that the girls could die if they had sex. By the end of September, the girls who were pregnant were in tears almost constantly. The boys, however, were quite vocal about how comfortable they were in Professor Snape's class.

*That's it, Hermione thought on the first Monday of October. I'm going to find out exactly what's so great about that class!*

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#### PART IV: ARE YOU IN NEED OF A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION, MISS GRANGER?

She thought that Harry and Ron would never leave. Hermione had waited in the Gryffindor common room all through the afternoon break for a chance to sneak up to the boy's dormitory. She had told Professor McGonagall at breakfast that she wasn't feeling well and to not expect her in class this afternoon. Now all she needed was to get into Harry's trunk and get down to the dungeons before Professor Snape started class.

*Must be my lucky day* she thought as she slipped through the door leading to the seventh year boys' dorm. Harry's trunk was sitting at the foot of his bed, the lock hanging open. Hermione could barely contain her glee at her plan going so well so far. She pushed open Harry's trunk and pulled out his Invisibility Cloak, letting the cool fabric slide through her fingers. *Okay, five minutes to get to the dungeons. I think I can make it.*

Hermione threw the cloak over her head and rushed as quickly as she could through the castle, trying her best not to run into anyone or draw attention to herself by doing something stupid. She was terribly out of breath by the time she made it to the queue outside of Professor Snape's classroom. The door had just swung open and the boys were filing inside as Snape scowled at them.

"Hurry up, we've got a lot to cover today. We weren't able to cover half of what I wanted to during our last meeting," Snape grumbled as the last of the boys stepped by him into the classroom. Hermione barely made it through the door before Snape slammed it shut behind him. She sank onto a stool in the back corner and waited.

"Cunniligus," said Snape from the front of the classroom, leaning against the edge of his desk. "If I recall correctly, we were able to engage in a brief discussion of the subject during our last class period. Now we shall go into a bit more detail on how to do this correctly."

Hermione gasped aloud before she could catch herself and cover her mouth. Snape's dark eyes flashed toward the corner where she sat and lingered there for a long moment. Fear spread through her as he smirked and turned back to the class. He knew she was there! She was certain of it. He was going to swoop back there, his dark robes billowing, and pull the Invisibility Cloak off of her. He would humiliate her and send her to Professor McGonagall, who would surely write her parents and put her in detention.

Much to her surprise, however, Professor Snape continued on with his lecture. "The most important thing is to remember that you are trying to please your partner. Do not force them to participate in cunniligus if they are not comfortable with the idea. Assuming that you *do* have a willing partner, there are certain actions that are almost universally appreciated by females who receive cunniligus.

"Number one. You yourself must be confident in what you are doing. Make sure that your partner enjoys the sensations, yes, but do not stop every two seconds and ask for their direction. Follow the cues that they give you non-verbally. For instance," he said, holding out his hand and beginning to count his points off on his fingers. "Pay attention to her moans and sighs. She will usually clue you in rather quickly on what she enjoys the most. If she is indeed enjoying your attentions, it is most likely that her hips may begin to move against your face. Again, I must stress that you must be comfortable with what you are doing. If you are not, she will not enjoy it, and she would be very unlikely to return the favor later on.

"Number two. Once you have taken note of what your partner enjoys, concentrate on those particular areas. Some women would rather have their partner penetrate them with their tongue. Others prefer to have their partner suck on their clitoris while penetrating them with their fingers. The importance of paying attention is paramount if you wish to please your partner."

His eyes fell on Hermione again, and she felt as if he could see right through the Invisibility Cloak. Her face was warm with the blush rising up her cheeks, and her thighs were clenched together against the sudden throbbing in her sex. She had read about cunniligus before, so the information wasn't all that new. What was new was hearing it spoken of in that voice of his. No matter how clinical and *modest* he was being in his descriptions, he certainly had a stain in her knickers by now.

"Number three, and do try to remember this one! If you are feeling particularly amorous once your partner has reached orgasm, do seek her permission to kiss her before you do. Some women find the thought of being kissed on the mouth directly after receiving cunniligus a disgusting thing. Others don't mind it so much. Again, pay attention to you partner. The key to pleasing your partner and being pleased yourself during sex is to pay attention to each other."

