

Positions

by lady_rhian

Minerva wants a word with Hermione - but what will that mean for Hermione and Severus?

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Chapter 1 of 1

Minerva wants a word with Hermione - but what will that mean for Hermione and Severus?

Disclaimer: It's not mine, but you already knew that. :)

A/N: Inspired by the "Minerva wants a word" challenge at the gs100. Enjoy!

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"Hermione, my dear! It is so good to see you," Minerva said warmly, wrapping her ex-student in big bear hug.

"Same to you, Minerva. How are you today?" Hermione asked.

"Wonderful. I just wanted a brief word. What are your plans for the fall?"

"Nothing as of yet," Hermione started slowly, surprised. "The Ministry has offered me a variety of positions, but they are all..."

"Lacking in challenge?"

Hermione nodded.

Minerva sighed impatiently. "Yes, they tend to be. They lure our best and brightest to seemingly powerful, silly, insipid jobs." She looked Hermione straight in the eye.

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"I'd like to offer you a job for the fall season. Filius is going on holiday with his wife in Greece due to extenuating circumstances, and I am in need of an individual with a Masters in Charms, who preferably is familiar with the curricula and who has the temperament to deal with our students. You happen to be exceedingly qualified on all counts." Minerva smiled, eyes sparkling. "Just for fall. Are you interested?"

"Very," Hermione blurted out, the excitement of opportunity thrumming through her veins.

"So *this* is our new replacement for Filius?" A rich voice sounded from behind her.

The image of his billowing robes filled her mind as she stood, staring at Minerva, refusing to turn and acknowledge his presence.

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"Severus," Minerva greeted him warmly. "Yes, I have offered the position to Hermione first. I think she would be an exceptional substitute for Filius. She's not replacing him, by any means."

"You'll have your favorite drinking companion back after the fall term, Professor," Hermione said quickly, looking out the window at the gleaming countryside.

There was a moment of silence.

"Of course," Severus said smoothly.

"So you'll take the position, Hermione?" Minerva inquired.

Hermione looked up, smiling. "Of course," she said sweetly, looking at Severus.

"That's settled then. I need to take care of some business. I'll get the paperwork to you tonight, my dear," Minerva said, reaching over to hug her. "If you'll excuse me."

She hurried off, leaving Hermione and Severus alone at the bottom of a Grand Staircase.

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"So," Severus started, leaning closer to her, "you're our new interim Charms Mistress?"

"Don't do that, Severus," she said threateningly, turning to face him. "Do not attempt to rekindle... start..."

"I can't rekindle what was never started, Miss Granger," he said smoothly, backing her against a cold, stone wall.

Her eyes glittered. "There is a reason it was never started. *I was in school*"

"My attempts to see you at university were hardly inappropriate," he murmured softly, unfazed, placing his hands on the wall behind her. His dark eyes met hers.

"Severus... Don't..." she whispered faintly.

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"And now we'll be teaching in the same building for three months. Whatever is going to happen?" he asked in a low voice, brushing his lips against her ear, pressing his body lightly to hers, rocking into her softness.

She groaned and pushed him away from her.

She shut her eyes tight, breathing heavily. "I can't do this."

She hurried up the stairs at a quick pace, hand pressed to her forehead.

His eyes, dilated with desire, pierced her back as she ran away.

"You can't," he murmured, "but you will."

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Ten Months Later

"You're a glutton, Severus." Hermione smiled as she watched him walk into the bedroom.

"But what a feast I see laid before me," he said, leaning against the doorway as he took in the sight of his new wife draped in their ebony bed sheets. He walked over and sat on the bed, pulling her on to his lap. "A man would be a fool not to partake..."

His intentions were stalled when Hermione opened her mouth to speak, grinning wickedly.

"Fool." She tilted her head, smirking. "What I felt like when I received a letter from Filius three weeks into term congratulating me on my new ~~new~~ permanent position..."

"Oh, would you desist, woman," Severus muttered, his lips descending on hers in a bruising kiss.

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She pulled away laughing.

"Am I never to hear the end of that?" he asked, frustrated.

"No." She smiled lazily, putting her hands around his neck, letting the sheets fall around her waist, reveling in his sharp intake of breath. "What you and Minerva cooked up was..."

"Cunningly ingenious," he finished. He wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her tightly against him. "And you love me for it."

She kissed his cheek softly. "Every day." She met his eyes, winking, and pulled him down on top of her.

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