

# Compromising Positions

*by lady\_rhian*

Hermione is teasing, Severus is frustrated, and what will happen when they get caught? A humorous response to the "seedy secondary character challenge" at the grangersnape100.

## Compromised

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** It all belongs to JKR; I just take them out and play with them...

**A/N:** This is meant to be an entirely comical situation. Thanks to the lovely ladies at the gs100 for the inspiration, as always.

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Severus felt like he was about to...

What was the Muggle phrase?

Ah, yes. Spontaneously combust.

Hermione, the damned chit, had been tantalizingly... no, annoyingly... teasing him all evening. You'd think that the week after the Final Battle would be fraught with relieved tension.

And not, mind you, *sexual* tension.

It was everywhere. The Boy Who Lived was also The Boy Who Got Laid Nightly Without Molly Weasley's Knowledge.

Tonks and Lupin had been spotted in a broom closet.

Bugger all, he'd even caught Arthur and Molly in a compromising embrace!

"There you are."

Christ.

"Not now, Miss Granger."

"Oh, yes."

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"You can't avoid me forever, Professor..."

She shoved him against the wall and pressed her lips to his before he could stop himself.

Her tongue darted out.

His control broke.

"Hermione..."

He groaned and swung her around, pushing her against the wall, nudging his knee in between her thighs.

"Severus..."

"Remind me," he started, "exactly why we play the professor game."

She chuckled. "Because it's so fun to watch you squirm."

"Fun for whom?" he murmured against her ear, dropping his hands down her torso, reveling in her body's reaction to his voice. It always seemed like the first time...

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There was suddenly a bright flash out of the corner of his eye.

He turned abruptly and saw Mundungus Fletcher standing there, a goofy grin on his face and a camera in his hand.

"Dung," he said tersely. "Give me the camera."

"This'll fetch a good price..."

"The *Prophet* would never print..." Hermione started.

"*Playwitch* would!" Dung insisted, leaning against the wall.

Severus pushed himself away from the wall. Hermione was quivering with laughter.

"Come off it, Dung," Hermione said good-naturedly. "Severus and I are both adults."

"You're barely..." Dung started, his eyes sweeping over her flushed, nubile form.

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Hermione sucked in her breath as she saw Severus slam Dung against the wall, his hand at the crook's throat.

"Give me the camera," he ordered threateningly.

Dung gulped – well, as much as he could gulp, being choked – and handed the camera to the domineering professor. Severus released his hand immediately.

"Leave."

Dung nodded and walked away from the couple quickly. He glanced over his shoulder as he rounded the corner. He couldn't tell for sure, but he thought he saw Severus being dragged into a bedroom.

He quirked a smile. *Well, at least someone's getting some around here.*

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*Addendum:* There actually is a Playwitch website. No joke. It's highly entertaining. ;)