Hermione's heart was pounding so loud she was sure he could hear it in the front of the room. She felt as if she couldn't catch her breath, and it was getting unbearably hot beneath the cloak. His voice was settling around her, the deliciously forbidden way his mouth wrapped around the word *orgasm* was enough to nearly make her do such a thing. On and on he went, for the entire period, explaining to them the best way to go about pleasuring their partners. He was quite adamant about the technique of tracing the alphabet or spelling their partner's name over her clitoris with their tongue. The thought of Severus Snape on his knees between her thighs and spelling out her ridiculously long name with his tongue nearly drove her insane. She clasped her legs tighter together to ease the throbbing, but only succeeded in putting more pressure on her swollen clit.

The bell rang over their heads, and the boys began filing out of the room. Hermione scrambled to her feet, breathing heavily, and carefully made her way across the back of the room toward the line at the door. She was glad that she had been excused from the rest of her classes because she was sure she'd need a bit of time to herself after hearing all that. It wouldn't have surprised her if she had a stain on her skirt.

The last of the boys had slipped through the door as Professor Snape came up behind her. There was a wave of his wand and the classroom door slammed shut, the gust of wind rustling the Invisibility Cloak enough that her shoes became visible for a moment. Hermione held her breath and steeled herself. She knew she had been caught. This was it: she had made it six years and had...more often than not...kept her curiosity at bay. But not today, no, she was going to lose her position as Head Girl and quite possibly get kicked out of school.

His long, slender fingers snatched the fabric of the cloak and pulled it away from her form. He tossed it aside as he grasped her shoulders and turned her around to face him. His breath caught at the positively wanton sight that met his eyes. A faint blush suffused her cheeks and her bottom lip was swollen from her constant habit of nibbling on it. Her hair was tousled over her shoulder from the sudden removal of the cloak and her eyes were dilated until only a thin ring of amber was visible. Her chest was heaving as she tried to regain her breath, the rise and fall of her pert, young breasts drawing his attention.

He smirked and began backing her against the door. The idea of having the perfect little Gryffindor Head Girl sneaking into his Sex Ed class was enough to have his blood boiling. He was surprised he could still think straight, as much of the blood in his brain had diverted to other regions of his body. "I take it you enjoyed my lecture today, Miss Granger?" he purred as her back made contact with the door. He loomed over her, holding her gaze but keeping just out of reach.

Hermione looked at him dumbly for a moment before nodding firmly. The throb in her sex was practically unbearable now that he was so close to her. She could feel the heat radiating off of him, making the air around her stifling. Her fingers itched to reach out to him, but she was petrified of what he would do if she moved.

Severus watched her for a while, easily reading the play of emotions and thoughts over her face. He stepped forward until he was flush against her, knees to chest, and smirked when she gasped at the erection pressed into her soft belly. "Would you like a practical demonstration of today's lecture, Miss Granger? Or would you prefer to go back to your room and take care of your situation on your own?"

Tingles shot through her at his blatant reference to her pleasuring herself after listening to his lecture. She breathed deeply, pressing her breasts into his chest and squirmed at the jolt that shot from her taut nipples straight to her core. She swallowed and licked her lips, tasting the salty sweat that had gathered on her upper lip. "I, uh... I think I... um, I may have misunderstood that bit about the alphabet, Professor," she stammered, keeping her eyes locked with his. She felt the heat rising in her cheeks and looked at him sheepishly. "Would you mind... um, you know... showing me?"

Before she could register what she had said, Severus growled and swooped down on her. He pinned her against the door as he kissed her feverishly. He sucked her

bottom lip into his mouth and nibbled on it for a moment before tracing his tongue over the seam of her lips, demanding entrance. She groaned and opened to him, returning his kiss more enthusiastically than he could have hoped for. She arched up against him and he slipped one arm around her back while the other twined in the curls at the base of her skull.

He pulled away, panting for breath, and looked down into her upturned face. Her eyes were still closed, her glistening, swollen lips parted slightly. Severus was afraid she had fainted until she opened her eyes and stared happily up at him. "Nobody should be able to kiss that good. It's a sin, that is," she mumbled before hooking her fingers behind his neck and pulling his lips back to hers.

Severus absently waved his hand to lock and ward the classroom door against intruders and to prevent anyone outside from hearing what was going on. He crushed her against him and began backing away from the door toward the nearest table. He maneuvered them until the back of her thighs made contact with the edge of the table. She pulled away from him, panting and looking positively delectable.

Drawing his wand, Severus stepped back from her and pointed it at her stomach. He murmured a quick charm, replaced his wand in his robes, and moved back to her. He slipped his hands beneath her arse and lifted her onto the table, splaying her thighs open as he did so. "Better safe than sorry, as the Muggles say," he murmured, pulling her jumper over her head and making short work of the buttons on her blouse.

He pushed the blouse off her shoulders and arranged it on the table behind her. He bunched up her jumper into a ball and guided her down onto her back, placing the makeshift pillow behind her head before tracing his fingers over her satin covered breasts. She groaned as his thumbs grazed over her sensitive nipples. He smirked. "It seems you learned that lesson particularly well. And what would you do if I did this?" He leaned over her and kissed the soft swells of her breasts before taking one nipple in his mouth. He laved it with his tongue and sucked gently, growing harder by the second as she gasped and moaned as he gave her other breast the same attention.

Severus met her eyes and grinned at her. He slipped his hands beneath her skirt and pulled her knickers down her legs. He straightened and brought them to his nose, growling at the smell of her arousal. Dropping her knickers on the floor, he pushed her skirt up, laying it over the gentle curve of her belly, and knelt at the end of the table. He was just tall enough to manage the maneuver, as his shoulders were level with the edge. He slipped off her shoes and took in the surprising erotic sight of the Hogwarts Head Girl draped over his lab table in her knee socks, her satin bra stained with his saliva and her skirt thrown over her stomach.

"Put your feet up on my shoulders, love," he murmured, his breath washing over her wet core as she did so. Before she knew it, Severus' mouth had descended upon her, lapping his tongue along the length of her slit. He dipped into her opening and was rewarded with a shiver and a moan. He moved up to her swollen clit and began tracing her name with slow, light strokes. Her hips began to buck and he wrapped his arms around her thighs to hold her still. She began chanting his name as she climbed upwards and exploded, screaming at the top of her lungs.

"Oh dear gods, that's a sin, too," she moaned as he stood up and braced himself on the table. She looked up at him, his lips and chin glistening with her juices, and growled. She hooked her hand behind his neck and pulled him down against her, kissing him long and hard. He lowered himself down onto her, his cloth-covered erection nudging her sensitive button. She trembled as an aftershock ripped through her and gasped. "I suppose I should take care of that for you, hmm?"

Severus trailed kisses over her jaw and neck as he rocked his hips against her. "If you'd like, but I'd prefer if you would stay right where you are." He kissed her again and stood up, unzipping his trousers and pushing them off his hips along with his boxer shorts. When he leaned back over her, she opened her thighs as far as she could and scooted to the very edge of the table. She held her arms open to him as he thrust into her, sheathing himself fully. He pounded into her frantically, his forehead against hers as she held his weight against her.

Hermione was overwhelmed by how erotic the feeling of his almost completely clothed body against her was. She rocked her hips against his as she began spiraling upwards again. She came undone when he kissed her roughly, plundering her mouth just as he plundered her core. She broke away from him with a scream, his name on her lips as her muscles clenched around him. He followed her with a grunt a moment later.

They lay that way for a while trying to catch their breath. After a moment of silence, he kissed her softly and straightened, slipping out of her as he did. "Let's get you cleaned up," he said, waiving his wand and muttering a cleansing spell. He handed her knickers to her and they dressed in silence.

Hermione pulled her jumper over her head and was surprised when Severus pulled her hair from the collar. When she turned to him, she smiled softly and gathered Harry's Invisibility Cloak in her arms. "I believe I understand now, Professor. Thank you for your... tutoring."

Smirking, Severus kissed her forehead and then crossed his arms over his chest. "Nonsense, Miss Granger. You will report here twice a week for further tutoring until I have deemed you have a firm grasp of the subject."

Blushing, she flashed him a more assured smile. "Yes, Professor," she said, slipping the cloak over her head and disappearing from sight.

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**Notes from The Mistress:** Hope you all enjoyed this blatant reason for a little Hermione/Severus smut. Now, on to the important stuff... PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE VOTE FOR ME! I'm quite willing to share Severus for a bit if you do! ;)